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JUNE 13, 1942 TEN CENTS

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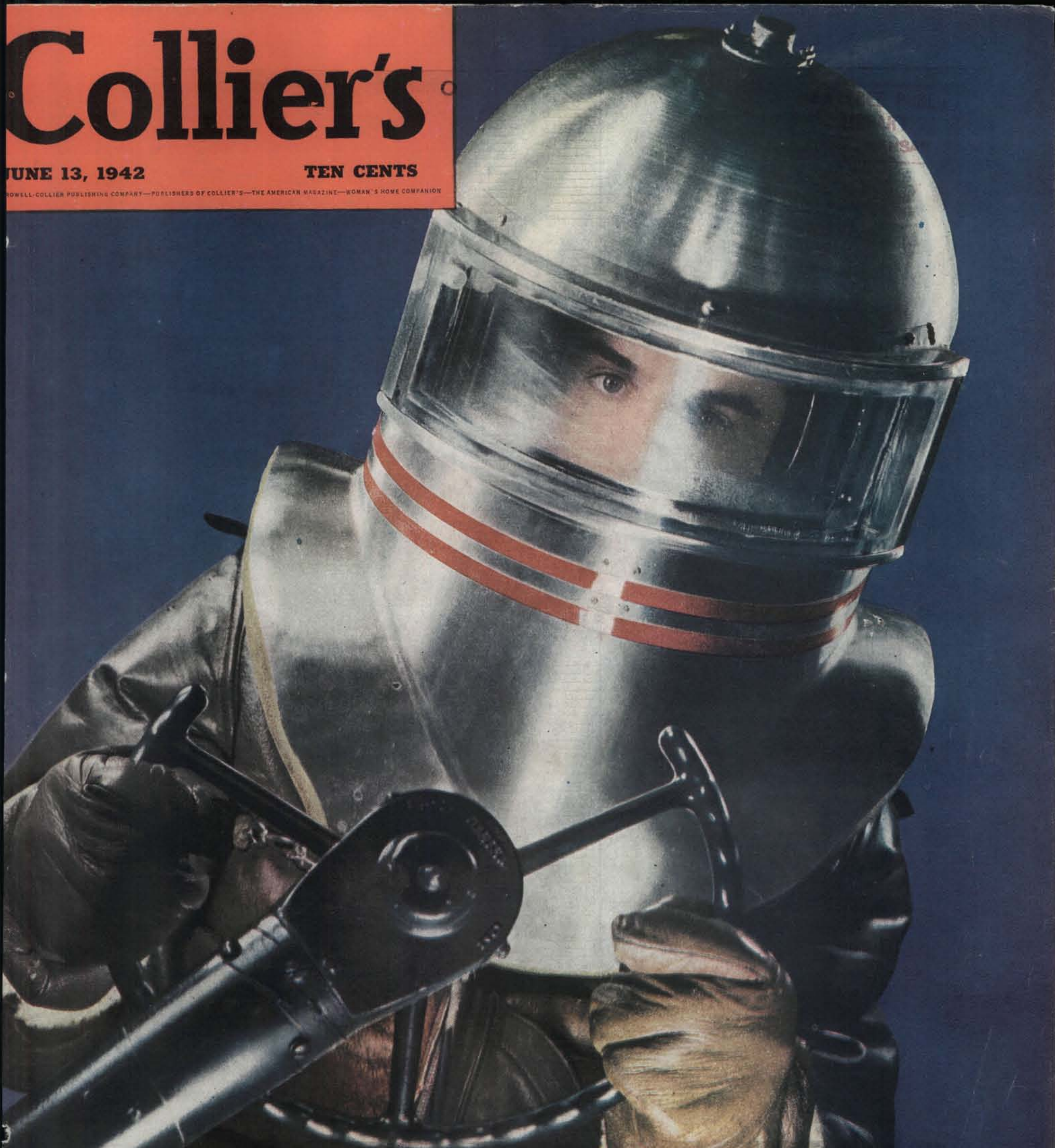
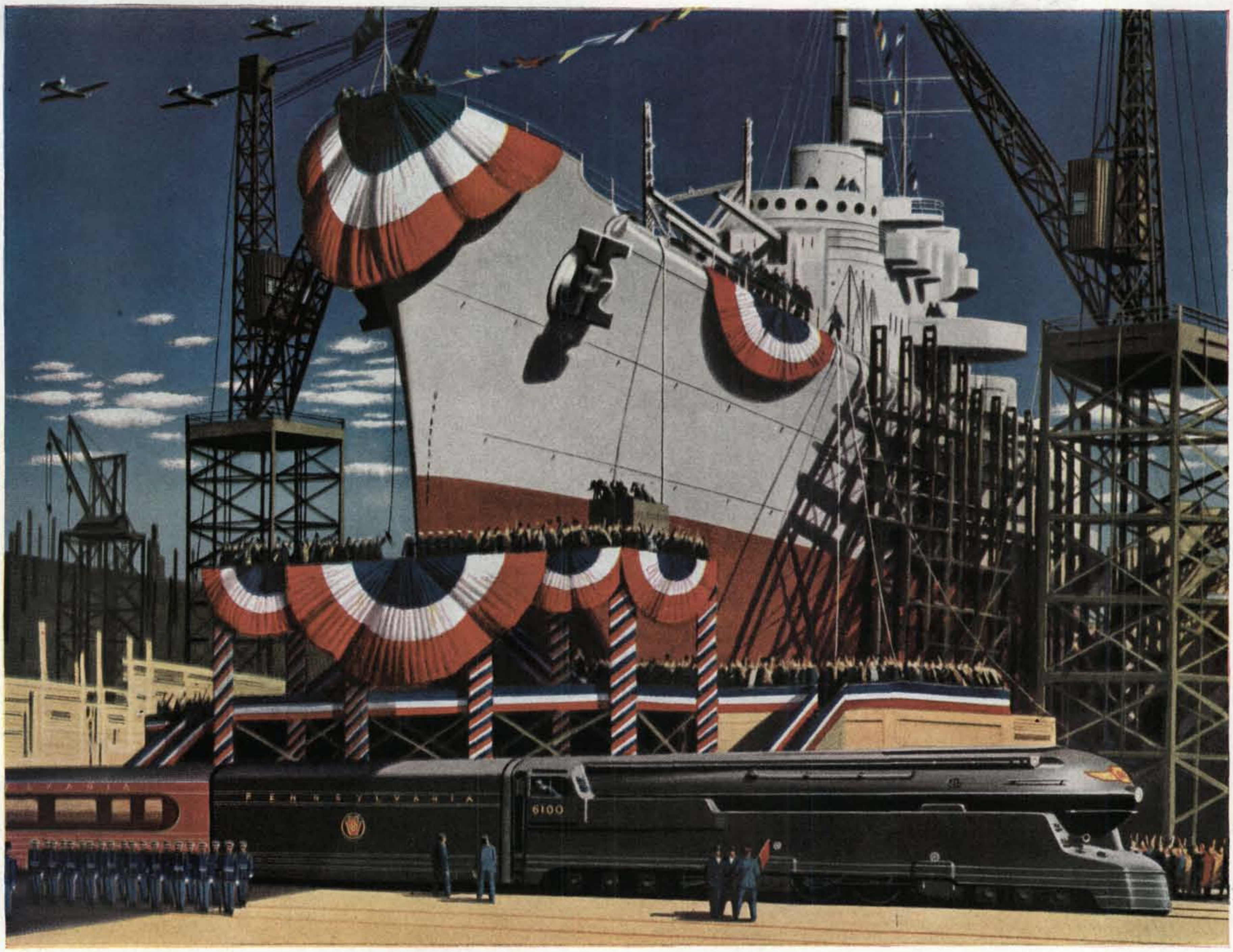


IT'S LOADED, MR. BAUER

A ROMANTIC ADVENTURE STORY BY JOHN P. MARQUAND

June 13 1942



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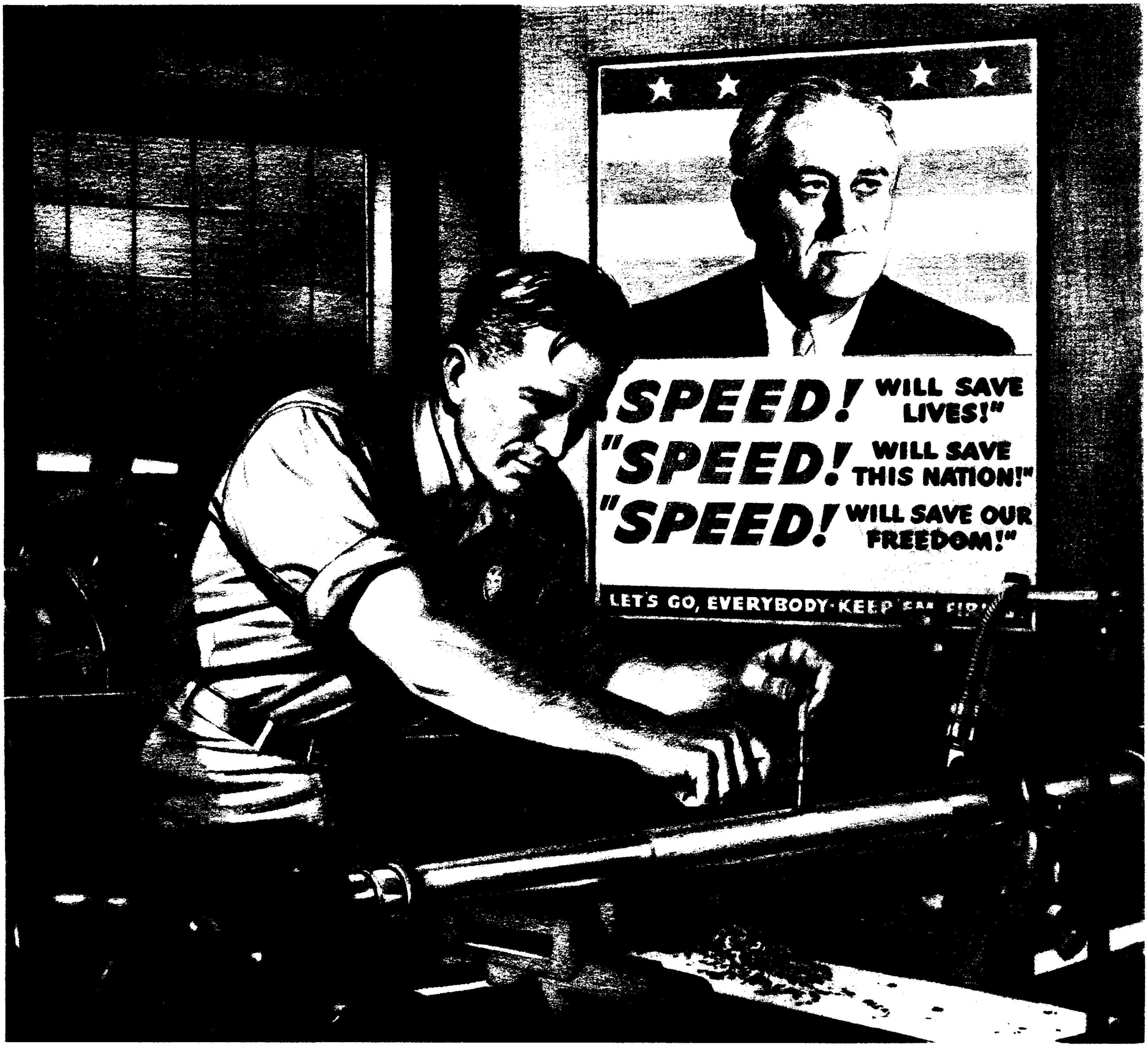
"SPEED! WILL SAVE LIVES!"
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LET'S GO, EVERYBODY · KEEP 'EM FIRING

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"I FEEL as if I'd blasted a Jap out of the sky, every time I finish up one of these cannon!" That's the way one Oldsmobile worker describes it, and that's the way all of them feel. They're *mad—fighting mad!* They want to do their part, and they're doing it with *work*—but it's work with a lot of "fight" in it. They're working fast, and they're working well . . . Shift after shift . . . 24 hours a day . . . 168 hours a week. Some of these men have been in arms production for well over a year. Long enough so that they frequently hear that the cannon and shell they've been building are already "dishing it out" to the Axis. And that makes them work faster still. No, America *can't* lose. Not when our great armed forces are backed up by men like these.

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Picture OF THE MONTH

PUBLIC APOLOGY: A few months ago we selected "Mrs. Miniver" as the Picture of the Month. We had seen it in a Hollywood Preview, but the producers, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, kind of left us holding a bag. They changed the release date after we'd gone to press. Well, no matter, the William Wyler production of "Mrs. Miniver" is good enough to be the Picture of Two Months. As a matter of fact it will be the Picture of the Year. Maybe—who knows—The Picture of All Time.

GREER GARSON • WALTER PIDGEON
in
"MRS. MINIVER"

CAPSULE COMMENT: It's rare entertainment. Its cast is headed by lovely magnetic Greer Garson and handsome Walter Pidgeon. Its direction is by the inimitable William Wyler. "Mrs. Miniver" was born to be great, has acquired greatness—and is destined to have greatness thrust upon it by the acclaim of audiences and critics alike.

"Mrs. Miniver" pictures the stirring days of the Dunkirk rescue that will be hallowed in history, the swift-moving pace of love under the "blitz". It mirrors the importance of simple, little things and the drama of action-filled hours.

Whether it is in the appealing revelation of such incidents as "Mrs. Miniver" shopping for a silly, extravagant little hat, or in those high moments of breathless excitement when she captures a Nazi aviator over a cup of tea—"Mrs. Miniver" has an inimitable way of telegraphing life and living; love and hate; and fear, straight to your heart!

Some pictures are "maybes" but "Mrs. Miniver" is a "must".

SUPPORTING PLAYERS: Teresa Wright, Dame May Whitty, Reginald Owen, Henry Travers, Richard Ney, Tom Conway, Henry Wilcoxon. Produced by Sidney Franklin. Screen Play by Arthur Wimperis, George Froeschel, James Hilton and Claudine West, based on the book by Jan Struther. Directed by William Wyler.

ITEM ABOUT MR. WYLER: The director of "Mrs. Miniver" has made more good films in the last five years than almost any other director in pictures. Maybe the "almost" should be omitted.

NOTE ABOUT MR. FRANKLIN: The producer of "Mrs. Miniver" has had a hand in some of the finest films that have ever been made. He is really tops.

NOTE ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE: "Till You Return", the theme of the William Powell-Hedy Lamarr film is due for the hit parade. Words by Howard Dietz. Music by Arthur Schwartz.

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	England	FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	W. B. COURTNEY	U. S. Army in Far East
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction	FRANK GERVASI	Near East
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
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GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collier's

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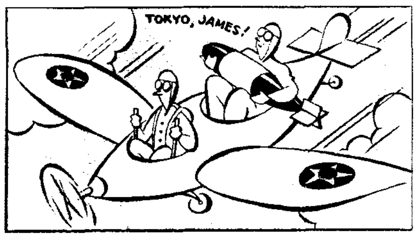
ANY WEEK

THE young man in the Flash Gordon helmet and horsehide suit on this week's cover is finding out how airplane controls behave at extreme altitudes. His headgear is of spun aluminum, welded to shoulder pieces of the same material, and he's in the "cold room" of the Douglas Aircraft Research Laboratory at Santa Monica, California, where conditions of cold and pressure at altitudes as high as 55,000 feet are reproduced, in order that scientists can learn how men as well as materials behave when they really get upstairs.

WE HAVE had a number of requests for reasons why no person with so common a name as Jones or Smith manages to get into this column. The latest, we regret to tell you, is from a fellow named Wandpflug. Christian Kidney Wandpflug. This one came just as we were riffling through our mail for a Jones or a Smith. You see what happened. So we shall go ahead with Mr. Wandpflug of Kokomo, Indiana. He is about to go to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, where his grandfather lives and where, too, his grandfather is in more than a trifling quandary. The old gentleman is eighty years old. Ten years ago he struggled out of a sickbed convinced by his doctor and himself that he could not possibly live beyond the age of eighty and that it was extremely likely that he'd not make that. Thus convinced he cashed in all his insurance, divided the money into ten equal parts and was then equipped to live comfortably for exactly ten more years. If he died in the meantime—well, his relatives, including Mr. Wandpflug, would inherit. But now Grampaw has reached the age of eighty and is immoderately hale and hearty. Never felt so well in his life, he says. Feels as if he might go on another ten years. But he's broke—flat. He has applied unsuccessfully for several jobs. Too old, they told him. So Mr. Wandpflug is going to call on his grandfather and see what there is to be done for the wastrel. Which is all we know about it except that Mr. Wandpflug's grandfather's name is Smith.

AND even if this hero's name was Jones or Smith we wouldn't be at liberty to tell. His first name is Dave and that's as far as he'll let us go. Nevertheless he's an Englishman, the writer of two novels which, in the early thirties, were in the best-seller lists in England. For several years he has been a waiter in one of the creamiest restaurants on Park Avenue, New York City. He was a waiter in England when he wrote his second novel. He was a dining-saloon steward on a Cunard liner when he wrote the first. He has had the pleasant experience of listening to people discuss his books while serving them food. He had offered himself to the British and American navies and armies in all sorts of capacities and had always been rejected, chiefly for physical reasons. We know all this to be true. Well, we've just heard from him as he was leaving a Canadian port with a convoy of munitions and food ships for England and Russia. He's very happy, he says—happier than he's been for years. His job? Oh, mess attendant. Waits on the officers' table.


TOKYO, JAMES!

IN THE meantime we've been galloping around the country trying to find out what this nation is doing to bring around the speedy and lasting defeat of our enemies. We're doing all right, but nothing compared with what we'll be doing a few months hence. We met and talked to a number of interesting people. One of these was a bombardier with a job on a Flying Fortress. Very absorbing work. We were discussing the duties of a Flying Fortress crew and asked him who, among them, was the real number one man. "The pilot?" we asked. "The pilot," he scoffed rather loudly and indignantly. "No, brother, the pilot's nothing but an ordinary chauffeur."

BUT a California journalist has just been telling us that the managing editor of the paper he works for is pretty difficult these days. The editor,

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JUNE 13, 1942

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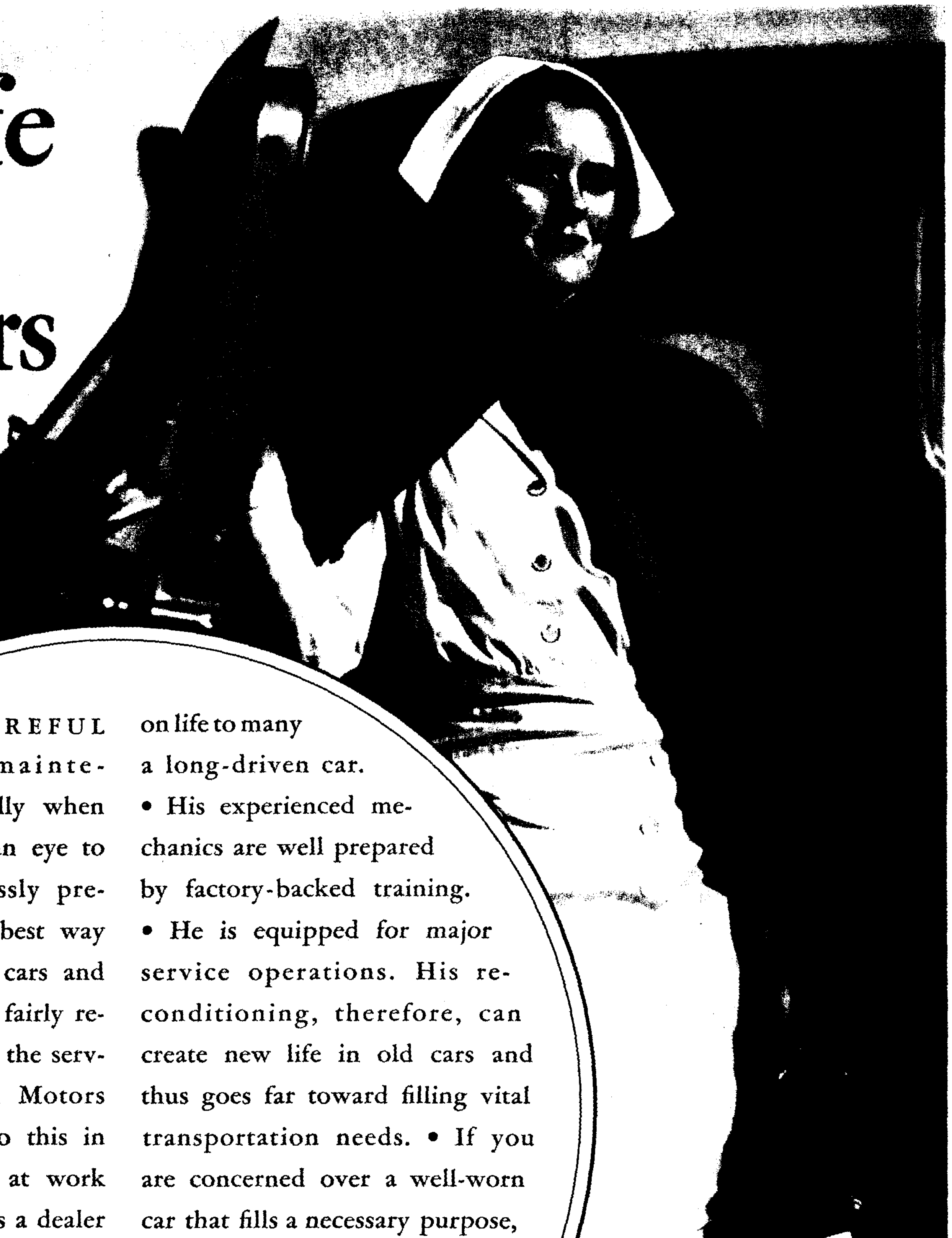
COVER CHARLES KERLEE

Vol. 109, No. 24. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1942, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

New Life *for* Old Cars



CAREFUL maintenance, especially when conducted with an eye to preventing needlessly premature wear, is the best way to extend the life of cars and get maximum use from fairly recent models. • However, the serviceableness of General Motors dealers is not limited to this in keeping countless cars at work on necessary tasks. • As a dealer in used cars, he has acquired expertness in reconditioning that can give a new lease on life to many a long-driven car. • His experienced mechanics are well prepared by factory-backed training. • He is equipped for major service operations. His reconditioning, therefore, can create new life in old cars and thus goes far toward filling vital transportation needs. • If you are concerned over a well-worn car that fills a necessary purpose, talk to your local GM dealer about the possibilities of restoring it to fresh usefulness.

The Automobile User's Guide answers your questions about taking care of your car in wartime. For a free copy see any General Motors dealer today or write Customer Research Staff, General Motors Building, Detroit.

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"My bristle used to make the best brushes... then along came machine-made Pro-phy-lac-tic's PROLON"
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PROLON
DU PONT

crographs, the difference between the rounded bristle-ends of "Prolon" and the harsh, jagged points of ordinary bristle. *Think of the difference on your gums!*

Du Pont chemists have outdone the hog—there is no better bristle than Pro-phy-lac-tic's synthetic "PROLON"

When you hear competitive tooth brush claims, think this over: du Pont is "tops" when it comes to making synthetic bristle! And "Prolon" is Pro-phy-lac-tic's name for du Pont's finest grade.

So, how can the same du Pont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer than under the name "Prolon" in a Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush? You know the answer—it can't!

"Prolon", on the other hand, has a mighty important *plus* over any other synthetic bristle sold under any other name... *only "Prolon" is rounded at the ends!* See for yourself, in the photomi-

The only Tooth Brush in the World with

1...ROUND-END BRISTLE

PROLON "ROUND-END"
ORDINARY BRISTLE

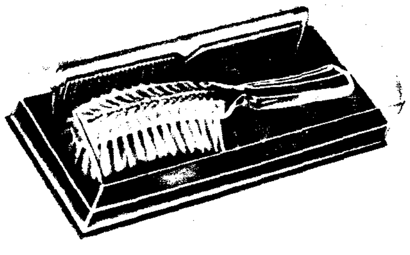
Actual Photo-Micrographs

2...SIX MONTHS MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

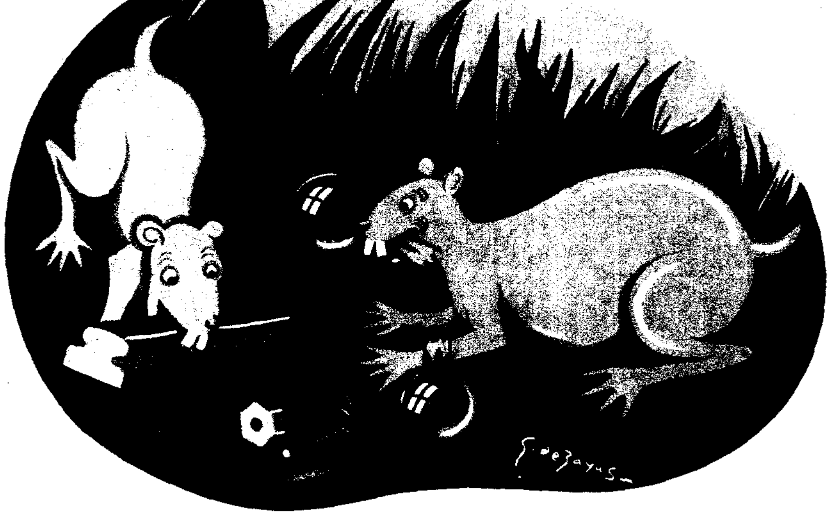
We have no way of telling how long a Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush will last you... maybe a year, 18 months, even longer. We can, and do, however, give a clear-cut 6-months money-back guarantee with each brush—the *only* brush in the world with this definite 6-months *guarantee* of service. That's how sure we are of its dependability and durability!

...and don't miss this new line of gem-like transparent hair brushes!

Pro-phy-lac-tic's latest triumph! Dresser and toilet brushes in crystal-clear plastic. Choice of four gleaming, jewel colors. Transparent Jewelite backs. Moisture-resistant bristles of du Pont Prolon. $1.50 to $10.00 —at most brush-goods counters. *Illustrated: Roll-Wave, a unique "curved-to-the-head" brush ... with comb, $4.50*



Jewelite Brushes by Pro-phy-lac-tic



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The capybara, largest of all living rodents, has teeth powerful enough to cut corrugated iron. The Steganopodes, an order of birds including pelicans, cormorants and gannets, have no nostrils and breathe through their mouths.

When a person can "hardly get his breath" in a hot and badly ventilated room, his pores, not his lungs, are affected. The discomfort is caused by the stillness of the air, which prevents his body from losing its excess heat. Persons in such rooms have felt no relief after breathing fresh air through tubes, while others on the outside have felt no distress after breathing such "foul" air through similar tubes.

New York is believed to be the only city in the world in which a certain personal name is not permitted on a theater. In 1937, when the Commissioner of Licenses ruled that the word "burlesque" could no longer be used, he also included the name "Minsky" in the ruling because the Minsky brothers had operated burlesque houses there for a number of years.

Millions of people, particularly the Mohammedans, still use true solar time instead of mean solar time and, consequently, their clocks and watches are correct, or agree with standard time, on only four days of the year—April 15th, June 14th, September 1st and December 24th. The maximum difference between them occurs on November 2d, when it amounts to sixteen minutes and twenty-one seconds.

Many of the pipes of manual organs, visible to the audience in churches, auditoriums and other places, are merely dummies, installed for display purposes. The real pipes, made of wood or metal, are in such a variety of sizes, shapes and groups that they have to be concealed.

Every spring, from three thousand to seven thousand huge rafts of logs are floated down the Yalu River, which forms the boundary between Manchuria and Korea. So they will be well fed during the journey that takes many weeks, the Chinese who handle these rafts usually carry along a patch of earth and raise a variety of vegetables.

The leatherback turtle, *Dermochelys coriacea,* found in warm seas, is unique in two ways. Of the three hundred species of existing turtles, it is the only one that is not encased in a shell, having only a leathery skin. Secondly, it is the largest animal of its kind, often measuring nine feet from nose to tail and weighing over 1,000 pounds.

Although tooth decay has affected the human race more extensively than any other disease, apprenticeship afforded the only means of acquiring a knowledge of dentistry until 1839. In that year, the world's first dental college, the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, was established in Baltimore, Maryland.

So many saws and axes are lost during the process of removing and cutting up whale blubber on whaling ships that most large oil-rendering companies first pass the fat over magnetic separators to remove this hidden hardware.—*By M. W. Cohn, Centerville, Iowa.*

Among the historic treasures in Skokloster Castle in Sweden are a number of parchment volumes which the Swedish army confiscated in Prague during the Thirty Years' War. Having been used to pave the miry roads for the army on its way home in 1648, they still bear the mud tracks of the cannon wheels.—*By Ulf Hansell, North Stonington, Connecticut.*

Chow dogs and polar bears are the only animals that have black tongues; frogs and toads are the only animals that cannot swallow without closing their eyes; and minks and weasels are the only animals, other than skunks, that eject a malodorous fluid when angered.

All persons in the Army and Navy of the United States must use the official title of a superior when addressing him. Commissioned and noncommissioned warrant officers, however, are simply addressed as "Mister"—*By Lieut. Frank Storm, Washington, D. C.*

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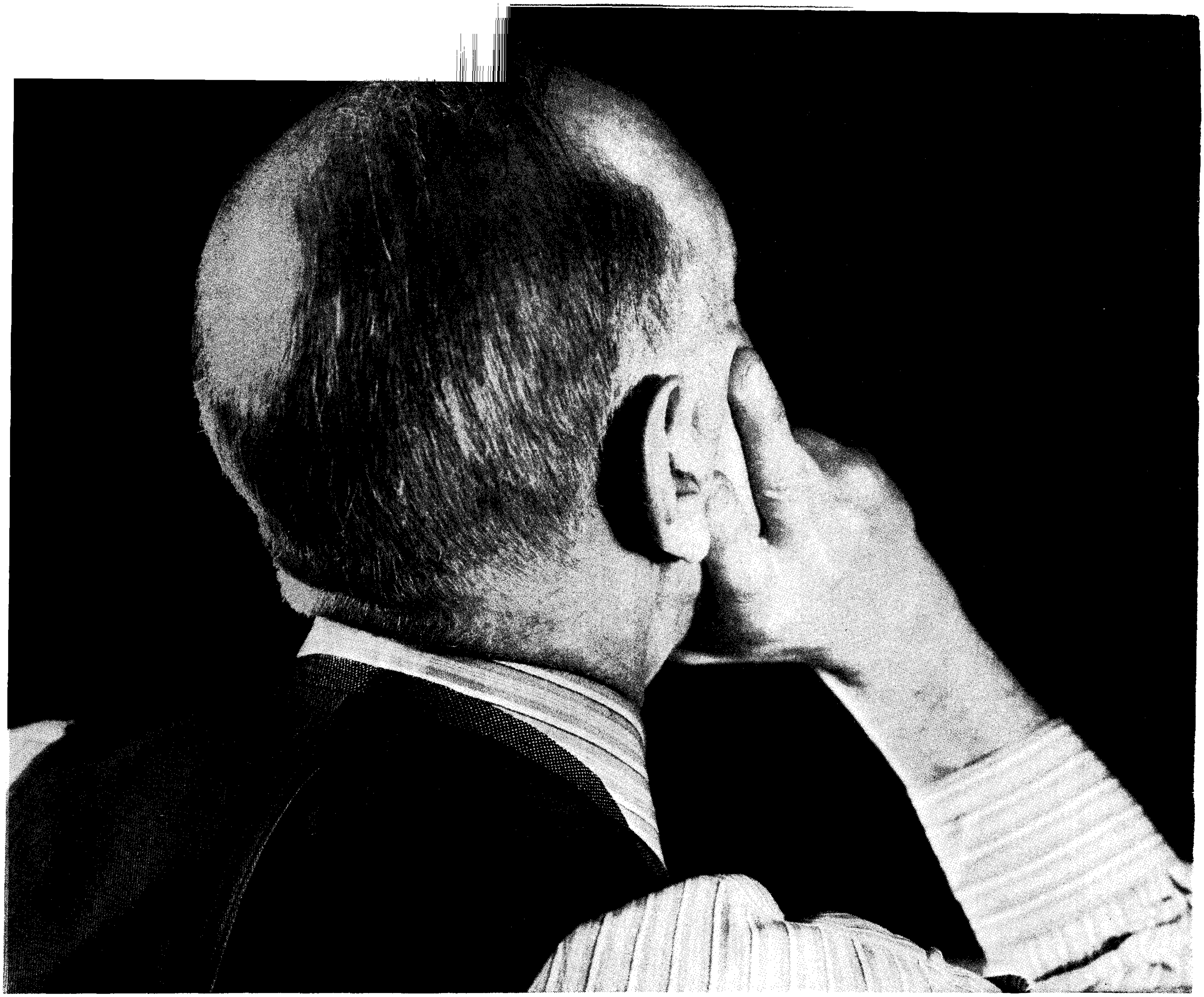

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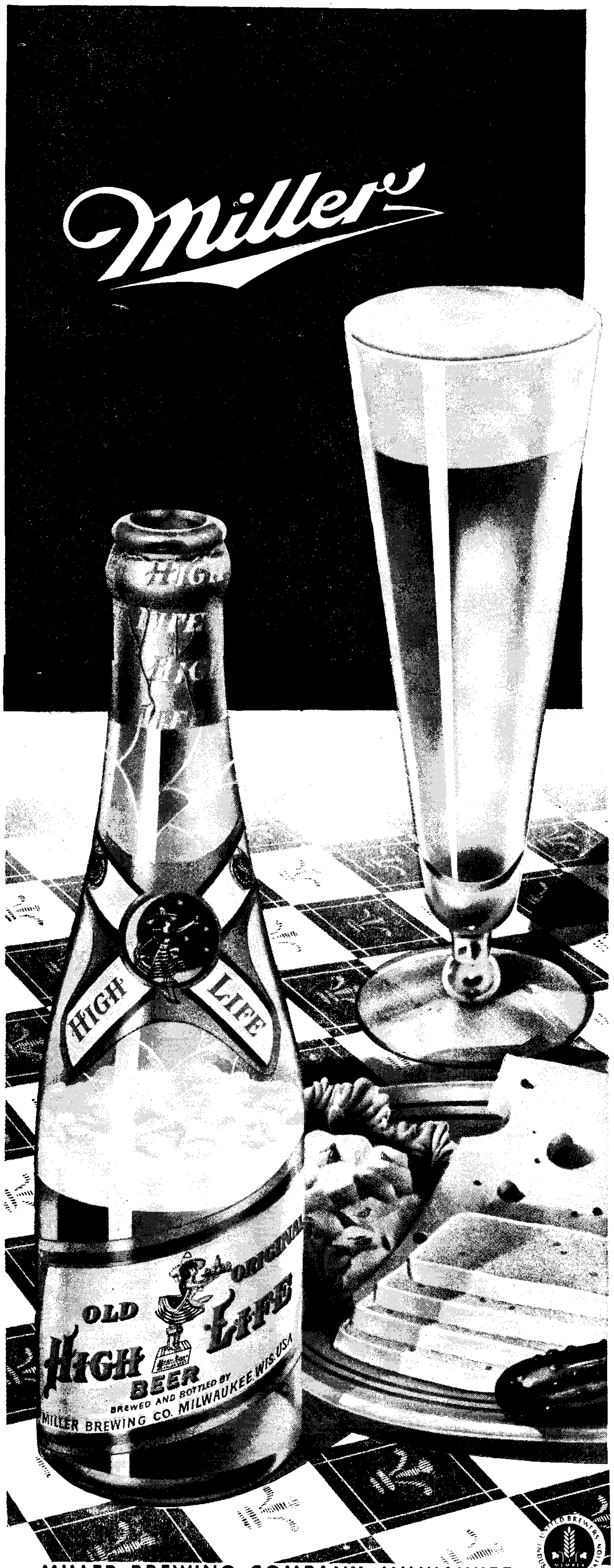
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WING TALK

CHARLES KERLEE

Piloting the Ferrying Command's big bombers requires plenty of experience — a job made to order for ex-air-line pilots

IF THE air-line pilots being taken into the Army Air Forces Ferrying Command were evaluated by their log books, most of them would have a starting rank of at least brigadier general. Particularly true is this of the boys who have been pushing air liners across the country day and night for the past ten or twelve years. They have really piled up the time, in terms of thousands of hours and closer to ten than one, too.

Broadly speaking, an airman's ability is measured by his time in the air. Specifically, you've got to find out on what types of ships he has spent that time and the nature of his flying. It is perfectly possible for a primary instructor in the Grasshopper class of aircraft to build up a big log book without knowing what the countryside looks like a hundred miles beyond his operating base. That would not qualify him to fly multimotored ships for the air lines, for the Army and Navy air-transport services or long-range heavy bombers. But an air-line pilot, with 10,000 hours of day and night and instrument and ice and multimotored equipment experience, does get the high rating. He is the master cross-country pilot. But as a *combat pilot, he's out of practice.*

Many of these pilots far exceed Army and Navy airmen in cross-country flying experience. And at this point we rush to the defense of the latter. In peacetime the service pilots were terribly neglected for want of aircraft and sufficient fuel appropriations to build up experience in the air. Furthermore, to train for executive and administrative posts, to groom themselves for positions of high command and responsibility, the service pilots had to hold down ground jobs of such a nature that they were lucky to acquire 300 hours in a year. Meanwhile, the air-line pilots, whose job it was to fly passengers, mail and express on fixed airways, and nothing else, were clicking off an average of 1,000 hours per year. But whenever an earthbound air officer of the Army or Navy could find time to fly, his cross-country trips were seldom twice over the same route.

We like to think that the new arrivals in the Ferrying Command and other branches of the Air Forces are typified by Capt. Jack Zimmerman, a 10,000-hour master pilot who has just relinquished his post as Eastern Region Chief Pilot of TWA. Jack has been flying air liners between Kansas City, Chicago, Pittsburgh and New York for years, and like the conductor on your favorite railroad, has built up quite a clientele. Tall, handsome, with wavy (natural) blond hair, no paunch, spotless in his dress, his uniform cap at an Admiral Jellicoe angle, and almost always with kid gloves, Jack has been responsible for happy landings through fair weather and foul, and a lot of good will for his company.

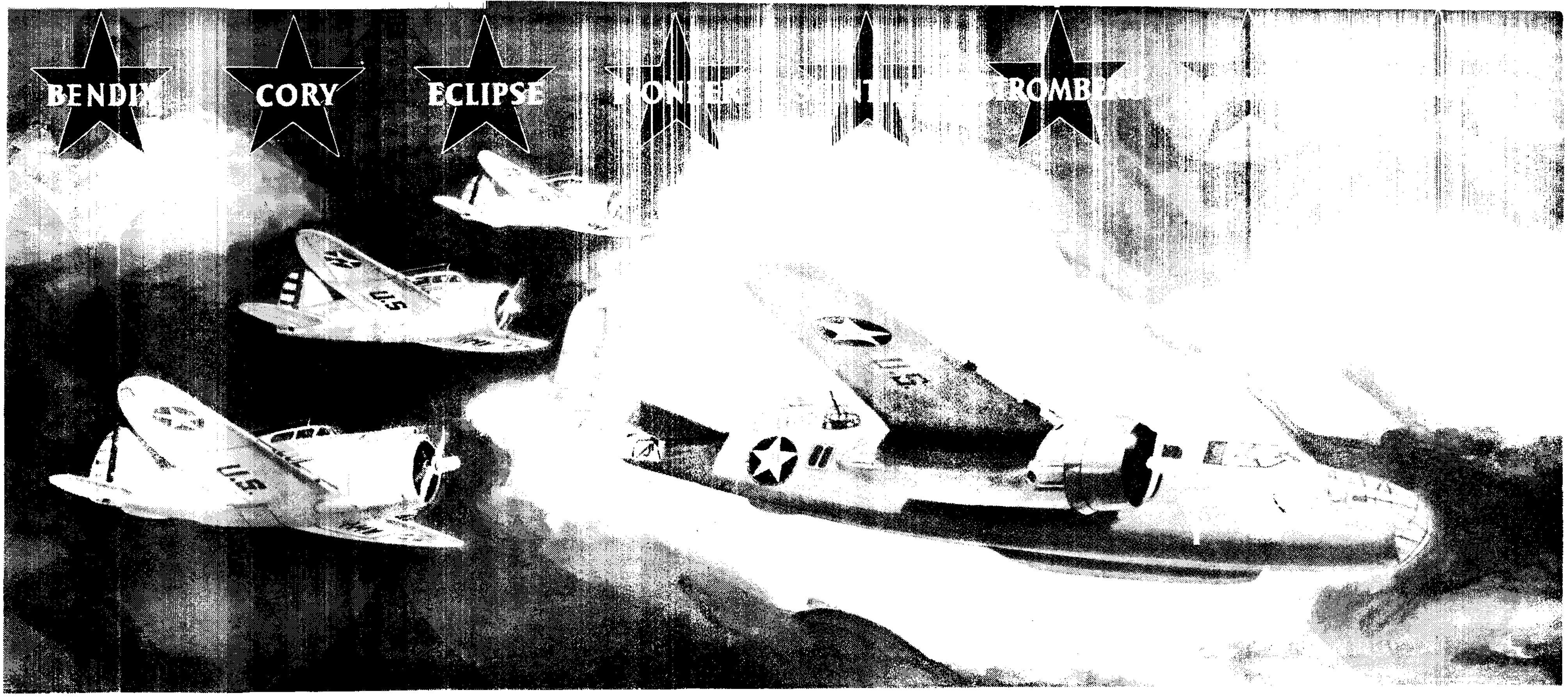
As an instrument or blind-flying pilot we hand him the honors, for he has demonstrated his ability to us in this regard on several occasions while we, back in the cabin and very thankful that our fate was in his hands, conversed happily with the hostess.

And you should be glad to know that the task of moving men and supplies to our battlefronts is in the hands of such capable men as these.

BY NOW, we are in the thunderstorm season again and this is to direct your attention, whether pilot, passenger or landlubber, to the wisdom of giving cumulo-nimbus clouds a wide berth. Authority for this warning is the Safety Bureau of the Civil Aeronautics Board which, for the third time in two years, is officially notifying all pilots what goes on inside of what we sometimes call a thunderhead.

In turn, the Safety Bureau's authority is the findings of Robert M. Stanley, noted engineer, test pilot and holder of records for soaring (carelessly called gliding). Bob Stanley has personally penetrated the recesses of terrific thunderstorms in his sailplane and has brought back what the experts call scientific data. For one thing, he finds that even in a mild cumulo-nimbus cloud, the rate of climb is in excess of

(Continued on page 39)



At

Wherever America's bombers and fighter planes roar across the skies, wherever our Navy's battleships seek out and meet their foes, wherever our Army's tanks and trucks and artillery wheel into battle—there, on every front, the handiwork of Bendix craftsmen goes into action! These thousands of Bendix men and women—and the hosts of sub-contractor personnel behind them—are building America's tools of victory: carburetion, ignition, landing gear, electrical units, instruments, signal equipment, radio, brakes and power controls. Their level-best goes into each . . . for America.

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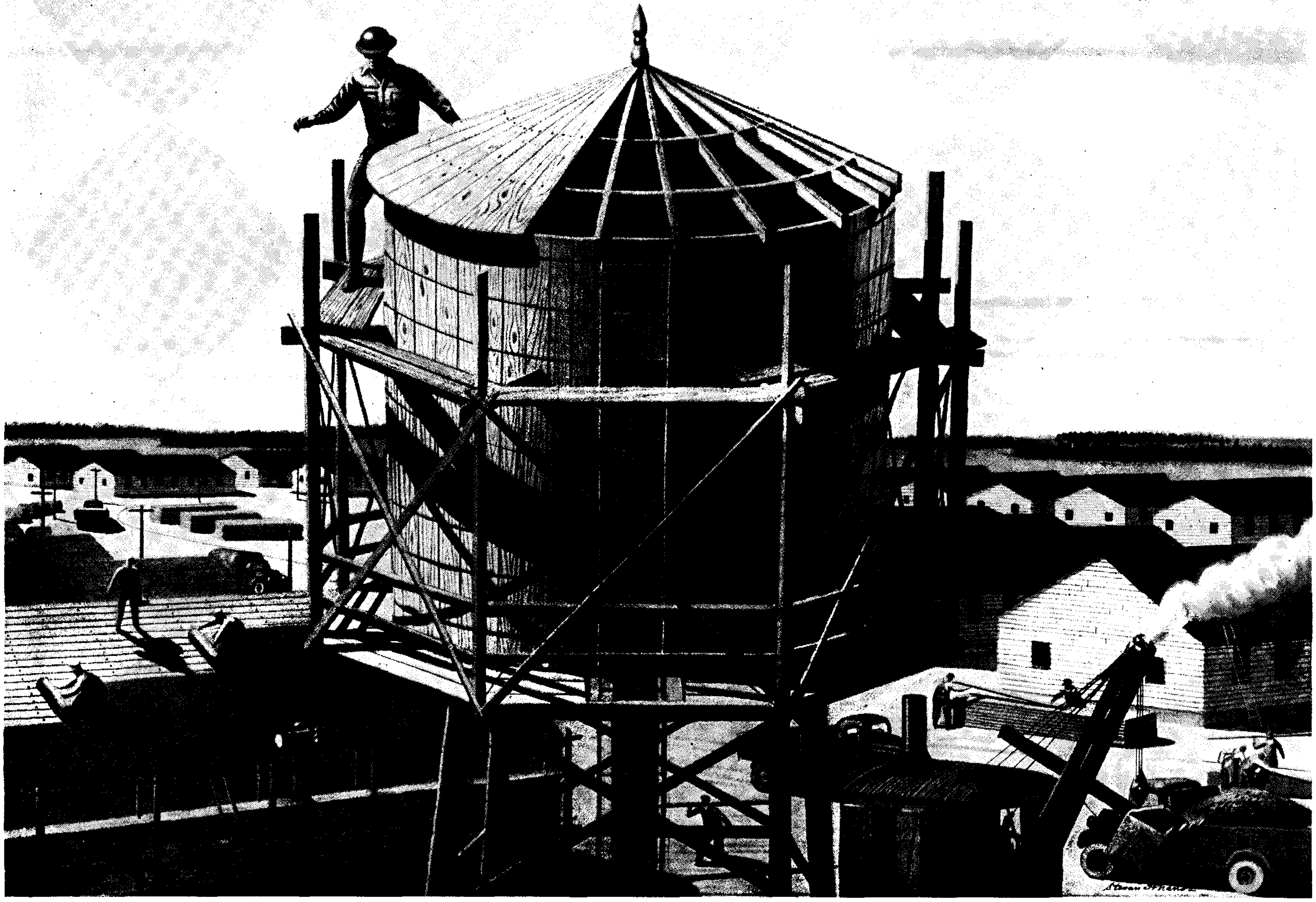


This man is looking for Trouble

THIS MAN'S SEARCH for trouble on a rush construction job has carried him from the bottom of pits to the top of water towers.

Specifically, he has found that lumber piles were leaning and improperly braced; that cement was being loaded on both sides of a highway, thus exposing employees to traffic while crossing the road.

Being sharp-eyed, he has spotted dangerously low electrical supply wires at the pump station, and loose planks on a water tower erection job. He saw wall board piled too high and being worked stack by stack, rather than by the safer method of working down all piles uniformly.

He came across a good many exposed nails in boards; discovered that the dynamite house was built too close to a garage. He also noted that some of the dynamite workers were leaving their sticks and caps unattended.

He detected scrap lumber and nail kegs being left around on slanting roofs, and found excavations that were not braced. He noted that employees in the cement plant had neither respirators nor goggles, and that the saw operators were without goggles.

All these things, which could be the cause of so much pain and disaster, are taken from the actual report of a man whose experience and training have fitted him for this particular kind of work.

He is a Travelers Safety Engineer.

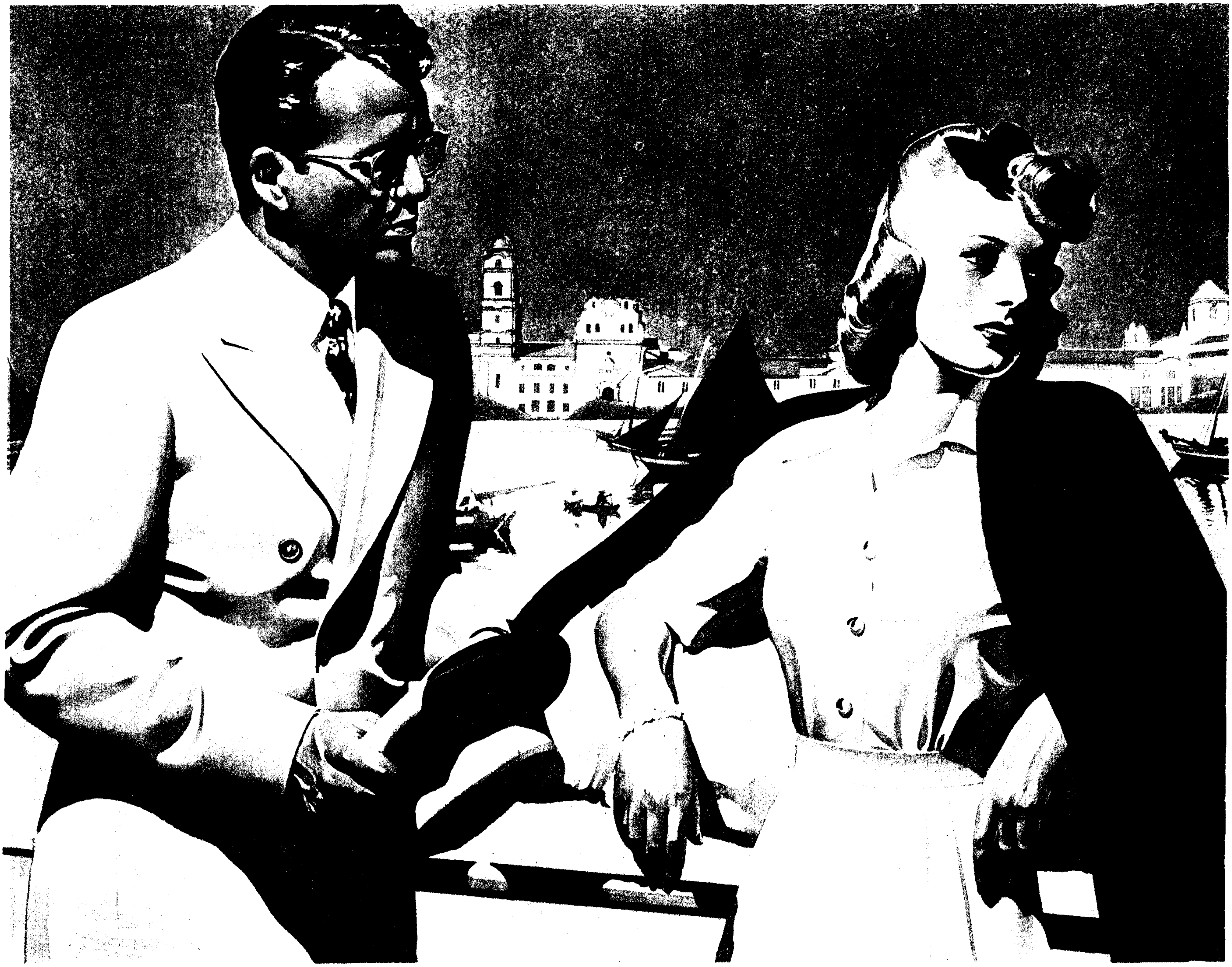
He looks for trouble so that there won't be any. His job is to reduce accidents by seeking out their causes and eliminating them. His efforts increase production by decreasing the time lost from jobs. Frequently he is able to cut production costs by helping Industry to reduce the cost of its casualty and fire insurance.

It has always been important for American industry to pare accident losses to a minimum. But today it is vital. Now, when there is not an hour to lose in the battle of production, this man is of inestimable value to Industry.

There is a Travelers agent or insurance broker within easy call of every manufacturer and contractor. He can put these Travelers Safety Engineers to work for them.

Moral: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance and fidelity and surety bonds. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

Collier's The National Weekly for June 13, 1942



ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD MC LEOD

It's Loaded, Mr. Bauer

By John P. Marquand

Miss Henrietta Simpson had only one flaw: she was too beautiful for the jealous wives in the mining settlement at Boca Grande. So they did a job on her, and she left in anger and the Germans used her beauty well

I

THE sun was just rising when the shallow river boat tied up at the wharf, and the mist from the river was rising with the sun. Already Winslow Greene could see the buildings by the water front and the elaborate but crumbling façades of Santa Rosa's buildings with their tiled roofs and their balconies and their arcades, designed to protect the pedestrians from the heat. He could see the royal palms and the plantains and the traveler palms that rose above the walks of Bolivar Park, and he could see the statue of the great general himself, South America's liberator and man of dreams, standing high on his pedestal, facing the Avenue of the Twenty-fourth of September. The dampness and the cool of the river were vanishing already, and in their place was coming insupportable, enervating heat. Winslow Greene shook hands with the captain and the pilot.

"Tomorrow morning," he said, "you will be taking back the American lady, and Señor Bird should be going back. They will tell you the time at the office."

"There should be whisky for Señor Bird," the captain said. "A successful trip, señor."

Winslow climbed up on the wharf and told a boy to carry his bedding roll. He would walk to the hotel, but before he started he took off his glasses and wiped them carefully. The ship of the Pacific Mail Line was already in; he could see her anchored in the canal perhaps a mile downstream. Her high black hull and superstructure spelled the power and security of home. The idea that he would go aboard her in a little while and see the fresh linen in the dining saloon and ice in the water glasses gave him a sense of pleased anticipation.

"The Hotel Continental," he said to the boy who was carrying his bedding roll, and he began to walk slowly. It was important to walk slowly, even in the early morning, if you did not want to feel the heat.

The Hotel Continental was new and modernistic. It represented Santa Rosa's hope for the future, although it was hard to believe that the seaport could have much more of a future than it had a past. The chromium frames of the chairs in the hotel lobby reminded him vaguely of dentists' chairs.

She was not the kind of person who should have been sent, but it was up to Winslow to look after her, to see about her baggage—her clothes if necessary

The elevator took him slowly to a room on the fourth floor, and one of the room boys appeared dressed in a white flannel jumper that made him look singularly like a little boy in pajamas. He pushed back the shutters, and Winslow Greene took off his coat and ordered coffee. He was standing looking over the tiled roofs and listening to the gradual increase of sound in the streets outside when there was a knock on the door.

It was Milton Bird, the metallurgist of the Boca Grande mine, who had come down to Santa Rosa a week before on some complicated piece of business which Winslow had forgotten. Whatever Bird's errand had been it was clear that he had not been giving it his undivided attention. He was in his dressing gown and he was holding a whisky bottle and a glass.

"Hi," Milton said. "I thought you

might be in. How was the trip down? How about a drink?"

Winslow said that he did not drink in the morning. He tried to say it like a man of the world but he was afraid he sounded like a prig. Milton sat down on the edge of the bed, poured some whisky and gave a deep satisfied sigh when he had swallowed it.

"How's Jane?" he asked; he was referring to his wife back at Boca Grande. "Just as well she isn't here," he went on, and Winslow was sure it was just as well. "So you're going into the bush, are you? I'm glad I'm not going with you."

"I'm glad you're not, too," Winslow said. "You couldn't take it."

"All right," Milton said, "all right. Don't start giving me a calling down. Jane'll give me the devil at Boca Grande. She always knows when I've been drinking."

Winslow did not answer. There was no use giving anyone like Milton Bird a lecture.

"There's been a lot of celebrating around here lately," Milton went on. "There was a British destroyer in, and maybe those boys can't drink."

"Oh," Winslow said. He remembered he was not much interested. "What were they doing here?"

"After a raider," Milton told him. "There's a German raider named the Sieglinde hanging off the canal. She's sunk two Britishers and a Dutchman."

"Oh," Winslow said.

Without desiring to be rude, because he never liked to be rude, he wished that Milton would go away.

Milton poured himself another drink. "The trouble with you—" he said, "you don't get any fun. You want to be careful in this country. If you don't relax, you may go native."

Winslow considered for a moment. "I always thought you went native," he answered, "if you had too much fun."

He thought there was a flicker of embarrassment in Milton Bird's eyes as he watched him, and also a faint light of resentment.

"I don't mean raising Cain," Milton said. "Now take me: I make friends every time I come down here. For instance, did you ever hear of a man named Martinez?"

Winslow shook his head.

"Well, now, there's a fine boy. One of the first families here, and I just picked him up at a café. That's the way you learn about life."

Winslow did not answer. All he wanted was for Milton Bird to go away.

"And then there's a man named Gruber," Milton went on, "a great boy, Gruber—the best two-fisted drinker you ever saw."

"Gruber," Winslow said. "You ought not to play around with Germans, Milton. The company doesn't like it."

MILTON BIRD began to laugh, half vacantly, half boisterously. "I suppose you think he's a spy," he said. "But Hitler doesn't want to fight us, and the Japs don't want to fight us. Why, the Japs are in Washington now trying to make up."

Winslow rose and put on his coat and picked up his hat from the bureau.

"Where are you going?" Milton asked.

"Down to the customs dock," Winslow said; "out to the ship."

"What for?"

Winslow winced when he heard the question. "I have to go down to meet a girl," he said, and he winced again as Milton whistled elaborately. "Jim Walters told me to meet her. She's going up to Boca Grande to work in the office, you know."

Milton sat up alertly. He was always alert when women were mentioned, and it was clear he did not know.

"Who is she? Is she pretty?"

"Her name is Simpson," Winslow said. "How should I know whether she's pretty? Frankly, I don't care."

Milton gave a disgusted snort. "Boy," he said, "haven't you got any red blood in you? I care if she's pretty. I've got to go upriver with her, haven't I? Say, why didn't Jim ask me to take her through the customs?"

"Maybe he knows too much about you," Winslow said.

Milton's eyes narrowed slightly. You could not rely on Milton Bird when he was in Santa Rosa.

IT WAS half-past seven, too early to go out to the ship, but it was better to get there early than to talk to Milton Bird. It pleased Winslow to think that in another day he would be away from personalities. He would be away from all the jealousies and gossip that tormented people in a little mining town like Boca Grande. He would be out where the vines dropped from the white limbs of tall trees. He would be following a river which very few white men had ever followed. He would stop at a Jivero village and talk to the men with their blow guns and their poisoned arrows. The parrots would be flying in noisy flocks. The monkeys would be chattering in the treetops. There wouldn't be any Milton Birds or any bickering American wives where he was going.

When he stepped out of the elevator and walked past the rows of dentist chairs toward the front door of the hotel he noticed that a man sitting on one of the chairs was staring at him. He was always self-conscious when he was stared at. It made him walk more quickly and when he saw the man stand up he walked more quickly still but when he heard his name called, Winslow stopped. The stranger was a South American in spotless white, holding one of the most beautiful Panamas Winslow had ever seen. It was the hat which first arrested Winslow's attention; it excited his scientific curiosity, for the infinite fineness of those woven hats, he had always thought, made them the most wonderful objects that came from South America. That Panama which the stranger was holding was as light as a feather and woven so closely that it could have been passed through a small ring. Even in Santa Rosa where fine hats were common, that Panama would have been worth well over a hundred dollars.

"Pardon," the stranger said in Spanish, "am I speaking to the Señor Winslow Greene?"

Winslow's eyes moved from the hat. The stranger was slight, almost delicate, and very handsome—dashing, Winslow thought disapprovingly, with the grace of a professional rumba dancer—black hair, wide black eyes, very even teeth and a quick bright smile. He first suspected that the man wanted to sell him something until he remembered the hat; that hat put its owner into some unknown category.

"How did you know me?" he asked. He spoke stiltedly, using all the conventional phrases of politeness. "I do not think I have had the pleasure but I sometimes forget names and faces."

The stranger drew an alligator wallet from his inside pocket. His hands moved very gracefully and quickly as he extracted a visiting card with a flourish which Winslow could never have imitated. On the card was written, "Eduardo Lopez."

"I see," the stranger said, "that you

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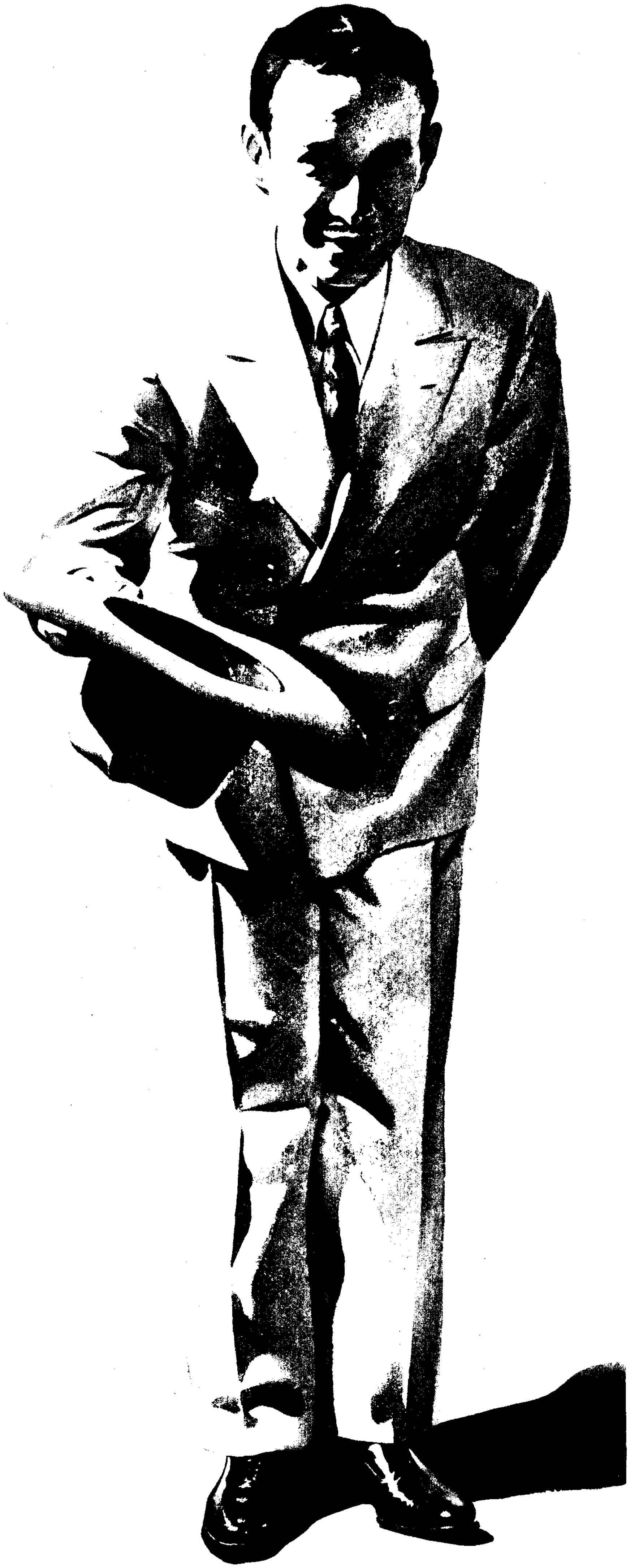


"It was rude of me to stare at your hat," Winslow said. "Far from it," replied Señor Lopez. "It is yours. I beg you take it"

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY WALL-KERLEE

A matter of morale: free after their day's work in an airplane plant, these girls are as trim and fresh as soldiers on inspection day

Pull Yourself Together

By Ruth Carson

Take some tips from the men in our armed forces. It's grooming that counts if you want to be well turned out

TAKE it from the Marines. They ought to know. They have toiled over their own washing, ironing, polishing and pressing. They have been inspected, on and off duty, and reported for the least lapse in perfection. They've had neatness instilled into them as a soldierly virtue. It's no wonder, looking over the rest of us, they say in their training manual: "Military uniforms are distinguished from civilian clothing by the fact that they are worn at all times in a precise manner and with extreme fastidiousness."

You can be put to shame in this fashion or you can spruce up and be a match for the boys instead of a let-down.

Fashion, that fickle charmer, won't come to your rescue any more. Clothes are becoming shorter, straighter, simpler, to conserve material. This summer, buying clothes already in the market, you will have your last wartime fling with swishing skirts, brilliant colors and flattering frills. The next clothes from the factories will be muted in color, simple in line, giving you a chance to relax and look like everybody else or be distinguished as never before, with nothing to distract from the simple perfection of well-fitted clothes and immaculate grooming.

Perfection is your solution to a lot of problems. Talk about shortages can send you rushing out to buy so that you won't be caught without warm and decent coverage. Lectures on hoarding can make you curl up in your old clothes for the duration. But fashion, actually a sound stabilizer instead of a frivolous wench, will make you unhappy either way. Even in the limited range ahead, there will be changes. Fabrics out of soy beans, handbags out of wood, lacy twists of cotton in stockings that will make your hoarded cobwebs look passé. You don't know what you'll be wearing next. But when the time comes, you'll prefer the clothes that come with it. Your cue is shopping as usual. Buy what you need and make the most of everything you own.

What you need most is a suit. Always the backbone of a sound wardrobe, it can now be practically that entire wardrobe. Suits are so popular that summer dresses are being cut in two pieces to look like them. A recent fur show for manufacturers starred as important only the fur coat roomy enough to go on over a suit; most of last season's remodeling was to that end. Furriers, looking ahead to a wool shortage, expect to put more of us than ever into fur coats with accent on natural furs to conserve dyes.

If you're buying a wool suit now for wear the year round it may still be one hundred per cent virgin wool or it may be part reused wool. Don't fret about that. There are many grades of wool, and some of the reused wools are better quality than some of the virgin wools. Your suit may be part acetate. That's all right, too. Even when materials were no problem, acetate was frequently mixed with wool to give a pleasing drape and texture. Natural undyed colors are a good idea in your suit, also. They look right at any season.

To make a whole wardrobe of your suit you'll concentrate on variety with it—sweaters, shirts, frilly blouses, hats from sports to pretty. Dickey fronts, those conservers of laundry and materials, have blossomed anew.

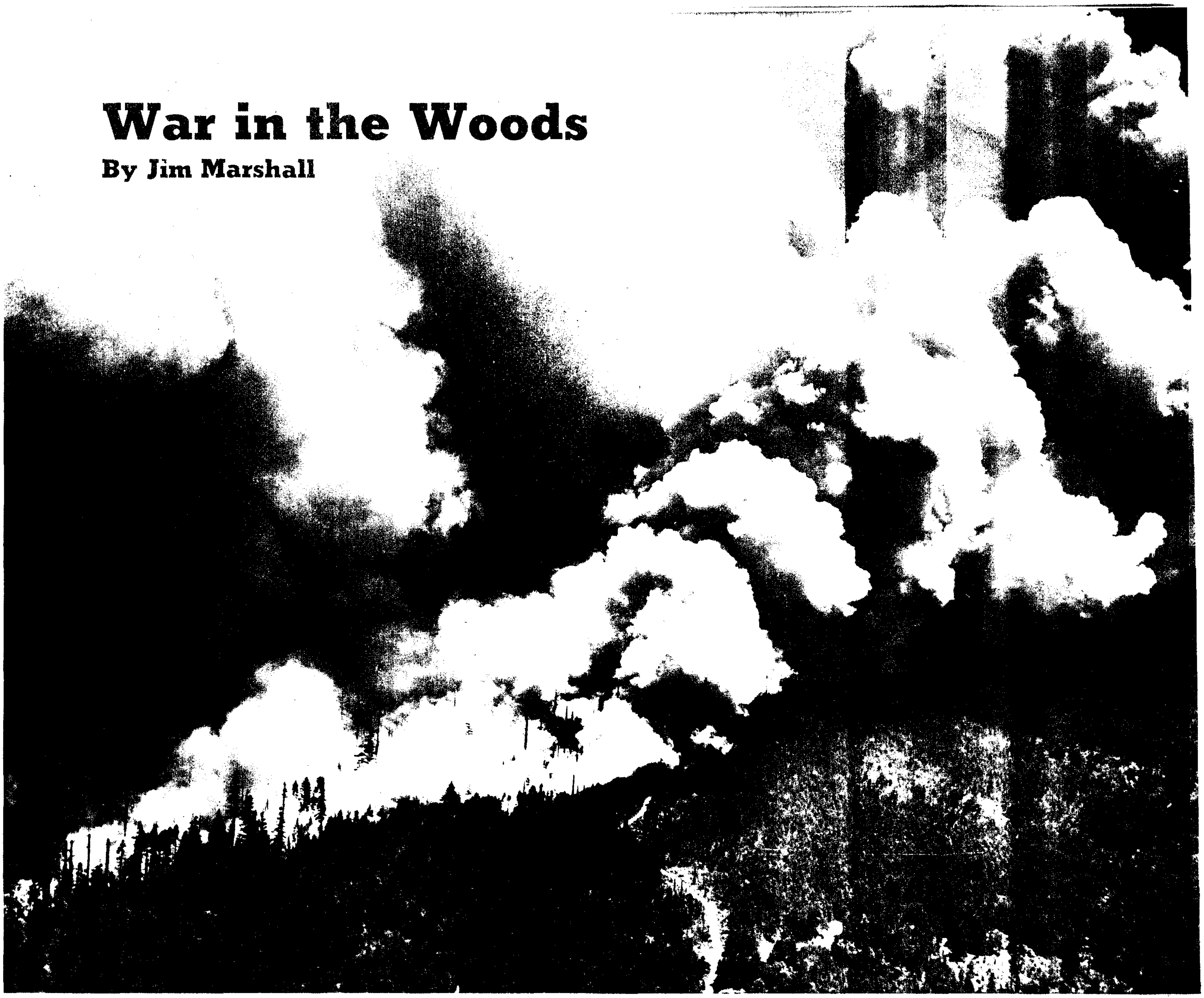
But you won't be making the most of these feminine tricks unless you endow them with the immaculate perfection that is habit with the boys in uniform.

Take the fit of your suit—and be

(Continued on page 66)

War in the Woods

By Jim Marshall



Smoke billowed up as high as 8,000 feet from this tremendous forest fire which raged over the Toandos Peninsula, Washington. A thousand men were called out to halt this fire, which destroyed 6,000 acres of timber

Along a 2,000-mile battlefront patriotic women, children and old graybeards guard America's war-vital timber against forest fires

BEHIND the gray ships and planes ranging far to the westward, behind the khaki-clad legions guarding the Pacific Coast, the Far West has built a third defense line—manned largely by oldsters and kids and women—against forest fires. From southern California to northern British Columbia this line is more than 2,000 miles long, from fifty to a hundred miles wide. Today, as the dry season gets going, this strip of country becomes potential dynamite.

Because nature and a foreign foe have combined this year against us, thousands of men, women and children have been mobilized to fight the greatest timber battle in history. Weather conditions in 1941 make 1942 the most dangerous year of a decade in millions of acres of Western forests. Last fall it was too wet to burn the accumulation of trash left by logging operations on the forest floor. These carpets of trash now have become tinder, ready for a spark—and it takes only a spark to set a million-dollar fire going.

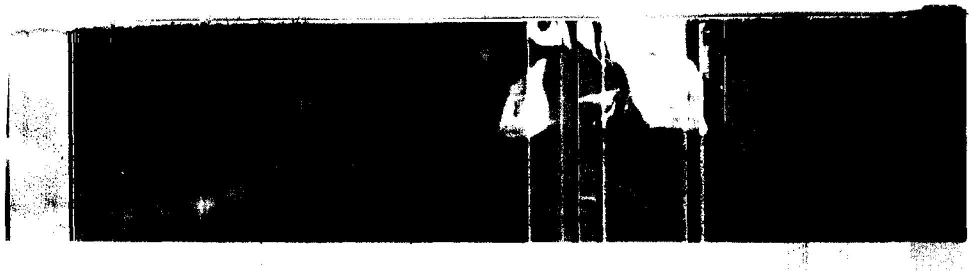
Today, our state and national forests are patrolled by the new army of citizen volunteers that has been created and trained in the Coast states for just this emergency.

Almost every mile of timber, from the redwoods of the south, up through the Douglas fir and hemlock and tamarack to the northern spruce and pine is being watched today from planes and from mountaintop lookouts. Crews of trained men and boys are ready in strategic spots. Equipment owned by states, government agencies and private timber concerns has been pooled, standardized and assembled for quick transportation. In many lookout stations, wives of fire spotters are working twelve-hour shifts, spelling their husbands in the never-ending watch for that telltale wisp of smoke down in the green sea of trees stretching toward the horizon.

There's still a shortage of manpower. Army and Navy and industry have looted the country of its huskies; the CCC is almost out of existence; there are few transients this summer to be pressed into service on the fire lines. That is why old graybeards are ready to march into the battle; why women are working alongside their men; why boys of teen age are organized into crews and trained to stop the enemy.

People living in cities and unforested areas don't realize how devastating a timber fire can be. In August, 1933, one spark fell in some tinder-dry brush near Tillamook in northwestern Oregon. It started a fire that burned over 244,706 acres; destroyed $275,000,000 worth of trees—enough to build a million homes; washed out jobs for 14,000 men

Young huskies learn the rudiments of fire-fighting instruction at the Guard Training School, Tollgate, Oregon. Forestry schools all over America are being raided for young men to man the fire lines and lookouts



Glenn Smith, fire chutist of the Chelan National Forest in Washington, wears the experimental outfit used by aerial fire fighters in trial demonstrations. His equipment includes a 3-pound, 13-ounce radiophone

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ART FRENCH AND U. S. FOREST SERVICE

Building a fire line with a bulldozer. Such firebreaks save time and can be used on grades up to 35 per cent. They work best in the open or in young stands of timber. The bulldozer will handle trees up to six inches in diameter

Here tank-truck crews strain to hold the main fire line along a heavily forested roadway in Washington. Because forest fires move with great speed, fighters can't always count on water being available

for six years. The amount of wood destroyed in that one blaze was three times the amount of timber cut on the West Coast that year. And that was just one fire!

New York had its record fire loss in 1930—but it totaled less than $20,000,000.

Today the lumber country, North, South, East and Far Northwest, is knee-deep in sawdust, turning out lumber by the billion feet for the Army and Navy, shipbuilders and plane plants. Getting out the timber has become a panzer operation in which only the heaviest and toughest machinery can stand the gaff. Motor-driven saws bring down 200-foot firs in twenty minutes; it used to take a couple of experienced fallers two hours or more. Big brute caterpillars smash through "brush" forty and fifty feet high to yank out logs ten and twelve feet in diameter.

And up on Puget Sound is the Big Blue Ox—Babe to the loggers—the granddaddy of all trucks, rolling timber to the mills. Babe is 85 feet long, has 28 wheels, eight speeds forward and totes 150 tons of logs at a crack.

All this high-speed machinery is necessary in the woods because in the fire season it's unsafe to work in the timber except in the cool, comparatively humid hours from early morning until noon. This is the Hoot Owl Shift—and during its eight safe hours all the logs needed by Army and Navy and war plants have to be cut and transported to the mills.

It's figured that three tons of wood will save a ton of steel—which is why the Navy is building wooden ships and the Army wooden bridges. One Navy order, for example, is for 200 slivers of fir, ten inches by eighteen, by 110 feet long. The Army Engineer Corps is getting bridge timbers capable of standing the impact of a fifty-ton tank going forty miles an hour, as another example. In one month this year the Army alone bought enough lumber to fill 300 freight trains, each a mile long. It figured that would last two or three months.

This demand for lumber and more lumber is one reason both Army and Navy are having headaches over the fire situation.

Soldiers can't be used for fire fighting for two reasons. One is that if saboteurs start fires to cover an attack, it would just be playing into enemy hands to use a lot of warriors in the timber instead of on the firing line. The other is that soldiers—through no fault of

(Continued on page 62)

Missouri Master

By John D. Weaver

For more than six years Thomas Hart Benton has been putting on a great show for his home state, Missouri—a three-ring circus of painting, writing and talking—and talking is his hobby

WHEN Tom Benton went to war he went by himself and in his own way. The scrappy little Missouri artist didn't write to his editor, his congressman, his draft board. Fighting mad, he stalked into his studio, cleared it of the Missouri landscapes and still lifes he'd been working on before Pearl Harbor, and then set to work on eight paintings which he hoped would "scare hell out of people."

For months, Benton had been like a dormant volcano, smoking a bit, rumbling now and then, spurting an occasional snort at art critics and museum directors, but generally remaining fairly quiet. Missouri neighbors knew it wouldn't last. They wondered when the next outburst would come, and who would be buried beneath the seething lava flow of the Benton wrath. The explosion came on Easter Sunday, when eight new Benton paintings blistered the nation's front pages and rotogravure sections.

Easter art in American journalism traditionally features the lily, the silk topper, the goofy bonnet and the shy four-year-old twin girls skipping down the church steps with their egg baskets.

Benton, in eight canvases to which he gave the general title, The Year of Peril, roared out against the bloody consequences of indifference, bungling, hesitation, dissension, of not doing quite enough, of not believing it had to be done—and done now. Benton's Easter message spoke of death and brutality and waste, of skulls and broken bodies, of vultures, burning ships, rape, starvation and a mad delight in killing.

"There are," Benton wrote in a foreword to the pamphlet presentation of the pictures, "no bathing beauties dressed up in soldier outfits in these pictures. There are no silk-stockinged legs. There are no pretty boys out of collar advertisements to suggest that this war is a gigolo party. There is no glossing over the kind of hard ferocity that men must have to beat down the evil that is now upon us. There is no hiding of the fact that war is killing and the grim will to kill. In these designs, there is none of the Pollyanna fat that the American people are in the habit of being fed."

The painting reproduced on the cover of the pamphlet is called Starry Night. It shows the bug-eyed face of a drowning sailor floating in oil-flamed water, his hands reaching up to clutch the night air as his ship sinks in the background. Benton's terse caption expresses the theme of his paintings: "The stars that look down on the seas of the world in this Year of Peril see men die grotesque and horrible deaths in order that their brothers may hope to live in freedom."

The paintings were first projected last winter. Benton had been rattling around the country on a lecture tour. Disgusted with what he calls "the Pullman optimism" of smoking-car strategists who were winning the war at every way station, Benton abruptly canceled his speaking engagements, put aside his current painting commitments and wrote his agent that he planned to devote all of his time, energy and talent to making the American people realize that they are "up against the greatest evil that has ever come to them."

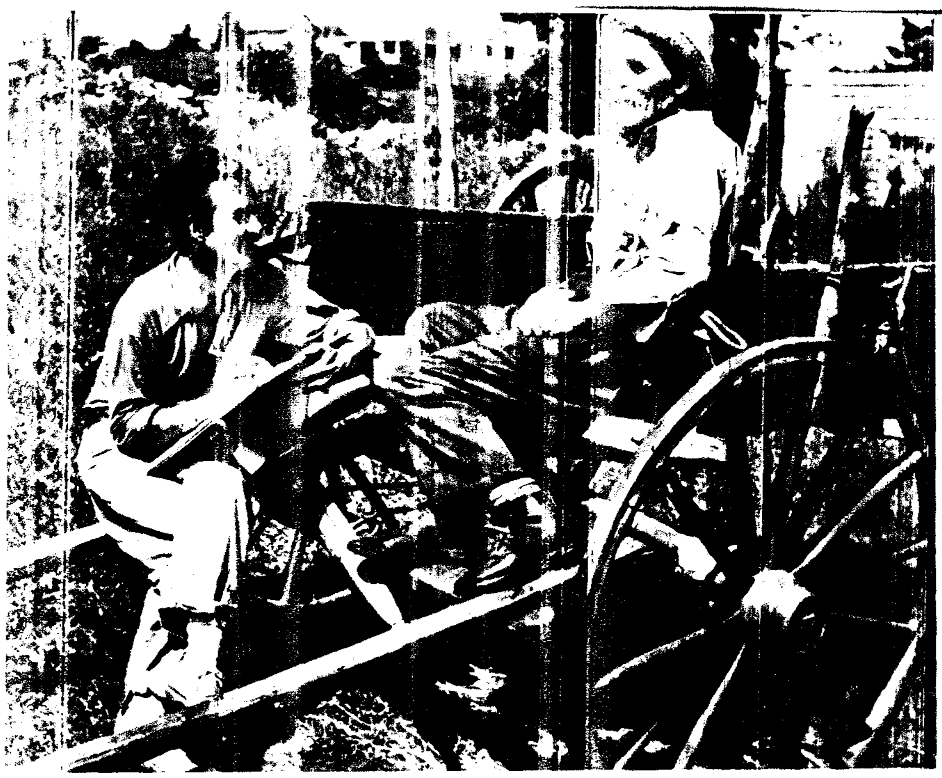
Washington Pricks Up Its Ears

The eight paintings, begun around Christmas time, were made entirely on Benton's own initiative. His first impulse, he says, was to hang them in the Union Station of his home town, Kansas City, so that travelers shuttling back and forth across the country would see them and then go home and tell their families and neighbors. After his agent flew out to take a look at the sketches, word got around, and Washington showed keen interest. When the first photographs of the half-finished canvases were sent East, Abbott Laboratories announced that they would buy the paintings and give them to the government for any use Washington might want to make of them. Posters, pamphlets, post cards and leaflets have been made from the paintings, and government officials say they will have "the widest possible distribution, here and abroad."

The debut of the war paintings at the Fifth Avenue gallery of the Associated American Artists brought out an astonishing variety of people. Generals and draftees mingled with dowagers, Free Austrians, sailors, Chinese journalists, publishers, actors, columnists and fellow artists. Tom Benton, in great form, moved amiably through the crowd, laughing and chatting and answering questions. That morning an important British official had called the gallery to ask if the opening were to be a stag affair. Tom happened to answer the phone.

"Oh, no," Tom said; "*this* war's for women too, you know."

The first reaction to the paintings was one of terrific shock. The horrible brutality is painful to see, and it is natural to draw back from it. But after the first impact, the effect of the paintings is much the same as the reaction to a deep personal tragedy. The initial shock is followed by a realization that the grief



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR GRIFFIN

Benton travels all over the state sketching the Missouri countryside. Here he draws the lean, weathered face of Henry Look of Chilmark

Time out for lunch. Around the table are Mr. and Mrs. Benton, Jessie the baby, son Thomas Piacenza Benton, and Collie Banks, maid of all work

Saturday night at the Bentons' often finds an impromptu concert, with musicians ranging from neighbors to members of the Kansas City Philharmonic

is something to be faced and endured. The evil of this war, Benton says in his paintings, is also something that must be faced and endured.

National response to the paintings was overwhelmingly favorable. Many preachers based their Easter Sunday sermons on Benton's message, and almost every major newspaper and magazine featured reproductions of the pictures and editorials about them. Letters flooded in from factories, business offices and defense plants, asking for reproductions to hang on prominent walls for war workers to see.

In the last seven years, Missourians have become familiar with Artist Benton and his ways. So they weren't at all surprised at the spectacular ferocity of his war paintings. In the old days before Benton came home to paint his famous Jefferson City mural, most Missourians thought of art only in terms of barroom nudes and post-card hayfields. Old Missouri families would have a Bingham lithograph on the parlor wall and a feed-store calendar over the kitchen range. That, they figured, was enough art for anybody. But Benton has made art as important as politics, and when Missourians talk about it, they usually have their fists clenched.

The Artist at Work

In the summer of 1936, when Benton was plugging away at his Jefferson City mural ten and twelve hours a day in the stifling Missouri heat, the home folks packed a lunch, piled in the kids and headed for the State Capitol, curious to see an artist at work. The only one most of them had seen before was the man at the state fair who did colored crayon portraits for a dollar. The gaping Missourians filed into the Statehouse staring up at the small, wiry man in baggy trousers who stood on a high scaffolding, smoking a briar pipe and daubing at the walls bristling with the life of their state, its lynchings, politics, horse-trading, slave auctions, its steamboating, pioneering and barroom legends.

One leather-faced Missouri farmer shifted his quid, coughed and corrected the artist's treatment of a plow ("The hind part's too short, and the handles don't have enough turn to 'em"). A reporter pointed out that Kansas City's Boss Pendergast never smokes cigars, as shown in the painting, so the cigar came out and a cigarette was popped into the boss' pudgy hand. While the tourists rested their feet, and the upstate families ate sandwiches, the small, dark man on the scaffolding went right on mixing his paints on the porcelain top of a kitchen table. He didn't look arty at all; he looked like a courthouse loafer, perched cross-legged in front of the county recorder's office, talking crops and politics. And when he knocked off to eat lunch, he talked and laughed (he laughed loud) like anybody else. He was, one admirer said, "Just downright common."

Thomas Hart Benton, Missouri has discovered, is a small man with a big punch. His paintbrush packs more of a wallop than a whole green acre of Missouri mules. In the seven years since he settled down in his home state he has been in one row after another and he's usually come out on top.

First, the Capitol mural. Missouri legislators, Chamber of Commerce spokesmen, women's patriotic groups, civic leaders, plain opinionated letters-to-the-editor Missourians, all thundered their fury at paintings which, they charged, disgraced Missouri, made it appear to be nothing but "a houn' dawg state."

"Those walls seem to be shouting at you," one legislator said.

"Ought to be whitewashed," a Kansas City businessman said, and offered to head a band of masked riders to storm the Capitol.

Benton didn't duck. He met the storm, and weathered it. Today, most Missourians laugh sheepishly at the rumpus they kicked up. Guidebooks list the paintings alongside Mark Twain's boyhood home in Hannibal, Eugene Field's lover's lane in St. Joseph and the old farm home of Jesse James near Excelsior Springs. Missouri children study the mural in school, and make Saturday bus excursions to Jefferson City to see it. The artist himself has become a familiar sight, bumping along country roads on sketching trips.

After the mural storm began to die down, Benton cut loose again. He brought out an autobiographical book called An Artist in America, and shocked Missourians demanded that the Kansas City Art Institute, where Benton was the $3,000-a-year head of the painting department, oust the artist-writer for using words nice people didn't even think, much less put in print.

Then came the Benton nudes, Susanna and the Elders and The Rape of Persephone. From the Apocrypha, Benton borrowed the story of Susanna and retold it in modern terms, portraying the girl as a quite attractive young woman with red-tinted fingernails and high-heeled slippers, dipping her toes in an Ozark stream while two leering Missouri farmers peeked out from a background which included a country church and an old jaloppy. St. Louis gallery officials tried to block Susanna's debut, but were laughed out of it. A prominent Missouri clubwoman complained that Susanna was "just *too* naked," which struck Benton as "funny as hell."

Next was an interview, front-paged throughout the country, in which Benton turned his panzer phrases loose on art museums. Benton, whose work hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art and in other first-rate repositories of American art, said he would rather see his paintings brightening the walls of a saloon, a privy or a bawdy house than a museum. People go to saloons, he said, but never to museums, unless they happen to be tourists anxious to "do" the place and get it over with.

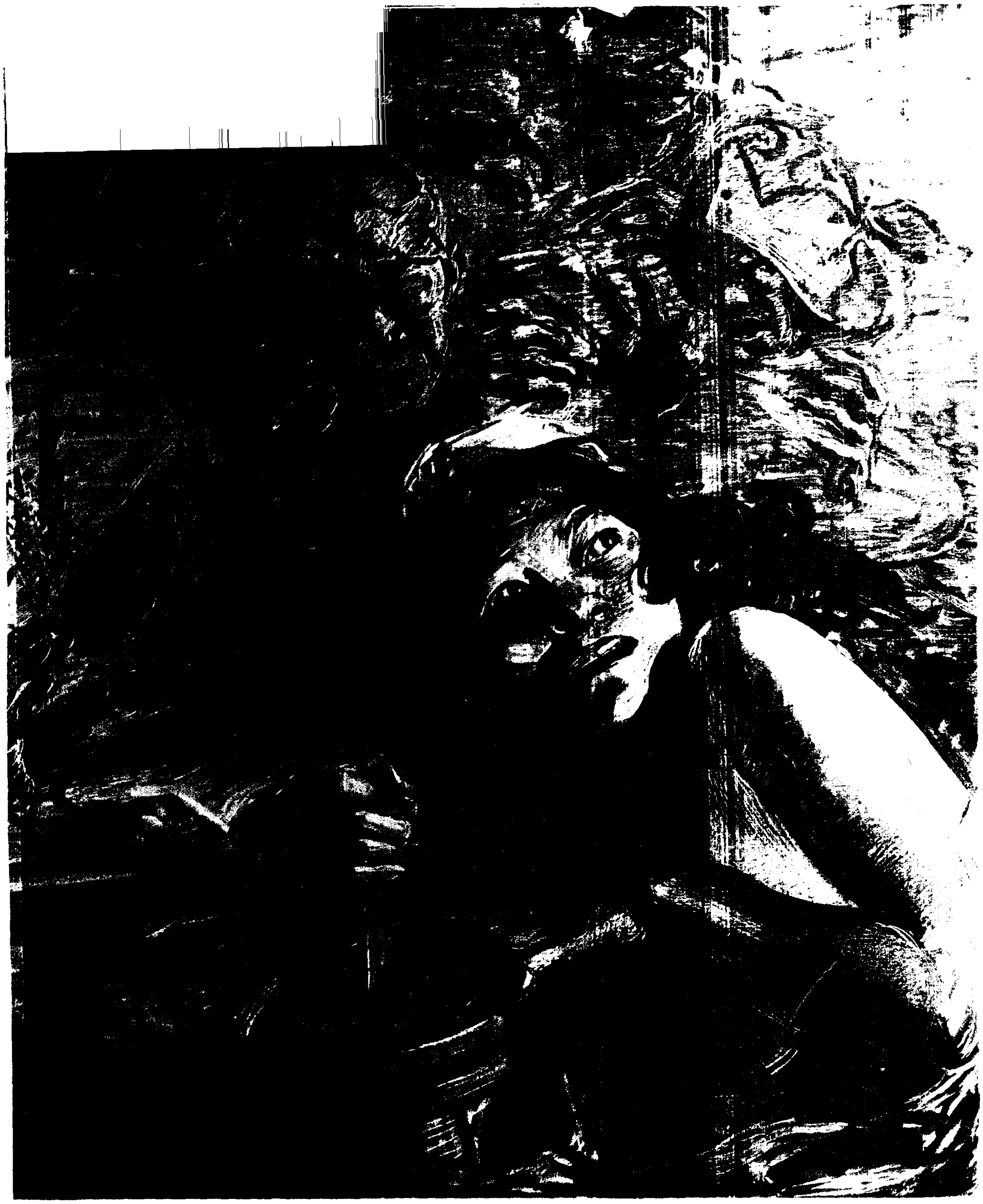
Mr. Benton Lets Off Steam

"The typical museum is a graveyard," he said, "run by a pretty boy with delicate curving wrists and a swing in his gait. You've got to have a sort of an undertaker's psychology to go into the museum business."

That was too much. Staid, Benton-hating trustees of the Art Institute forced his ouster over protesters who argued that Tom, as usual, hadn't done anything except say out loud what many other artists had said in their studios. "But," the trustees complained, "he says it so loud."

Benton was born fifty-three years ago in a small Missouri hill town, Neosho, of a family as distinguished in Missouri as the Cabots in Massachusetts and the Cabells in Virginia. His grand-uncle, also Thomas Hart Benton, is the biggest name in the state's political history, and the artist's father served six terms in the national House of Representatives, where he was noted for his roistering stories, his spectacular use of profanity and his red-bearded homeliness (he was reputed to be the ugliest man in

(Continued on page 30)



Wife Material

By Mona Gardner

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

The story of a very remarkable girl. She knew what she wanted and she faced death to gain it

NENGAH dropped the rake she was making and listened. Yes, that was it, the roupy boom and the tump-tump of the begging dragon. She crossed to the cupboard, opened the puzzle box, got a string of *cash* out, and was at the gate as quick as a mouse deer. It is better luck to have a dragon's money ready.

The green body rippled gigantically there in the roadway. The fiery head jerked from side to side. Not vicious or revengeful, but a droll dragon—with comically rolling eyes, prancing front feet, and back legs that swayed and swaggered like a land-sick fisherman.

"Safe! Safe!" Nengah called to young Alu hiding somewhere in the thatched shed. "It's the friendly dragon come from the temple," she told him.

Young Alu crawled from behind the deep-sea nets and stood staring beside the skirt of her sarong. The begging dragon frisked about them, humping its back to the drumbeat, snapping its cardboard jaws, shaking its sandaled feet.

"The polite-stepping one!" Nengah marveled, her eyes big, her laugh gusty. "How he dances!"

Young Alu's solemn face slid into a smile then, and he slapped his little-boy hands to the furious beat.

"Quick, our wish! The wish of our hearts!" Nengah remembered.

Together they threw their brass *cash* in the dragon's basket; together they clapped their hands three times three; and waited. Straightway drums thundered, dust flew; the dragon walked the magic circle about them, and was away—whirling down the road. . . . Then, suddenly, the fiery head came off, the fearsome green body was tossed in a heap, and it was Kario himself walking back toward her.

She was not a fisherman's daughter for nothing. Slyly she must punch the hole first, so that the bucket would leak. She knew better than to give drowned ghosts a whole bucket

Oh, he shouldn't! Not the day he became the begging dragon! Suppose the squint-eyed Patimah grandmother—who could always see such things—should look out! Suppose the seaweed gatherers came up the path now from the beach and saw him talking to her! Suppose, oh, suppose Nasiman, the stone-carver, should hear about it—he with his ogre eyes and ogre tongue—and demand even more money for the burial tablets!

"Nengah!" Kario said softly, standing very near her, and looking straight at her with those soft brown eyes of his. "Candle Night is near!"

"Yes," Nengah agreed.

"The Village Elder tells it openly now that on Candle Night he will name an adoption-husband for you."

"He tells it openly?" Nengah suffocated over the words.

"Yes," Kario said. "And last night after prayers my father asked me if I were willing to be named. He said your adoption-husband will take your name, be brother to your brother, be son to your ancestors, keep their memory bright, and work their land as they have worked it."

"Yes, that is so," Nengah said, face flaming, ears ringing. "The village elder does name an adoption-husband *if*"—here her voice broke like a cracked teacup—"*if* by Candle Night I have bought honor-giving namestones for the graves of my dead father and brother who died in the sea."

"And you will? You have the money ready for Nasiman, the stone-carver?" Kario asked quickly.

HOW could she tell him she hadn't? How could she tell him *cash* cut from the bamboo grove, *cash* plucked from the bean patch, and those other *cash* taken from the sea, taken from her back and from her stomach, still were not enough *cash* to pay the price Nasiman was asking now?

"Almost," she said barely above a whisper.

"But you had it once!"

"Nasiman raised his price."

"He is a turtle and drags his tail upon the ground!" Kario cursed.

Nengah shivered and held her breath.

"He does it for some reason"—Kario went on—"some reason more than to have the extra money! He is a conniving one, that one!"

"Still, I may have the money for him," Nengah said. "There are five days more until Candle Night. If only the changing-monsoon storm holds off, I can go to the reef!"

"And if it doesn't?"

"Then as I do not properly honor my dead by that night," Nengah said in a drear voice, "I am not wife material. Our ancient Java laws say it."

"Our laws say it!" Kario spat the words hoarsely.

"That tone, Kario!" Nengah looked about fearfully, hoping his voice had not reached to the Patimah house across the road, hoping that young Alu had not heard it. "Even being a priest's son would not help you!"

"It is I who would marry you, Nengah," Kario's voice came tight from his throat. "And I say—whether or not you put namestones on your graves, you are wife material!"

"Oh, Kario!" Nengah's eyes smiled and cried her gratitude. But she said: "Still our ancient Java laws have said it, they have made it plain that a woman is not good enough to marry if she doesn't make public honor for the men of her family when they die. . . . Somehow, oh somehow, I must get the namestones. One more day of friendly weather and I could get to the reef for a load of the brown gunpowder weed. There is good

(Continued on page 55)

Last Time Around

By Pat Frank

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

A SHORT SHORT STORY
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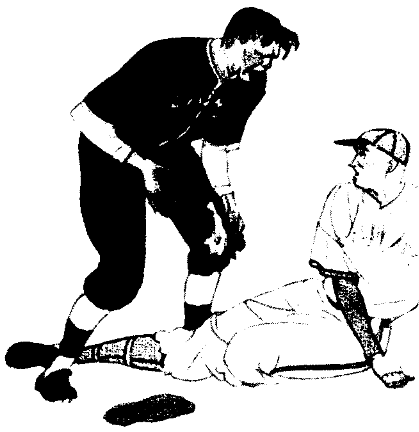
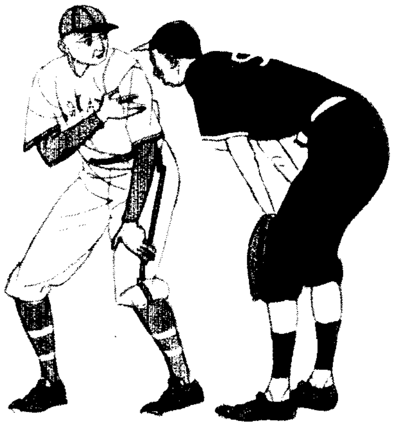


Cummings, the Lions' second baseman, dropped the ball and came up cursing. "What're you trying to do, ruin me?" he shouted



BABCOCK, the manager, picked up the third-string catcher with his eyes, and nodded him in to pinch-hit. Whipple took a deep breath, got up off the bench with his bat in his hand, and said, "I want my last bats." The third-string catcher hesitated, and then sat down. Whipple knew they were all watching him. They seemed to be staring at their feet, which is the way of a team behind by six runs in the ninth, but they were watching him. They were thinking, "What's he want his bats for? Won't do him any good."

Babcock scratched his leg and said, "All right, Wiz, take your last bats." But Babcock's face reddened and you could see his neck veins swelling, as they did when he was angry.

Whipple walked to the plate slowly, a medium-sized, nicely constructed man with his cap pulled down well over the back of his head so the gray wouldn't show. From an upper box over first base a jockey let loose, "Whipple, where's your wheelchair?"

He took a long time, dusting his bat handle with resin. The same jockey yelled through cupped fingers, "Old Wheezing Whipple!" Sound cascaded out of the stands. When ten thousand people laugh all at once, nothing is funny. Nothing is funny, anyway, when you've got a wife, and four kids in school, and you're buying a big house, and you've just been unconditionally released.

He stepped into the batter's box, and glanced toward the dugout for instructions. Babcock didn't bother to give him a signal. The jockey shrilled, "Come on, Wheezing, we wanna go home!"

The Lions' young pitcher juggled the ball and stared through the box. He was loose and unworried. He'd struck out Whipple twice. Fifteen, or ten, or even five years ago that would have been something for a young pitcher. Now it was routine. Whipple wasn't batting his weight.

The first one came over, very fast and inside, and he went into the dust. Bolles, the Lions' catcher, said, "Well, we almost got the old Wizard of third base."

"That's right," said Whipple, picking himself up, unperturbed. "Guys have got killed, not getting out of the way of bean balls. Plenty of 'em."

"Yeah?" inquired Bolles.

"Sure. I'll show you the records sometime."

THE next one was fast, shoulder high and over. To Whipple it was only a thin gray streak. First a man's legs went, and then his wrists, and finally his eyes. "That one would kill you," Whipple said, "if it hit your temple."

"One almost got me last week in Boston," Bolles said.

"You can't help getting hit," said Whipple pleasantly, "but there are certain precautions . . ."

He didn't swing at two curves, and was thankful, for they were outside. He watched another strike, and then set himself. This was it. This was the important pitch. It came roaring down on the plate. He started to swing, but was too late. "Ball four," growled the umpire with belligerent uncertainty. Bolles took off his mask and threw it into the dust and swore. Whipple trotted to first base.

"Hello, Hap," he said to Lodski, planting his foot on the bag.

"I hear you're leavin'," Lodski said. "We all get old. How old are you, Hap?"

"Thirty-four."

"Bet you haven't saved a nickel."

The jockey in the upper box screamed, "Don't let that old man give you any lip, Hap!"

Whipple stepped off first far enough to draw a throw. "I wouldn't have started the season," he told Lodski, "except for the war taking our young kids. After the war's over, a lot of young ones will be coming along. Hundreds of 'em. They teach 'em baseball in the camps."

"That's right," Lodski said gloomily.

"How about having dinner with me tonight? The Carlton. Eight o'clock?"

"Sure," Lodski said, and then the next man in the lineup hit a bounding ball to deep short, and Whipple strained to get to second base. He sensed a try for a double play, and went into second viciously, legs high and stiff, and felt his spikes ripping flannel. Cummings, the Lions' second baseman, dropped the ball and came up red-faced and cursing, his fists doubled.

"What're you trying to do, ruin me?" Cummings shouted.

"Sorry," said Whipple. "Didn't mean to make it that close."

Cummings' mouth hung open. This was the first time in his career as a second baseman that anyone had ever apologized to him for anything.

"I understand how it is," Whipple went on. "I've got a wife and kids at home, too."

"Yeah?" Cummings said incredulously, examining the rip in his pants.

"Yes, and I've often wondered what would happen if I got spiked bad. I've known second basemen who were laid up for six months. Some never come back. Cut tendons."

The jockey over first base cried, "Murderer—that's what he is—murderer!"

The next man sacrificed, and Whipple got to third. "Well," remarked Flaherty, the third baseman, "never expected to see you here."

"It's a surprise to me, too," Whipple admitted.

"I hear they released you today. Must be pretty tough in this racket, when a guy gets to be forty."

"That's right," Whipple said. "It's good to see young fellows, like you, thinking of your future. I didn't have that much sense when I was your age. My case should be a lesson . . ."

Flaherty crept close to the bag, as if he expected a throw. "Don't give me that stuff," he said. "You've been playing with your head for five years now. I'll bet you've got plenty saved."

"I'll tell you all about it," said Whipple, "later."

He took a long lead, much too long for a man with the spring gone from his legs, and the pitcher whirled and threw to third. Instead of diving back for the bag, Whipple tried for the plate. Flaherty's throw was wild, and he scored.

"Well," said Bolles, the catcher, "all you guys have to do is make five more runs and you'll tie it up."

"Remember what I was talking about?" said Whipple, brushing the dust from his shirt. "Remember what I said about getting beaned?"

"Sure."

"I'd like to show you those records. See you at Feeney's after it's over."

"Okay," Bolles agreed, pushing back his mask and scratching his head.

WHIPPLE limped to the dugout, and sat down on the bench, and wiped his face with a towel. "Pretty lucky, your last time around," Babcock remarked.

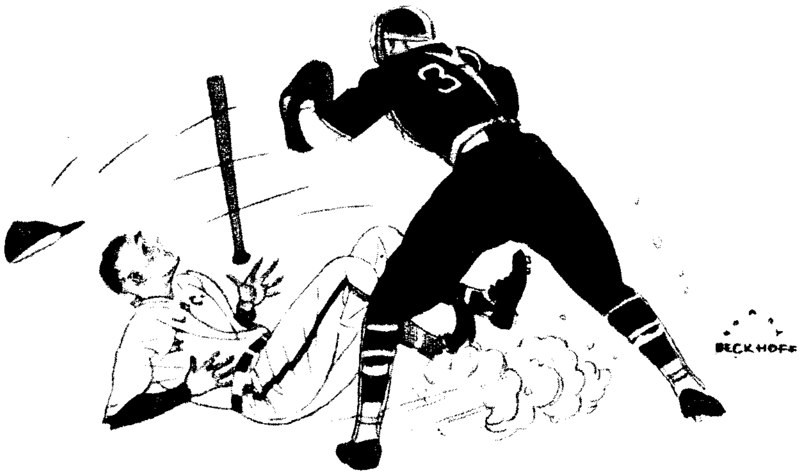
"Could be."

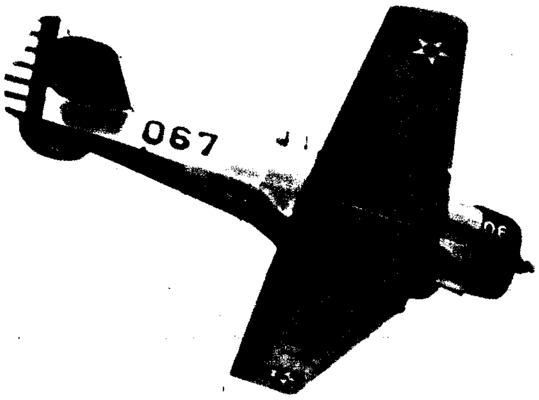
"That release still stands. I'd give you a job as a coach, except I don't like anybody around thinks he's smarter than me."

"I've got a job," Whipple said.

"Maybe the Lions will take you. You beefed enough to them, going around the bases." Babcock's face was reddening again.

"No," Whipple remarked, appraising the manager. "No, I'm selling insurance. I just started today—and think I have a few prospects. But I'm not trying to sell you, because you're a bad risk." Whipple rose and walked toward the dressing room. He noticed that Babcock's neck veins were swelling again.





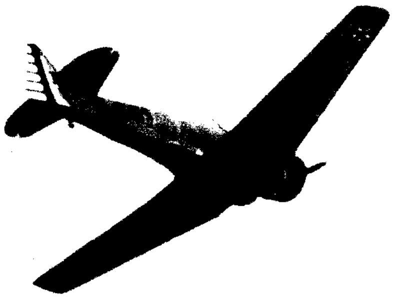
We Win Our Wings

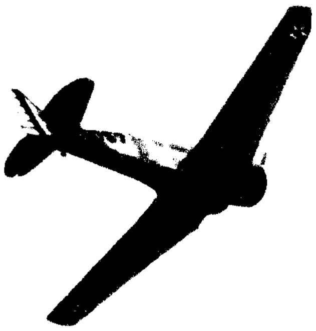
By Devon Francis

As punishment for taxiing on the ramp with flaps down after landing, a cadet (above) carries one arm in a red sling

At left, Cadet Rodrigues from Brazil at controls of a "Think Trainer" mock-up, being taught by Com. G. C. Wilson

Curious to see what a parachute will do when dumped on the ground, these cadets tried it—and they found out





Our fighting forces really hit the jackpot when they designed the American system of training fighting pilots—80,000 of them a year and more if necessary. Here's how the cream of America's tough-fibered youth earns its wings

THE kid with the propeller insignia on his service cap was slumped on a bench in the ready room. He was a nice kid, about twenty, with that indelible look of Keokuk or Kalamazoo about him. He had a good chin, blue eyes and a mop of sun-bleached hair which tumbled down over his forehead to become damp in the sweat. He was a nice kid but a miserable kid. The misery stuck out on him like spines on a cactus.

"They can't bust me out of here," he was muttering, sucking in his breath involuntarily. "They just can't do it."

Over in the far corner of the ready room at this Air Corps' primary training field the kid's instructor was watching him out of the tail of his eye. It was an old story to the instructor. Kids came and kids went in this grim business of wartime air training. Some of them got through and some didn't. Some of them were graduated to basic school, where they really began getting their teeth into flying. Some of them had their hearts broken.

It was tough, breaking their hearts. They moped around, like grammar-school youngsters racked by their first cases of puppy love. But it was better to bust a kid out in primary stage than to let him go on hoping. It was better, because a student who didn't have what it took was a liability to himself and a danger to more talented classmates. A cadet had to know how to keep in a traffic pattern on a field where a hundred airplanes trailed one another's prop wash.

A Lesson to Remember

The instructor left the cadet on the bench in the depths of his misery for a few more minutes. That was part of the training technique. This boy had to be taught so he would remember. He had been overconfident before his check ride.

"Adams!" the instructor called finally.

The kid jumped up. "Yes, sir."

The instructor sauntered over. "I had to bawl you out up there," he remarked, with a suggestion of a yawn, "but it wasn't bad, today's ride."

Adams' face was that of a man who had just been reprieved as he was walking that last mile to the gallows.

"You skidded a little on that last turn," the instructor added; "and the wing was on edge in your glide. Watch it!"

Young Adams is both man and idea in today's drive for adequate air power. He is one of the scores of thousands of men who constitute America's burgeoning Air Force. Yesterday he was a person. Today he is a symbol, because air power or a lack of it will win or lose this war.

Adams is the Jones kid next door with peach fuzz on his cheeks, starting off to one of the scores of air-training centers thrown up in a miraculously short time by the Army and the Navy to meet the threat embodied in Hitler's march into Poland and Tojo's attack on Pearl Harbor. He is the Smith kid down the street who yesterday was holding hands with Mary Lou at a double feature and tomorrow will be roaming the skies in a 400-mile-an-hour pursuit, aching to tangle with a Messerschmitt or a Zero fighter. The Army and the Navy are talking about processing 80,000 Adamses and Joneses and Smiths a year to give nerves and sinew to our air power. Before our armed services finish cleaning up this world military mess, they are more likely to be training 100,000 each twelve months.

We are going to be concerned here only with pilot training, with teaching men to fly under a system which is as tough, as rigorous, as exacting as any employed by a major power. It's better than most systems and it may be the best. It's tough because it takes a tough man to fight aloft. If Willie has always had his mother around to remind him to put on his rubbers he had best report to his local draft board with his nose drops and paper hankies. He won't be able to stand the gaff at an air school.

Pilots are only part of our air army. It takes methodical meteorologists, resourceful engineers, hard-boiled crew chiefs and meticulous mechanics as well. It takes bombardiers, gunners and navigators. And here's a word of caution: Don't make any disparaging remarks to a graduate navigator about the relative importance of his duties in a bomber crew. He is touchy on the subject and may plant one on your button.

But most of all, an air army requires good pilots, and training a man to be a good pilot is akin to training him for expert surgery or quick-witted argument before the bar. It isn't done with mirrors. It means a lot of hard work.

Much mystery has attached itself, barnaclelike, to what Lieutenant General Henry H. Arnold, now commanding general of the Army Air Forces, calls this flying game. Part of this mystery is legitimate. Part of it isn't. We know a lot about flying and we are gradually learning a lot more but we don't know enough yet. What we don't know constitutes the mystery. We didn't know until a short time ago why some accomplished pilots working "under the hood" to pile up instrument flying time would roll out of a turn into a spiral in the opposite direction and come dangerously close to disaster before they recovered.

Solving Air-Crash Mysteries

The Army searched for and found the answers to fatal crashes on two successive nights at Craig Field, Alabama, as students in advanced trainers were coasting down to enter a traffic pattern for landing. It is still investigating the crash of four Airacobra pursuits in an Ohio snowstorm. Mysteries are not supernatural. The answers to them merely elude for the moment the cunning of man's mind and senses. Solutions to the mysteries of flying are being found.

The important thing to a young man flirting with the idea of learning to fly is the safety of flying behind the battle front. Accidents not associated with combat flying are no more numerous today in the midst of the intensive war effort than they were in yesterday's peacetime, in relation to the number of hours flown. The Army and the Navy have charts etched with eloquent curves to show that.

At Cochran Field, Georgia, during a period of five months a fatality occurred only for the equivalent in flying time of every seven-odd round trips to the moon.

"That's too many fatalities," remarked a major on the staff of the commanding officer when he was told of it. "One would be too many."

Practically any youngster with a good body, clear eyesight, sharp reflexes and horse sense can learn to fly an airplane. That doesn't necessarily mean he can fly a winged monster with a thousand horses up front and eight guns blazing from the leading edge of the wing. Even so, from 55 to 60 of every hundred men who think they can fly military planes come out of the training wringer with gold bars on their shoulders. Civilian pilots with iron-gray hair, battered felt hats cocked over one eye and a wad of chewing gum lodged in their jowls are ferrying Army pursuits from factories to tactical fields these days. Until this war began, many of them hadn't flown faster than a sleek automobile travels on a straightaway. It surprises the Army some. Up to May, 1940, when the Dutch burghers woke up to find the panzer divisions at the door, the Army promoted the fiction of the superman in aviation. Congress was niggardly with appropriations, and the Air Corps had nothing else to sell.

True, a sizable proportion of aviation cadets fail to win commissions. Why they fail is no mystery. Some can't co-ordinate. It takes a nice muscular and nervous balance to fly. Some don't have the stomach for it. Some are too cocky. There was the student at a primary school in Avon Park, Florida, who rolled his airplane into a ball in a landing maneuver. The instructor wasn't surprised. The boy had been courting trouble for days. He knew too much.

"I suppose," he said ruefully as he disengaged himself from the goulash of fabric and framework, "this busts me out."

"Not if it has taught you anything,"

(Continued on page 58)

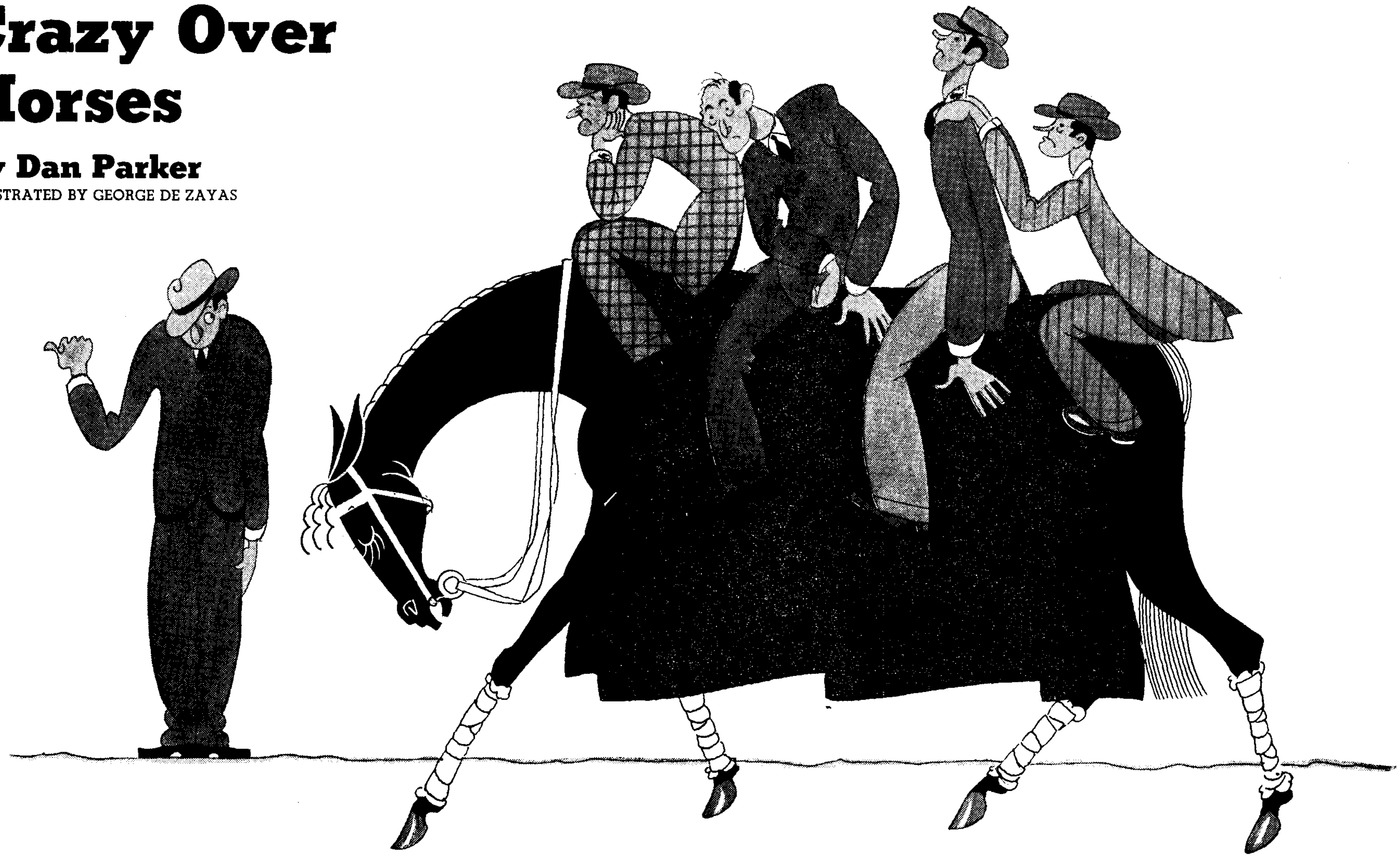
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

At Brooks Field, Texas, cadets make a "square corner" on the double to formation—a 90-degree turn while on the run. Ranch-style building at rear is the type used for their barracks. On opposite page, cadets in AT-6 planes are peeling out of echelon formation

Crazy Over Horses

By Dan Parker

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS



Unfortunately, transportation home isn't provided for losers on the nags which let them down

Horse racing suffers from the operations of a few unscrupulous men whose methods are as cruel as they are crooked and whose motto is "Never give the sucker an even break"

SEVERAL years ago, a great public benefactor, who adopted the trade name of Theodore Hayes, came to the conclusion that not enough people were getting rich by betting on the races, so he decided to do something about the situation. This benefactor, whom certain unappreciative individuals insisted upon calling a tout, bought a mailing list, referred to by cynics as a "sucker list," which contained the names of persons known to bet on the races. Thus equipped, he bombarded horse players with circular letters which informed them that he could fix claiming races at Saratoga for a stipulated fee.

One of the recipients of Mr. Hayes' proffered beneficence, being skeptical about the whole business, sent the circular to his favorite sports columnist who, in language that burned a hole right through his column, exposed Mr. Hayes as a typical mail-order tout, who couldn't fix a parking ticket, much less a claiming race at Saratoga.

"That will fricassee Hayes' gander to a tempting russet, egad!" said the sports columnist, vastly pleased with himself as he read over his tirade in print. Imagine the shock to the columnist's ego, not to mention his belief in the intelligence of his public, when the morrow's mail brought him a shower of letters, each containing money, with a request that it be forwarded to that nice gentleman, Mr. Hayes, so that he could fix a claiming race or two for them.

Although the sports writer's exposé of the spurious Mr. Hayes eventually led to that rogue's conviction, in absentia, by the New York State Attorney General's office in its drive against touts, the wholly unlooked-for reaction of the public cured the columnist of the urge to be a crusader against the evils of betting on the races. Like eating and drinking, too many people enjoy the habit to make it a popular one to knock.

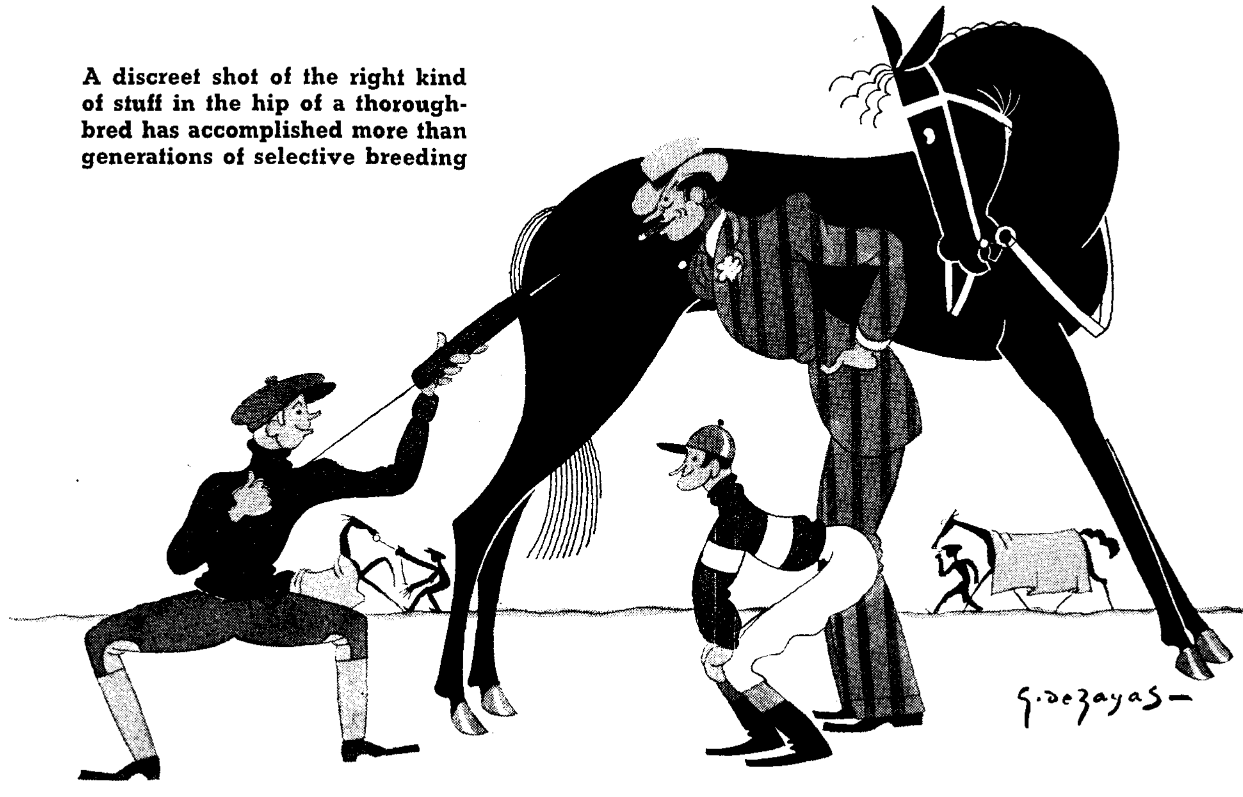
Trying to cure race-track addicts of their vice is like making an unwilling horse drink after driving him to water. They don't want to be cured; they resent all efforts to save them from themselves. Furthermore, statistics on betting and attendance at race tracks not only show that they aren't being cured but even prove that more people are contracting the disease every year.

That suave scholar, gentleman and connoisseur of three-year-olds, Herbert Bayard Swope, put a well-manicured digit on the nub of the situation in one of his annual reports as chairman of the New York State Racing Commission when he announced:

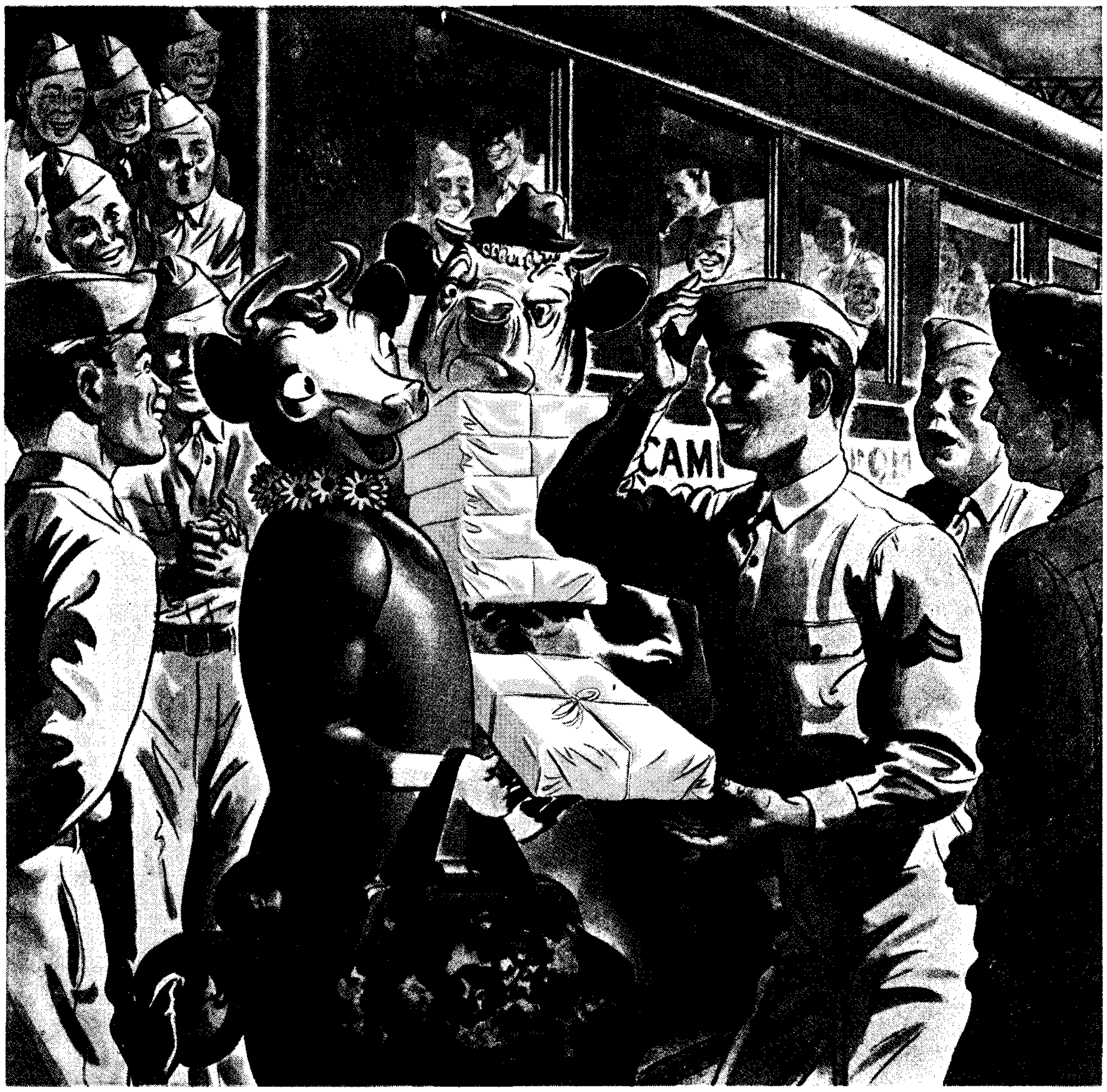
"The Racing Commission feels required to say that it is not in agreement with those critics who consider that wagering at race tracks is a custom to be deplored. The present pari-mutuel law has served to make legal and legally supervised an inclination for wagering, which has always been conspicuous in the American people. Since the people will bet, nothing could be more beneficial to themselves and sounder from a sociological and economic standpoint than that they pay a tax to themselves out of money spent for relaxation and receive their own money back in public expenditures."

What Mr. Swope means by his elegant language is that the state uses the money it gets from horse racing to build better roads, thereby providing more bunion ease for horse players who have to walk home after an afternoon of delightful relaxation with the ponies during which they had the misfortune to lose the rent money. Unfortunately, no

(Continued on page 26)



A discreet shot of the right kind of stuff in the hip of a thoroughbred has accomplished more than generations of selective breeding



"I feel like the Mother of the Regiment," giggled Elsie

"GRACIOUS," said Elsie, the Borden Cow, blushing prettily. "I just thought I'd come down with a few good things for you to eat on the way to camp. I never dreamed you'd make a fuss over me."

"In view of my family's distinguished war record, I expected at least a salute," observed Elmer, the bull, stiffly.

"Salutes are reserved for men in the service," snapped a corporal. "But if it weren't for regulations," he beamed, turning to Elsie, "every man in uniform would be glad to salute *you* – with both hands!"

"That would be overdoing things," laughed Elsie. "Unless, of course, you were saluting my pure, wholesome milk and all the grand things that are made from it!"

BORDEN'S MILK IS FINE FOR EVERYONE!
Borden's

"Milk!" snorted Elmer, turning to the corporal. "Young man, I suppose you never heard of the Battle of Bull Run . . ."

"I'm sure he'd much rather hear about my smooth, mouth-melting Borden's Ice Cream," Elsie broke in blithely. "Almost everyone comes on the run for that—it's made from such fine milk and cream."

Elmer sniffed. "You may not be aware," he said proudly to the corporal, "that my great Uncle Hector was the original Sitting Bull!"

LUSCIOUS, SATIN-SMOOTH BORDEN'S ICE CREAM!

"Sitting Bull was an Indian," objected the corporal frowning suspiciously at Elmer.

"Speaking of Indians," Elsie interrupted hastily, "most boys at camp whoop like Indians when they open a box from home and find cake frostings, candies, and cookies made with *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk.* So wonderfully smooth and sweet, you know."

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND MAKES TREATS LIKE MAGIC!
Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK
MAGIC RECIPES

"It's easy to see that *your* reputation is well deserved, Elsie," said the corporal with a sharp glance at Elmer.

"I *am* proud of my reputation," Elsie admitted. "But I'm even prouder of having so much of my *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk* used in our army and by our allies. Good cooks and good soldiers everywhere know it makes perfectly scrumptious cream soups and mashed potatoes. And it's *so* digestible and rich in Vitamin D!"

BORDEN'S EVAPORATED FOR CREAM DISHES, SOUPS!
Borden's
IRRADIATED
EVAPORATED MILK

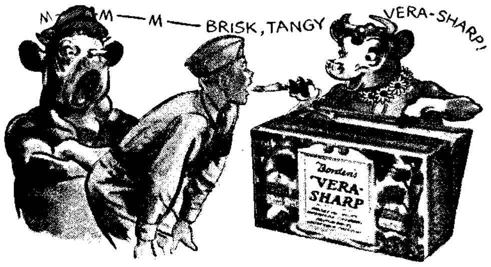
Elmer shook his head disgustedly. "Talk, talk, talk!" he snapped. "I don't see where you get the energy."

"Lots of people find energy they never dreamed they had," said Elsie serenely, "in HEMO – Borden's new way to drink your vitamins and like 'em! And do stop glaring at this nice soldier."

DRINK YOUR VITAMINS AND LIKE 'EM!
Borden's
Hemo

Elmer started menacingly toward the corporal who stood his ground. "Stay where you are, bully," warned the soldier. "I know a big cheese when I see one."

"One of the very finest cheese treats I know," Elsie said quickly, "is *Borden's Vera-Sharp.* Folks just rave about its keen, tangy cheddar flavor. I must say it's one of the most distinguished of the distinguished family of *Borden's fine cheeses.*"


M—M—M—BRISK, TANGY VERA-SHARP!
Borden's
VERA-SHARP

"Distinguished, eh?" bellowed Elmer. "Well, with all due modesty, my record in the last war . . ."

"Oh don't bore the corporal with your war record," said Elsie. "He knows you're part of Borden's."

"I get it," laughed the corporal. *"If it's Borden's, it's got to be good!"*

– if it's Borden's it's got to be good

"You can serve your country even if you can't be in the army," says Elsie. "If you aren't in uniform, form a habit ... BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS AND BONDS REGULARLY!"

COPYRIGHT 1942, THE BORDEN COMPANY

70 MILLION DOLLARS SAVED

on a grocery bill!

Seventy million dollars! This vast sum would go a long way toward filling the wants of countless American families! And it probably did—for last year, more than that amount was saved for customers of A&P Super Markets . . . because the food they bought would have cost that much more if these stores operated on A&P's cost rate of a few years ago. But A&P has steadily reduced its cost of selling food through new efficiencies—bringing amazing savings to its customers. Get the real significance of these savings. Millions of families not only saved by changing to A&P Super Markets from other food stores . . . but they made additional savings as A&P found new ways to do business at less expense. A&P carries on relentless war on needless expense in distributing foods. And each time it succeeds in saving money, you share in the savings.

THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA COMPANY

Shop any day

SAVE

every day on your

ENTIRE FOOD BILL

A&P
ESTABLISHED 1859

SUPER MARKETS

WITH living costs rising, now is the time to challenge your food shopping habits . . . to examine into what you buy, how much you pay, what you get for your money.

Try shopping at your nearby A&P Super Market for just one week . . . for your usual 7-day supply of food and household needs. But first, jot down the prices you have been paying for various things. Then go to your A&P Super Market and compare prices. In the Grocery Department, shop from shelf to shelf, examine brands, read their labels . . . you'll find you save a penny or two per package on many things you need, of the quality you demand.

In addition to the famous brands all grocers stock, you'll find additional savings in many nationally known foods sold only by A&P. These are quality-renowned brands like the 33 Ann Page Foods; White House Evaporated Milk; Eight O'Clock, Red Circle and Bokar Coffees; Marvel Bread; Jane Parker Cakes, Rolls and Donuts. These and scores of other foods are brought by A&P direct from factories, roasting plants and bakeries with many usual in-between costs eliminated—and the savings are shared with you.

Visit the Dairy Center (the spick-and-span department complete with creamery butter, selected eggs, fine cheeses and dairy-fresh milk). Here again you've a surprise in store . . . in quality and low prices. Then spend time in the Meat Department . . . in the Fresh Fruit and Vegetable Department. Note the goodness of everything you see . . . and the reasonable prices asked. As you jot down your savings, remember that *these are savings you can make any day you shop.*

Go to your A&P Super Market today. You'll find profit in your visit . . . more for your money . . . a saving in shopping time.

Better, more nourishing meals for your money is really good news to your family in times like these.

Save UP TO 25%*

ON MANY FINE FOODS

* Many A&P brands (sold only at A&P) bring you savings up to 25% compared to prices usually asked for other nationally known products of comparable quality. You'll enjoy the goodness of our—

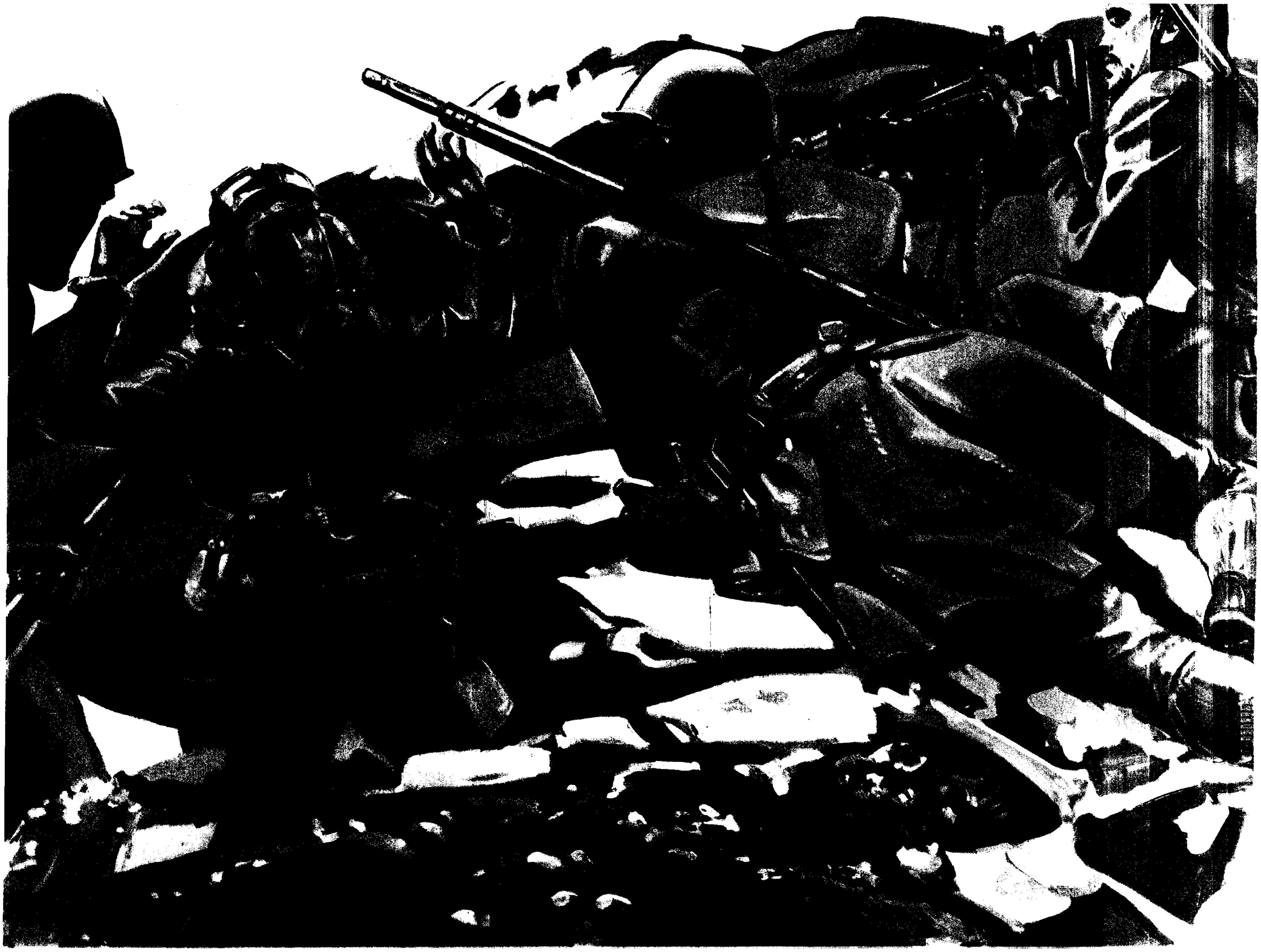
Eight O'Clock, Red Circle and
Bokar Coffees
White House Evaporated Milk
The 33 Ann Page Foods
Marvel "Enriched" Bread
Jane Parker Cakes, Rolls & Donuts
34 A&P Canned Fruits & Vegetables

Sunnyfield Butter
Mel-O-Bit Cheese
12 White Sail Household Products
7 Sunnyfield Cereals
Sunnyfield Hams & Smoked Meats
Sunnyfield Flours
and many other fine foods

© 1942—The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.

A&P PLEDGE

A&P pledges all its experience, all its skill, all its resources to the job of providing you with the finest possible foods at the lowest possible prices.



He knew he was crying; it was his life that was crying. "Inglisi! Inglisi!" he said, and his hands were in the air

Flight to the Sun

By James Aldridge

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT JOHN QUAYLE, of the Royal Air Force, is awaiting orders in Athens, not far from where the Greek-Italian war is raging. Will Lawson, an American correspondent, introduces him to a beautiful Greek girl, Helen Stangou, who tells him she works in a first-aid post and expects soon to be transferred to a hospital in the town of Ioannina.

Quayle and the girl are strongly attracted to each other, but she discourages his advances, insists that he "be sensible." When Quayle and his squadron ("80") are ordered to the field at Ioannina, he is elated at the prospect of being near Helen.

Quayle's outfit is a gallant and experienced fighter unit under the command of Squadron *Leader Hickey. Among Quayle's fellow fliers* are: Gorell, Tap, Finn, Hersey, Vain, Stewart, Constance, South, Brewer and Richardson. After their first air battle from this base, hopelessly outnumbered by the Italians, the valiant squadron chalks up its first casualties: Vain is killed, South's plane is shot down, Gorell is wounded.

The kindly hospital matron at Ioannina encourages the romance between Quayle and Helen.

During a week of bad flying weather, the squadron is grounded, and Quayle makes the acquaintance of Nitralexis, a fearless, laughing Greek flier and Papagos, his spunky little assistant.

Clear weather brings a heavy bombing raid to the town. Next morning the squadron is sent up with orders to bring down as many enemy bombers as possible. In the air battle that follows, Brewer is shot down while trying to help Tap out of a tight spot. That afternoon, the squadron again engages the enemy. Quayle observes Richardson bail out of his flaming plane, is horrified to see an Italian strafe the parachute so that Richardson plunges to his death. White with fury, Quayle shoots down the cowardly Italian and flies back with the others to their base.

Realization comes to Quayle that he loves Helen. He asks her to marry him. She loves him but is reluctant, speaks of "the difficulties," and finally says she will think it over *and let him know that night. Quayle immediately* calls on Commander Hickey and, in accordance with the regulations, asks if he has any objections if he, Quayle, gets married. Hickey, a true and warm-hearted friend, is delighted with the news. He asks Quayle when he intends to get married and the latter replies: "Tomorrow."

Hickey then answers slowly, "We've been ordered back to Athens tomorrow." But then he promises Quayle that Helen may ride back to Athens in a couple of days in the Bombay, the supply transport plane. "Thanks, Hickey," Quayle says.

IV

QUAYLE went out and up to his room. He slept until after eight o'clock, then dressed and went downstairs. Hickey had ordered the table set up again in the hotel hall, and the others were eating.

Again, Quayle was struck by the fact that there were only six of them. He ate the hard Greek bread and drank the thick Retzina wine that tasted like violin strings because it had resin in it. He walked out of the broken entrance to the hotel and up to the hospital.

There was no moon and the streets were hard from the two days' sunshine. He waited in the common room for Helen to come. She was dressed in a long yellow coat with a small yellow first-aid cap on her head.

They walked down the steps and through the village out toward the bombed bridge at the foot of the lake. They were silent through the village but on the white misted road he spoke to her.

"Do you know now?" he said. "Before you say anything, I'll tell you. I think I can get you back to Athens in the Bombay—that's the transport plane. We've been shifted back to Athens."

"You are going back? You're going back to Athens? When?" she said.

"Tomorrow or the next day, I don't know. But you can get back in the Bombay. What have you thought about?"

"I don't know," she said. "It's different, you going back. . . . It's different now. . . . What will happen at Athens? I don't think I can go . . . I can't leave here."

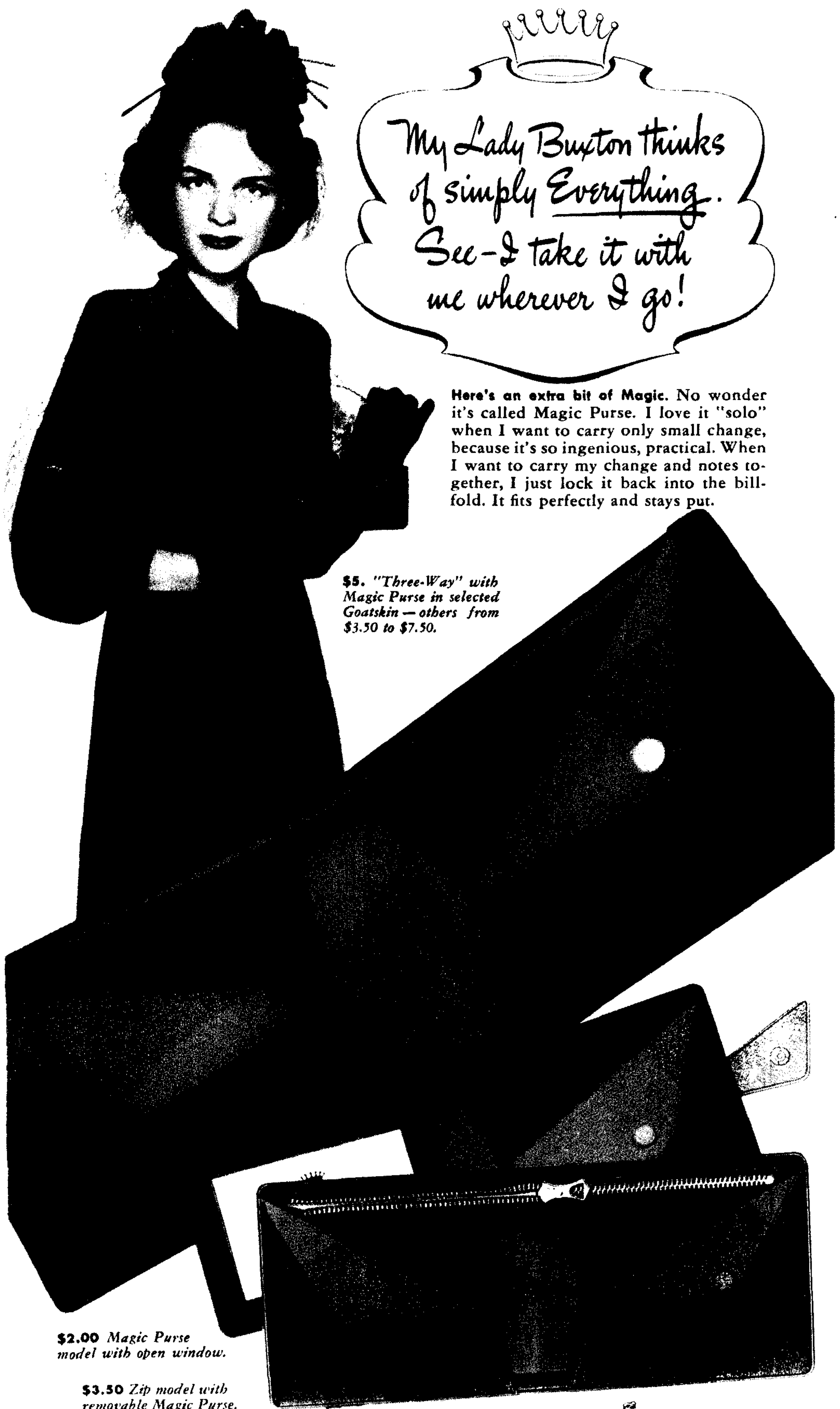
"I'll fix that . . . the matron will . . ."

"But even then, what is there ahead?"

"Not very much. Nothing definite. If I leave Greece, you would come too . . . it looks as if I'll be here until the Germans come in. Then we'll go back to Egypt. You can live there or go to England . . . just so long as we're not split by a war. What do you expect?"

"It's going to be difficult leaving," Helen said.

(Continued on page 44)


My Lady Buxton thinks of simply Everything. See—I take it with me wherever I go!

Here's an extra bit of Magic. No wonder it's called Magic Purse. I love it "solo" when I want to carry only small change, because it's so ingenious, practical. When I want to carry my change and notes together, I just lock it back into the billfold. It fits perfectly and stays put.

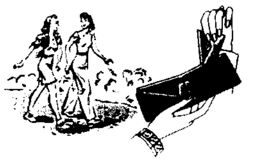
$5. *"Three-Way" with Magic Purse in selected Goatskin — others from $3.50 to $7.50.*

$2.00 *Magic Purse model with open window.*

$3.50 *Zip model with removable Magic Purse.*

Other Lady Buxtons from $1.

IT'S THE ONE BILLFOLD that can boast of always looking young! Know why? Because it's made in a unique and patented way. No buckles, no bulges, as in ordinary billfolds. There's a grand "give and take" tailored into Lady Buxton. It expands smoothly when you cram it; eases into place again, when you lighten the load. That's why women insist on Lady Buxton by name!



I'M ALL FOR THE GREAT OPEN SPACES

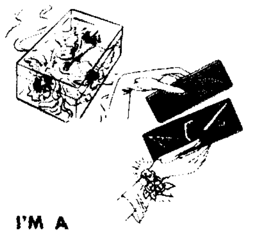
There, I carry the Magic Purse "solo" for my small change. I just unsnap the purse, lift out the clever "flaplock." To replace, I reverse the motions, press down the cap. It's double locked into place.

I'M IN AND OUT OF THE SHOPS

And here my Lady Buxton "Three-Way" scores again! Always keeps my keys, cards, license, shopping lists, money in shipshape order and where I can reach them in a jiffy!

I GET THE WANDERLUST!

And then I need a special hideaway for important bills and papers. The inner partition, reversed, does the trick! It locks itself in. Keeps things safe; out of sight!



I'M A GLAMOUR GIRL, TOO!

With a "formal"—I need a sleek, wafer-thin billfold. Lady Buxton's inner partition, removed, is just that! It's attractive, a complete fold, and adds a dash of color to my ensemble.

Free! **GRADUATION AND OTHER GIFT IDEAS,** from small remembrances at 75¢ to lovely matched sets at $25. Gift-wrapping directions; information on leather. Just write Buxton, Inc., 4276 Orleans Street, Springfield, Mass., or Dept. K, 47 W. 34 St., N. Y. City.

A Calendar of Gifts
by Buxton

Crazy Over Horses

Continued from page 22

public-spirited senator has yet offered to amend the racing laws to provide free transportation home for losers on the backs of the nags which let them down.

The extent to which horse racing has gripped the country is partly indicated by the race-track betting and attendance statistics for 1941, when 15,000,000 went to the races in 16 states where racing is legal and bet a total of $517,382,107. However, these figures don't begin to tell the story. An incalculable amount of money is bet illicitly with bookmakers away from the race tracks. Early figures for 1942 indicate that all records will be smashed to atoms this year. No statistics are available on the number of form players who will trudge over the hill to the poorhouse when their infallible systems for beating the races turn out to be slightly less than foolproof. Such figures as these would hurt the game by seriously interfering with the improvement of the breed and, therefore, aren't compiled by racing commissions.

When Phineas T. Barnum coined the slogan, "Never give a sucker an even break," he unwittingly wrote the platform of the crooked element in the horse-racing industry. Horse players are tossed around like a pair of dice at a Harlem rent party, yet their gratitude for this treatment knows no bounds. They live in fear that reformers will step in and spoil the game.

You can drive a horse to water, some great mind has pointed out, but you cannot make him drink. Conversely, the races make many a horse player drink but at the average track you cannot drive him to water. There's none for drinking unless he visits the stables over behind the backstretch. Nor is this an oversight. All the New York tracks have been so burdened with excess profits that they had to spend hundreds of thousands on improvements. One of the improvements long sought by race-track patrons has been public drinking fountains. But, with the exception of Belmont Park and Aqueduct the track owners didn't get around to installing them along with the much less-needed renovations. To furnish free drinking water seems to be too much to ask.

The Great Outdoor Sport

Racing, as Mr. Swope has pointed out, is a healthful sport. It gets one out in the open and that goes for everything including the pockets. Race tracks are beautifully landscaped. Their majestic trees and well-kept shrubbery (clipping is really an art as practiced at the race track) make losing one's bankroll such sweet sorrow that the delighted victim returns again and again and again. Thus, his health is bound to benefit if his wealth doesn't.

Nor is fresh air the only healthful concomitant. No racing fan overeats, for any length of time, at any rate. And at this very moment, hundreds of thousands of race-track addicts would be walking around the streets and lanes of America, stoop-shouldered, if it weren't for the kindly interest the state and track owners take in their comfort. To save their patrons from the necessity of carting around tons of copper coins in their pockets, most tracks graciously agree to shoulder this burden by retaining the odd pennies after paying off winners to the nickel or dime as the case may be. The technical name for this act of benevolence is "breakage," although there are several less euphemistic terms for it.

In New York State alone last year, racing fans were relieved of the necessity of toting around the sum of $1,010,443.43 in one-cent pieces. This means a total of 101,044,343 pennies, which, if placed end to end, would reach to heaven whence pennies are supposed to shower every time it rains.

Race-track owners usually split this exasperating by-product of wagering with the state, which practice, no doubt, gave rise to the saying that the rain falls on the just and the unjust alike. When it is revealed that the breakage for the entire country amounts to over $3,000,000, it doesn't take a mental giant to figure out who got all the breaks.

The Ten Per Cent Cut

The state and the track also co-operate in lightening the burden of horse players by extracting a portion of each bet as their fee. In most states, the "take" is ten per cent and this is whacked up evenly by the two partners in the pact. When a ten per cent wedge is cut out of the same pie six or seven times in the course of an afternoon, as it usually is, the player's worries are over. He may not have anything left, but he knows his money is in good hands. Half of it goes to the state to reduce taxes, and the other half goes to the track, some of it to be expended for more trees and shrubbery, more grandstands and more prizes for the owners and breeders to encourage them to improve the breed.

Neither is anything spent to install a few public telephones. When you enter a race track, you lose contact with the outside world, which is as it should be. There is nothing so distracting to a horseman as subjecting him to petty annoyances from the outside while he is concentrating on his vocation of beating the ponies without the aid of a cat-o'-nine-tails.

Improving the breed, of course, is the sole reason for the existence of horse racing. The pillars of the turf have stated so, time without end. If some unesthetic folk prefer to make it the medium for indulging their weakness for gambling, it isn't the fault of the lofty-minded people behind racing. If they should let racing die out, what would happen to the thoroughbred as a sire for Army horses in time of war? True, when betting at race tracks was outlawed in New York State during the administration of Governor Hughes three decades ago, the tracks did close their gates for two seasons and didn't open again until the reform wave had passed and the oral betting system had been devised. But this is probably the exception that proves the rule. Just the same, it's nice to know that a group of unselfish citizens are making sacrifices that the breed may be improved.

Improving the speed, of course, is the chief object of improving the breed. Sometimes the speed is improved by methods not entirely altruistic. That's why the quaint custom known as the saliva test was introduced in racing and is now in general use. This test reveals the presence of narcotics in a horse's system. A discreet shot of the right kind of stuff in the hip of a thoroughbred has been known to accomplish more in the way of increasing his speed than generations of selective breeding. Likewise, a depressant drug will slow down the fastest sprinter to a jog. One of the aspects of doping race horses that isn't cricket is that the public doesn't know when they are running W.H. (meaning with hop) or W.O.H., meaning without hop.

Several years ago, Alfred G. Vanderbilt, the young racing magnate who, until he recently enlisted in the Navy, was boss of Belmont Park as well as Pimlico, made the revolutionary suggestion that all race-horse owners be compelled to declare publicly before a race whether their nag would be trying to win or just out for the exercise. To nonracing folk, this didn't make sense. They naïvely thought that every time a race horse went to the post, he was trying to win. This simple belief, held also by many who bet on the races, is erroneous, of course. Sometimes, a race horse is just out to limber up and sometimes he's building up a good price for himself for a future victory by throwing the handicappers off with a slow performance.

Mr. Vanderbilt, whose great grandpappy once said, "The public be damned," was cussed out by more than one turfman for suggesting that the public be considered to the extent of being let in on the secret of whether or not the steed it is betting on is giving that old college try or just taking a pleasure romp. Nothing ever came of Mr. Vanderbilt's suggestion, and the custom of "qualifying," as this form of deception is euphemistically termed by turfmen, is still one of the ivy-covered institutions of racing. It is now suggested that owners be compelled to announce, before the returns are in from the saliva box, whether their bag of *bones is running with or without* benefit of the juice of the coca leaf.

How to Beat the Races

There are probably more persons in America who have discovered the secret of how to beat the races than there are soldiers in the U. S. Army. Every sports editor is familiar with the type. Usually, the genius who has discovered the secret road to riches is an undernourished, poorly clad individual with a strange light burning in his eyes. A generous lot these race-track Columbuses are, too. Other discoverers of gold mines jealously guard their secret from the world and often become misers. But the man who has found out how to beat the races is almost always willing to share his good fortune with others. If the other fellow will furnish the dough, he will provide the brains—and I don't mean from a calf, on a plate.

The races can be beaten; make no mistake about that. Insiders who have feed-bag information have done it and will continue to do it. They know when a horse is ready, when the heavily backed favorite has a sponge tucked up its nostril to impede its breathing or when it has had a slow pill mixed with its morning carrots. They have inside information when a horse has gone lame or is otherwise unsound. Sometimes they may even be so well informed that they know when the jockeys have cooked up something good among themselves. In California some months back, a jockeys' ring confessed they fixed races for a gambling syndicate at the rate of $200 per horse pulled. At River Downs, soon after this, it was discovered that in a six-horse race, five of the horses had been sponged or otherwise tampered with.

One of the by-products of horse racing is the pseudo science of handicapping. It is based on the erroneous assumption that thoroughbred horses always run true to form. Statistics compiled over a long period of years show that they run to form only about once in three starts. Thus, a handicapper has two strikes on him at the outset.

The gentlemen who follow the noble profession of handicapping hasten to explain that you can beat a race but you can't beat the races. The trouble with that argument is that nobody wants to play a race, whereas almost everyone wants to play the races. And no one ever stops on his way to a pari-mutuel window to reflect on the great obvious truth that if professional handicappers, who bring into play whatever skill and technical knowledge there is in connection with their calling, still cannot beat the races, what chance has the average man who trusts to luck, a hatpin or the dream he had last night?

The Sport of Kings, which is really the sport of deuces for the average player since two-dollar bets are the most common, flourishes in times of great unrest and social upheavals. When people become discouraged after years of fruitless effort to keep that old curly wolf away from their threshold they are ripe for plucking by the benevolent gentlemen who have put themselves in charge of the improvement of the breed. A visit to a race track, an afternoon of beginner's luck, and the prospective victim says to himself: "And to think I've been foolish enough to work for a living all these years with this going on right under my nose!"

From that point on he starts talking to himself regularly. Then he subscribes to one of the racing sheets (25 cents per copy because the firm that prints these journals has a monopoly and can name its own price). Inside of a week, if he hasn't discovered an infallible system for beating the ponies, he has at least found a sure way to reduce his bank *balance while paying a tax to himself* out of money spent on relaxation, which he will receive back in public expenditure, as stated by the New York State Racing Commission.

The thoroughbred race horse furnishes employment for many but causes unemployment for many more. Millions are invested in him by those who can afford to make horses their hobby. And millions are lost on him by those who can't afford to have even hobbyhorses. A thing of beauty, nevertheless, the race horse is about as useless a creature as there is in the whole pattern of civilization. As a medium for betting, he serves no purpose that a nannygoat or a fine, fat sow wouldn't fill if the emergency required it. As a saddle horse, he is too flighty and, besides, is a runner and not a several-gaited steed such as gentlemen prefer, along with blondes. Behind a plow he would be a complete flop since he is built for speed, not pulling strength. As the motive power of a vegetable wagon he would be a menace to traffic, not to mention the vegetables, because of his high-strung nature. In times of famine, his flesh would be not only inferior in quality but also in quantity to that of the dray horse, as a substitute for beef. Roast tenderloin of a 6 to 5 favorite is reported to be too stringy for the palate of a beef-eater.

As a sire for Army horses, the thoroughbred is desirable but again there is a catch. The requirements of the Army and those of the race track don't seem to jibe. Not long ago, an examination of the "score sheets" of Remount stallions, kept over a period of years at the Army Remount Station in Front Royal, Virginia, revealed the surprising, and to race-track men, disappointing, information that the best Army horses were sired by the two least prepossessing stallions of all the hundreds bought by the Remount Service. These ungainly beasts, Majority and Breast Plate, had more things wrong with them, from the point of view of the professional improver of the breed, than a couple of hucksters' spavined nags. Yet, they produced the exact type of horses the Army wants.

It's all very discouraging to those who thought racing had a mission to perform besides its traditional one of guaranteeing that all horsemen, except track owners, of course, will die broke.

THE END

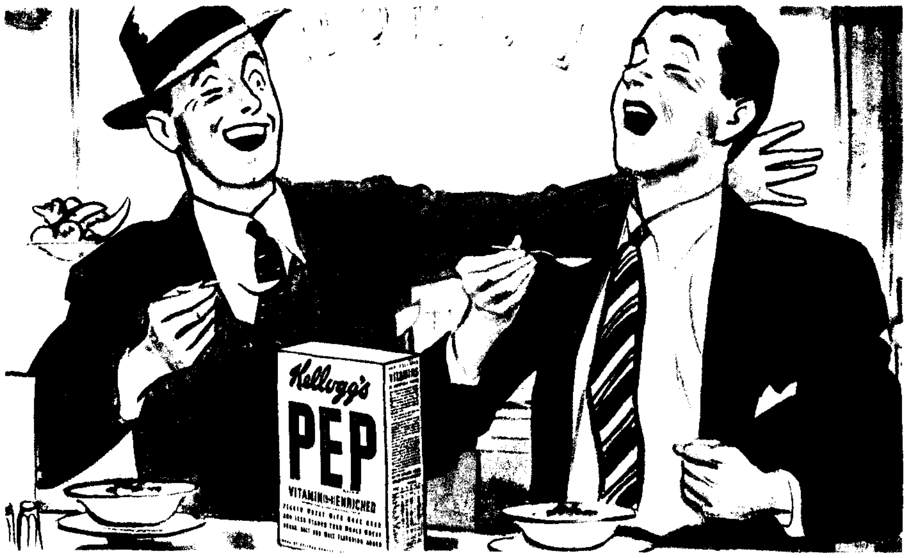
How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Williamson

The Boss: Sorry. Can't use it. That song's got no whoosh! No bang! No *pep appeal!*

Joe: That lets us out, Art. You've got no words—I've got no tune!

Art: No pep appeal, huh? Say! I was reading the other day about how you can't have pep without vitamins. And that's us, pal! I bet we haven't been eating right. You know, not getting all our vitamins.

Joe: Maybe you're right, Art. And *that* gives *me* an idea. Come with me, boy!



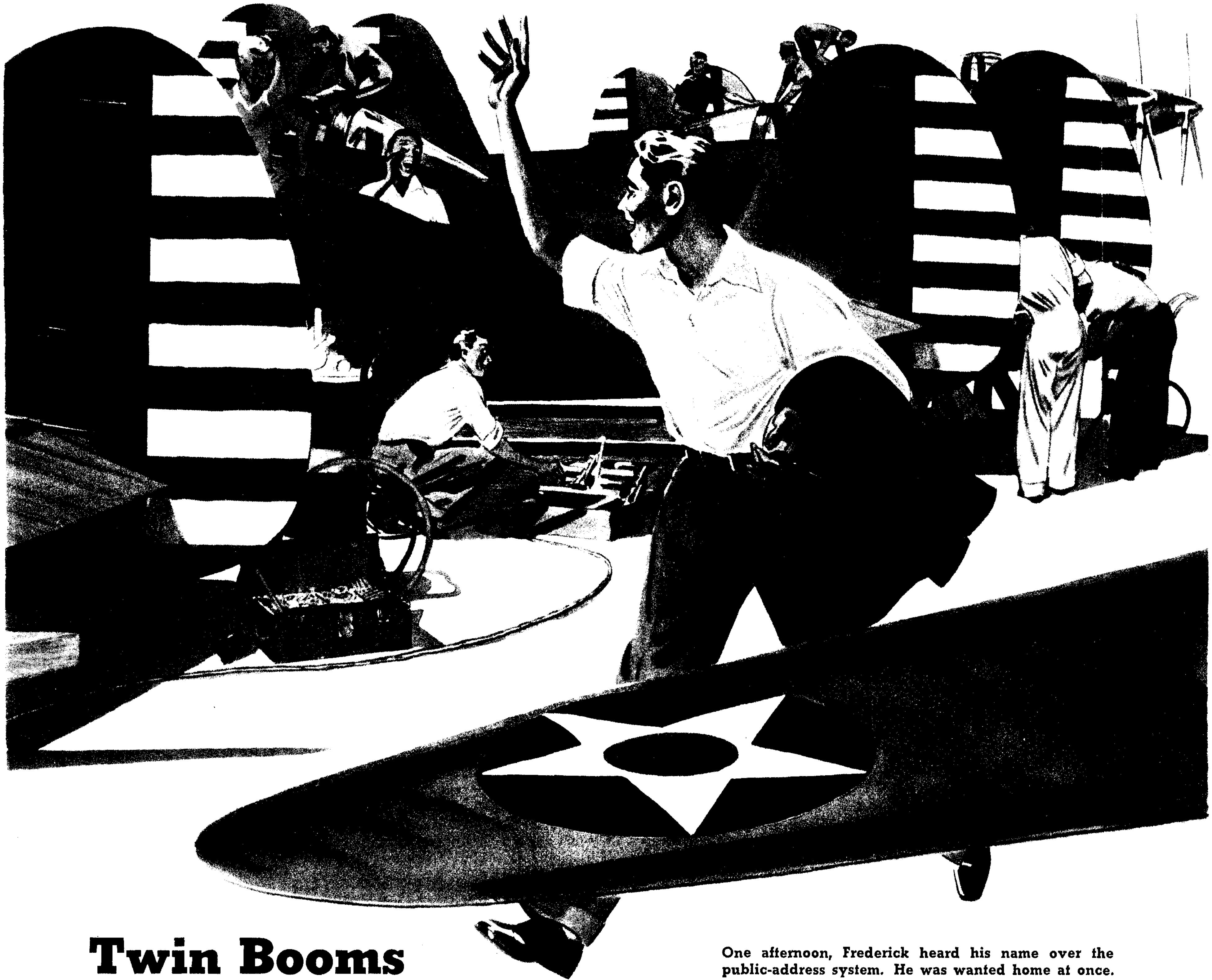
Joe: This is the ticket, Art. Look what it says: "KELLOGG'S PEP is made from choice parts of sun-ripened wheat and contains extra-rich sources of the two vitamins most likely to be missing in ordinary meals—vitamins B₁ and D."

Art: And, mister, does it taste *good!* Boy! If getting the rest of our vitamins is as much fun as eating this swell, crunchy cereal, we'll be in the big time before we know it!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of Vitamin B₁, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE



One afternoon, Frederick heard his name over the public-address system. He was wanted home at once. Bradford said, "Good luck, boy. Make mine an El Ropo"

Twin Booms

By Douglas Ruth

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

How a young lady of refinement came to see in a factory not noise and dirt, but the wings of aircraft

SOMETIMES at evening, when the sky was a pale yellow-green, Venetia would look up from picking the sweet peas. Frederick would know then that she had heard it and he would wait, his eyes reluctantly searching the empty sky.

In a moment it would come, a beating sound swelling to a roar. Far, far up, there would be a glint of silver wings.

The mighty interceptor-pursuit plane would straighten from the dive with a throbbing sound that pounded at their temples. They would see the sun glint again on the wings and the queer double body as it streaked across the valley. Then, with a quiet *swishing* sound it would be gone. Just like that, one long *swish* and it was gone.

Only its passing would have left a radiant look on Venetia's face and a tenseness to her body in its blue smock. And Frederick wanted to say profane words and tramp the sweet-pea vines back into the dirt.

"Sure moves fast, doesn't she?" he managed to comment this evening. "It's those twin booms, I guess."

Venetia didn't even hear him. Her head with its red-gold braids and dainty classic features was turned toward the west. In the west a pink cloud drifted against the yellow-green sky.

Picking up the rake and shears, Frederick took them to the garage. He was as long as possible putting them away and then he lifted the hood of their old sedan.

He knew Venetia did not like him to come to the supper table with his hands all greasy but it was better than seeing her there with that faraway look on her face as if she were that woman poet—what was her name, Amy something? Venetia went in quite a lot for poetry and was always having varied "emotional experiences."

She was probably having one now, Frederick thought as he turned the rebored motor over and listened to its soft purr. To Frederick a plane was a plane and a mighty comforting sight now that there was this war. But to Venetia, a plane was a "shining messenger of delight." She also called the new moon a "smiling silver mouth." Well, at least Venetia was staying home, looking after the house and cooking his supper at night. She would not be reading all that poetry stuff now that she was no longer working at the Centaur Circulating Library.

Frederick's salary as bookkeeper at the Pacific Clothing Store was small but sometimes he thought if Venetia had let him be the only wage earner, he would have worked harder and *got* more money. He didn't know exactly how, because the clerical force of a clothing company is limited and Horace Harcourt had the only decent job as office manager.

Well, Venetia would have to let him do all the wage earning for a while at least. They were having a baby after seven years of marriage, despite Venetia's saying she would never bring a child into this world until she could give it a comfortable home and a college education. Frederick guessed if everybody felt like that they might as well stop fighting and tell Hitler to come on over.

Before he went in to supper he washed his hands with lava soap. It was sort of comforting to monkey around machinery but he guessed Venetia was right. Probably it did look careless for a bookkeeper to have dirt under his fingernails.

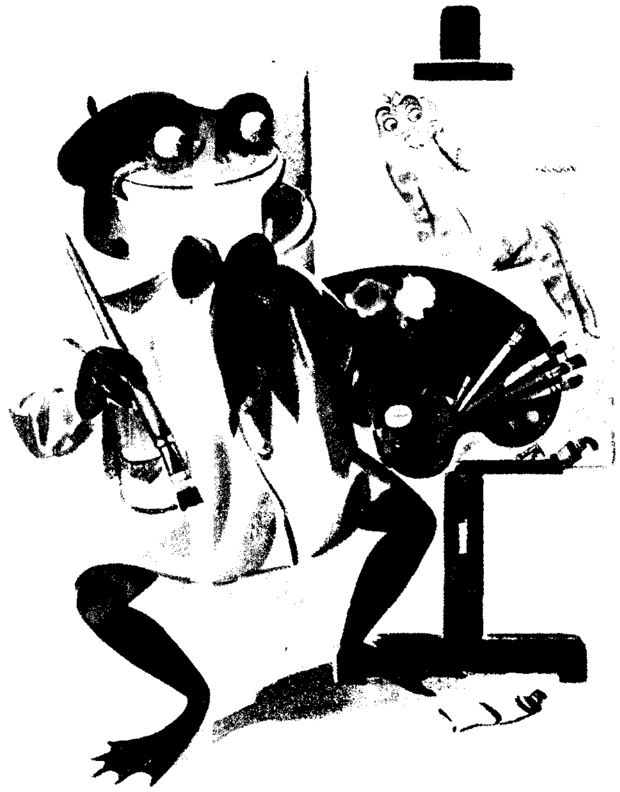
"I hear," Venetia said as they sat down to the table, "that Dolly Harcourt's getting Horace an album of Tschaikowsky recordings for their anniversary. Maybe they'll ask us over to hear them."

Horace Harcourt was Frederick's boss down at the Pacific Clothing Store. Sometimes they were invited to the Harcourt home.

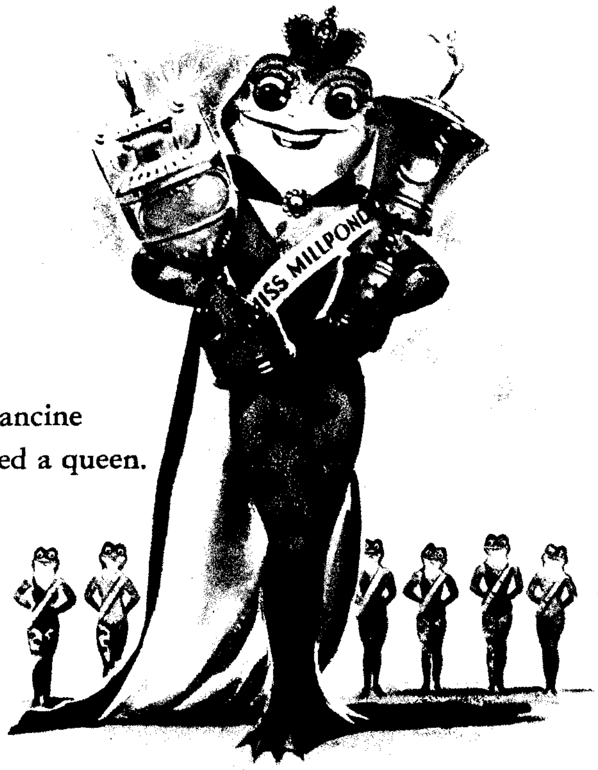
Frederick went on eating potatoes and meat loaf but Venetia must have

(Continued on page 35)

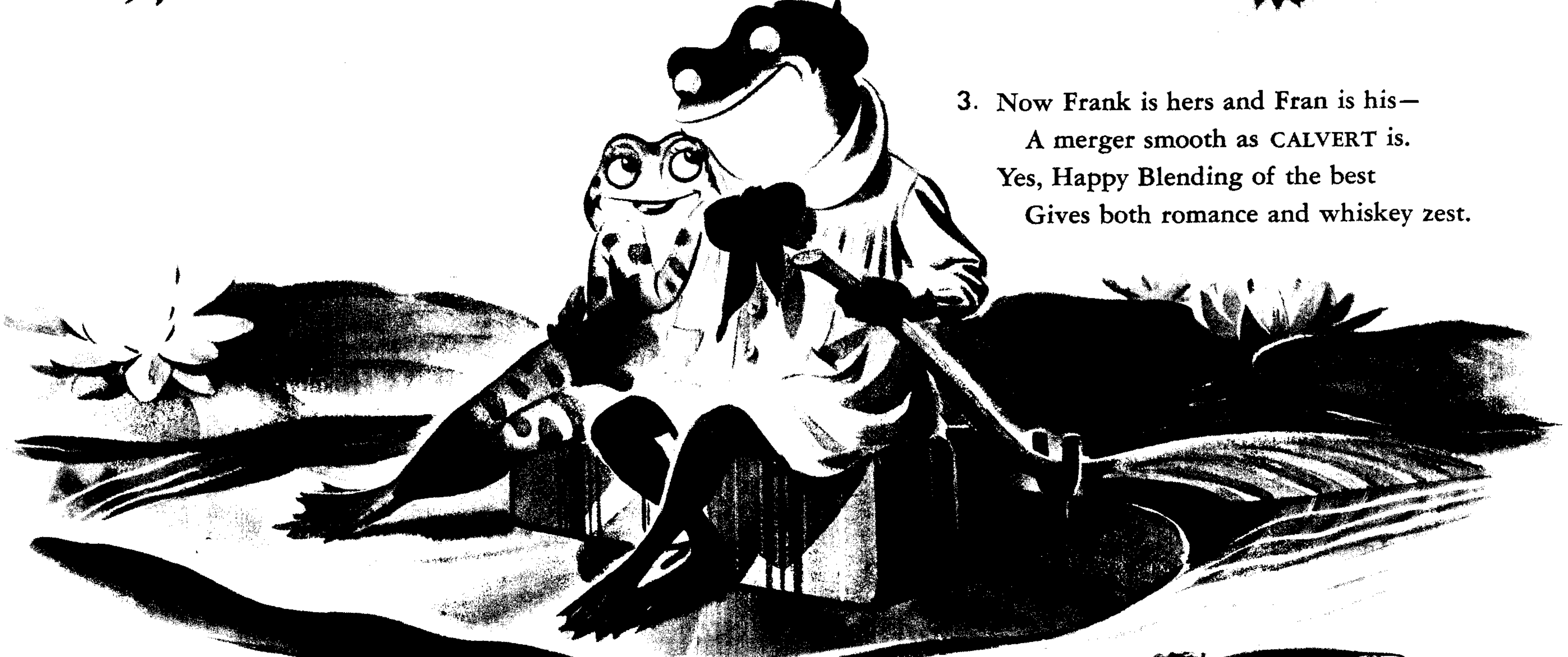
ALL THE WORLD LOVES A "HAPPY BLENDING"!



1.
Frankie Frog, who painted cuties,
Certainly knew his bathing beauties.


MISS MILLPOND

2.
So when he picked the fair Francine
As "Miss Millpond"—he picked a queen.



3. Now Frank is hers and Fran is his—
A merger smooth as CALVERT is.
Yes, Happy Blending of the best
Gives both romance and whiskey zest.

4. That's why each drop of CALVERT mates
The richest, rarest whiskey traits.
No drink has got what CALVERT'S got—
It's *Happy Blending*. Try a spot!

Calvert
SPECIAL
Calvert
RESERVE
Blended Whiskey
Calvert embodies that unusual mellowness and gratifying bouquet as pleasing to the connoisseur
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY THE CALVERT DISTILLING CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

Clear Heads Choose Calvert

THE WHISKEY WITH THE "HAPPY BLENDING"

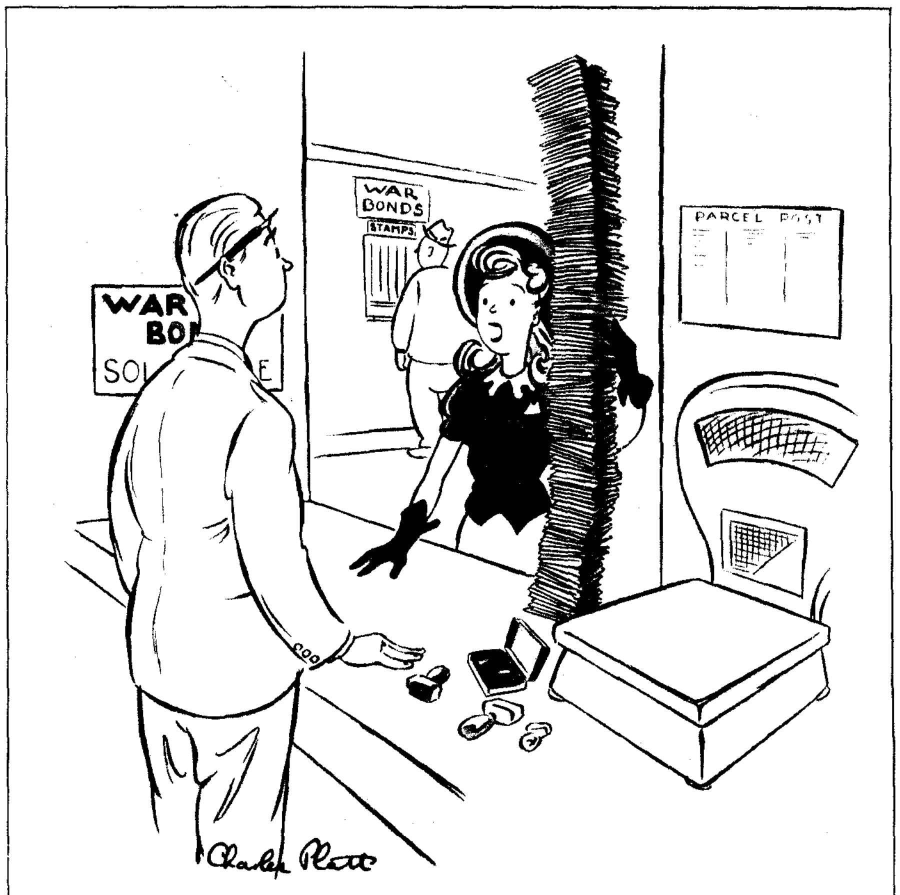
Unpleasant Breath gets its traveling papers when you pop a PEP-O-MINT into your mouth. Carry these breath-taking LIFE SAVERS at all times.

There's enjoyment for 60 minutes... one hour... one-twenty-fourth of a day in every pack of delicious FIVE FLAVOR LIFE SAVERS! Time it yourself.

Between Old Malls, Philip Luckfields—or whatever cigarette it is you smoke—you'll find PEP-O-MINTS a pleasant and tasty mouth-freshener.

PEP-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS

Everybody's breath offends sometimes after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours. Choice of 11 delicious mint and fruit flavors. Sold everywhere. 5¢.



"I promised to write every day, but I couldn't mail them until I found out where he was stationed!" CHARLES PLATT

Missouri Master

Continued from page 17

Congress). Benton's earliest memories are political—Election Day drinking and fighting around country polling places and jolting over hill roads with his father, electioneering. He remembers sitting across the family breakfast table staring with fascination at William Jennings Bryan and stuffing himself with poached eggs shimmying on halves of baked potatoes.

The boy rebelled against plans for a legal education. His talents ran to drawing and street-fighting. When he was seventeen, he went to Chicago to study at the Art Institute. He strutted through a period of thinking himself a genius, then packed off to Paris where, he says, "I wallowed in every cockeyed ism that came along, and it took me ten years to get all that modernist dirt out of my system."

After four years in France, Benton came back to New York, broke and disillusioned. He scraped along on odd jobs, painting, among other things display portraits of such early-day movie stars as Theda Bara and Clara Kimball Young. He loafed around New York gyms, wrestled, boxed, drank beer with fight promoters and anonymous heavyweights, but it never occurred to him then to use this vigorous material in his painting. His work was full of symbolism and subtleties.

When the United States entered the first World War, Benton pulled some wires and landed in Naval Intelligence. But his papers got mixed up some way, and he found himself at the Norfolk naval base shoveling coal. When his papers were straightened out, Benton was shifted to a drawing board. Immediately he lost interest in colored cubes and artistic posturing. Dredges, blimps, airplanes and barracks took the place of his old studio abstractions.

When the war was over, Benton was ready to get out and take a look at America. He bummed through the hills of Tennessee and Arkansas, playing his harmonica in return for supper and a bed for the night. He drifted down the rivers, listening to river talk, sketching rich bottomlands. He went into the mines, the oil country, the grazing lands, filling sketchbooks.

In 1924 he was called home to Missouri. His father was dying. Cronies dropped in every day to listen to the rowdy stories the old man told with such gusto. Tom's boyhood came back to him. In the faces of old friends he read a genial American neighborliness that was pleasantly different from the pinched, harried look of New Yorkers. He began to think of coming back to Missouri to live, a decision he was not to make until the spring of the year 1935, when he left Greenwich Village with an outburst of epithet that rocked Washington Square.

Art is Accepted

Missouri, in those happy, lowbrow days, was best known for its mules and crooked politics. Art was an alien experience for most Missourians, regarded as something decadent and slightly effeminate, like kissing a lady's hand instead of shaking it when you said, "How-do." Today, art is accepted like politics, religion and football. For that, Missouri is indebted to Tom Benton.

As Benton rattled about sketching barns, courthouse squares, silos, sleeping cows and lean, weathered Missouri faces, he began to feel at home. He did more painting, less drinking and talking. He became interested in Missouri foliage, spent hours tracing the delicate webbing of Missouri weeds. He began to do still lifes—something unheard-of for this painter of huge, blustering canvases.

In the spring of 1939, after four years in Missouri, Benton staged a one-man show at the Fifth Avenue Gallery of the

Associated American Artists. Thirty-two years of his career were represented but what pleased and astonished critics was the quiet, thoughtful work of the two preceding years, perhaps the two happiest, hardest-working years of the artist's life. Kittens, butterflies, spring flowers had taken the place of riots, stabbings, lynchings.

Simple themes, expressed with simplicity and sympathy, marked these sobering Missouri years: A farmer watering his stock, country Negroes hobbling to a shingled church, a butterfly hovering near a spider's web woven in richly, detailed Missouri flora, a plowman resting at noon, his mules drowsing in the shade.

Benton is indebted to his handsome, highly intelligent wife, Rita, whom he married in New York in 1922. Rita looks after the teen-age son, T. P., and the baby girl, Jessie. She sees that Tom always has beer on ice, plenty of pipe tobacco (which he spills on the new Oriental rugs, already dotted with Jessie's overturned orange juice). She makes the frames for Tom's big paintings, handles much of his business and tactfully worms out of social invitations which she knows would bore Tom.

Advice to Young Artists

Rita also works hard to help Tom's students sell their paintings. The Bentons have a large gallery in their home which contains the best work of Tom's pupils (Benton's advice to young artists: "Paint 'em small and sell 'em cheap"). The Bentons buy the oils and water colors from the students, then undertake to sell them to well-to-do, art-fancying friends who drop in for good whisky, good talk and good food (Rita is a first-rate cook). If the Bentons sell a student's work for more than they paid for it, the difference goes to the student. If the Bentons don't sell the painting, they're stuck with it.

Every year Benton takes his painting class down in the Ozarks, and turns them loose with creeks, pigs, rural fiddlers, real trees and wild flowers (not studio daffodils). He never lets his students hide from realities. He boots them right out into the world of strikes, barbecues, political rallies and Baptist camp meetings.

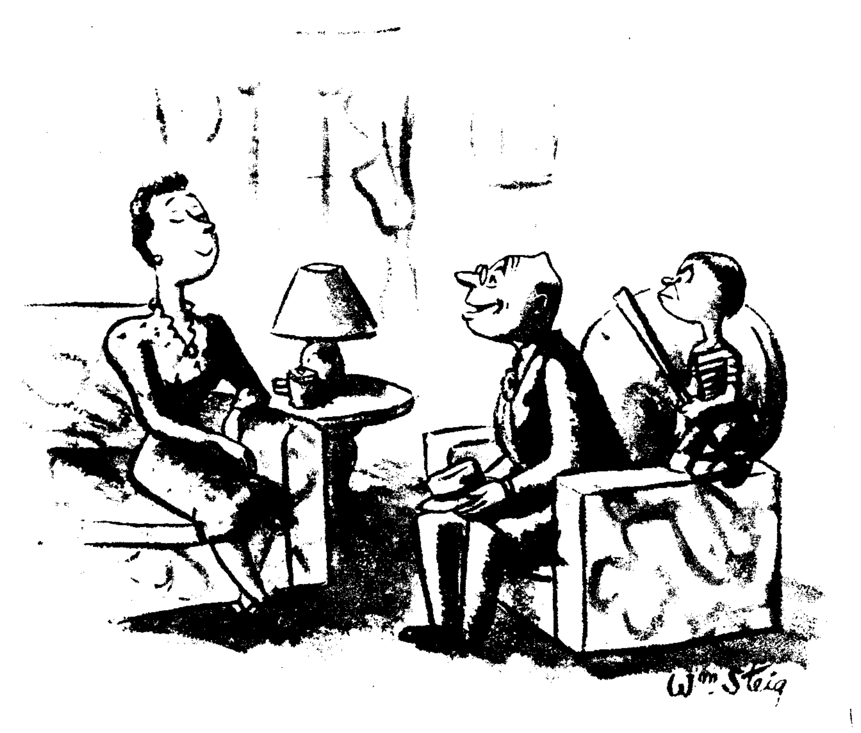
In Kansas City, Benton leads a surprisingly quiet life, working hard, relaxing only on week ends, when he likes to drink a few highballs (Bourbon and tap water, no seltzer) and listen to classical music. A few years ago he bought a sprawling old gray stone house, knocked out four stalls of the huge stable and put in a north window, providing him a big, drafty, well-lighted studio, cluttered with work and unanswered mail. He drives himself twelve and fourteen hours a day when working at some major project, and a normal workday is seldom less than ten hours. In a single year he finished the Missouri mural (45,000 square feet of wall space), wrote a 100,000-word autobiography and several articles on politics and philosophy, gave a dozen lectures, covered the Mississippi flood country (thirty-five drawings) and the Michigan automobile strikes (twenty-five magazine illustrations), finished seven lithographs and made the designs for five easel pictures.

Once he did a supergigantic blurb for Indiana in six months, four of which were spent in research. Commissioned to paint a picture two hundred and fifty feet long and fifteen feet high, celebrating the history of Indiana for the Chicago Fair, Benton scurried over the state, sketching, talking and studying, then set to work. The actual painting took only sixty-two days.

When Benton plays, he plays hard. One day, years ago, he happened to pick up his son's harmonica. He tooted a couple notes, got interested in the thing, sat down and played it for four months. Never touched a brush. Now he is quite a virtuoso on the chromatic harmonica. He carries two or three, and his "sheet music" is to professional musicians an amusing conglomerate of lines, dots, arrows up and down (denoting breathing in and out) and numbers (indicating which hole of the instrument to blow into).

Benton's war work has cut deeply into the Saturday nights, and his plans for the future will leave little time for the harmonica. As long as the war lasts, he says, he will work with and for the government. He has several projects in mind, the chief of which will be a dramatization of American production. The 1942 series of Benton war paintings was called "The Year of Peril." He hopes the next series will be called "The Year of Victory."

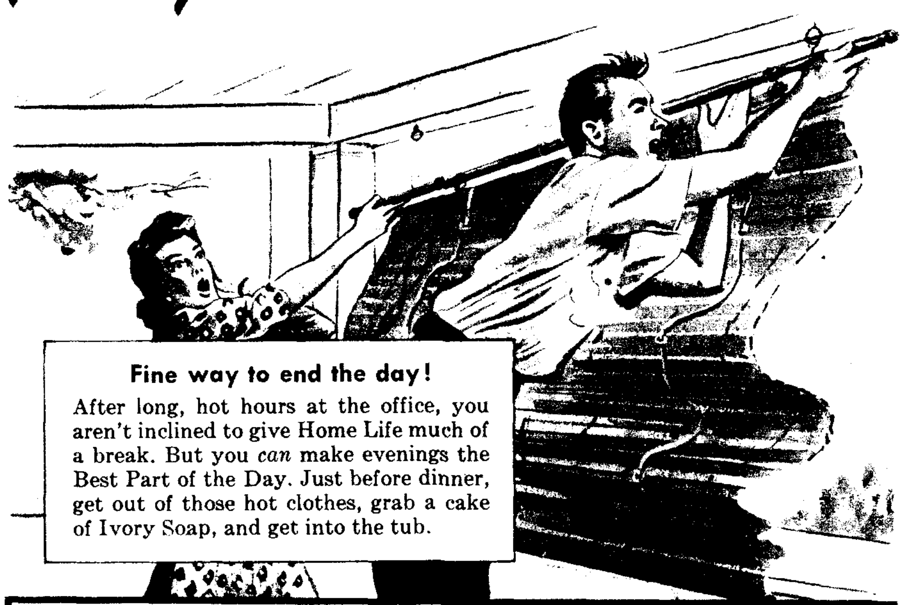
THE END



". . . . and what progressive school does your little boy go to, Mrs. Marvin?"

WILLIAM STEIG

"Henry! Such LANGUAGE!"



Fine way to end the day!
After long, hot hours at the office, you aren't inclined to give Home Life much of a break. But you *can* make evenings the Best Part of the Day. Just before dinner, get out of those hot clothes, grab a cake of Ivory Soap, and get into the tub.

Pep up in an IVORY BATH
Give your muscles a good going over with a little elbow grease and a lot of that thick, quick Ivory lather. Takes only a minute. That big white floating cake lathers up faster than any leading bath soap. The brisker the rubbing, the better your skin feels. New Ivory is so *mild* lots of men use it for shaving! You'll step out, feeling cool and keen!

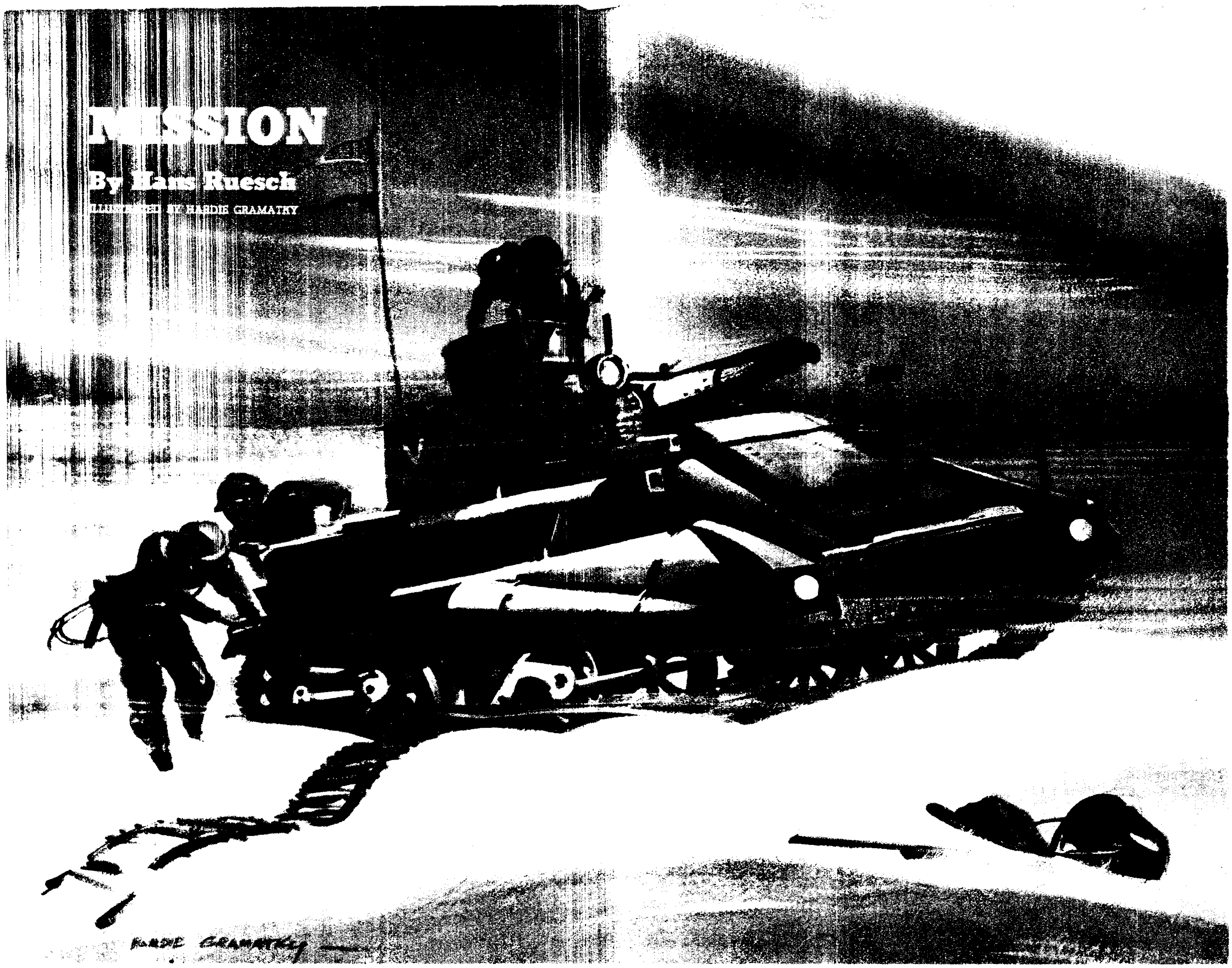
A Fresh Start for a Happy Evening!
Dinner till bedtime becomes good fun time, after your Ivory Bath. You're so refreshed you find friends better company. And that fresh, clean "Ivory" smell makes *you* better company, too. For a *quick* pick-up at the end of the day, enjoy Ivory's faster, more luxurious lather. Get a Fresh Start *every* evening in an Ivory Bath!
99⁴⁴/100% PURE • IT FLOATS
TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • PROCTER & GAMBLE

For a FRESH START... take an IVORY BATH

MISSION

By Hans Ruesch

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY



They worked feverishly on the broken track, keeping close to the tank, holding onto it to get their bearings and remain steady in the fury of the storm

At the beginning of this desert battle, twelve tanks and an armored car; at the end one man, alone, but armed with the sure promise of his own invincibility

IT WAS smoother than traveling on an asphalt road. The dazzling sand was broad, soft and yielding, and the twelve baby tanks, a complete section escorted by an armored car, were rolling playfully over the dunes like lion cubs chasing one another under the watchful eyes of their doting mother.

The tanks, exhausts roaring and wireless masts swaying, seemed the only things alive in the desert. Even the three-men crews—the body of the commander emerging stiffly from the open turret, the driver at the levers, the gunner behind his weapons—were immobile as though drained of all life.

Yet this was a gross delusion: between heaven and earth, the tanks, insensible machines of iron and steel, were the only dead things, and everything else was alive—not only the men, nerves taut in watchfulness—also the sands were alive, moving imperceptibly in obedience to strange laws, continually shifting the face of the desert; the very air, a grayish haze shrouding the sun as in a veil, was alive with danger, the danger of attack from the sky, or of a suddenly soaring khamsin, the south wind heavy with sand from the equatorial regions that made the atmosphere unbreathable.

The tank section was hand-picked. The men were hardened to desert warfare—trained to do with a small amount of water each day, to shoot straight in the dazzling whiteness, to endure long rides and marches in the grueling heat. The commanders knew the tricks of the sands and the dangers behind the dunes and how to move swiftly over torrid, faceless territory.

To be sure, it took all kinds to make a crew, and not all the men felt or thought alike. But in one quality they all resembled one another—in their determination to fulfill their assignment at whatever cost, to make the contact in the mountains, where no plane could land, and deliver the new plans for the attack from the interior.

It was only a small cog they would start turning, but each little cog might determine the entire outcome of the offensive that had to start simultaneously on all fronts. . . . Along the littoral belt, the first columns were already rolling. There was not an hour to lose. They would make that cog turn, even if it took the last machine, the last man.

GEOFFREY BLAKE, commanding the fifth tank, was destined to get farther than any other commander in this section. Perhaps it was just because one man must always get farther than others; or because he was hardier and stronger; or because he was luckier, which is, in war, another form of strength, an asset of valor.

But rarely did his thoughts flash back to the past. A soldier's thoughts do not dwell on days gone by. True, Geoffrey Blake was never meant to be a soldier—but now he was a soldier, a full-fledged soldier rapidly forgetting the past, never thinking of the future, and living intensely in the present only. The past was too sweet, the future too grim. Both were disturbing.

Perhaps there really was a city in England clad in mists, where life used to be gay and carefree—where lived a girl with sun in her hair and sky in her eyes. But that city and the life and people in it now seemed so unlikely and remote, that at times he was inclined to believe that they existed only in the realm of his imagination. What was real to him now was the desert. And the sun, smothering in its own heat. And the camp, with its little cone-shaped tents, the park of armored cars and tanks and Bren-carriers and trucks, and the hum of youth. And flies and boredom were real. And Ayesha, back in town, her arms dark as shadows and warm as sand. And automatic weapons. And bombs.

And the mission was real. So real, that it eclipsed everything else, even Ayesha and the desert sun.

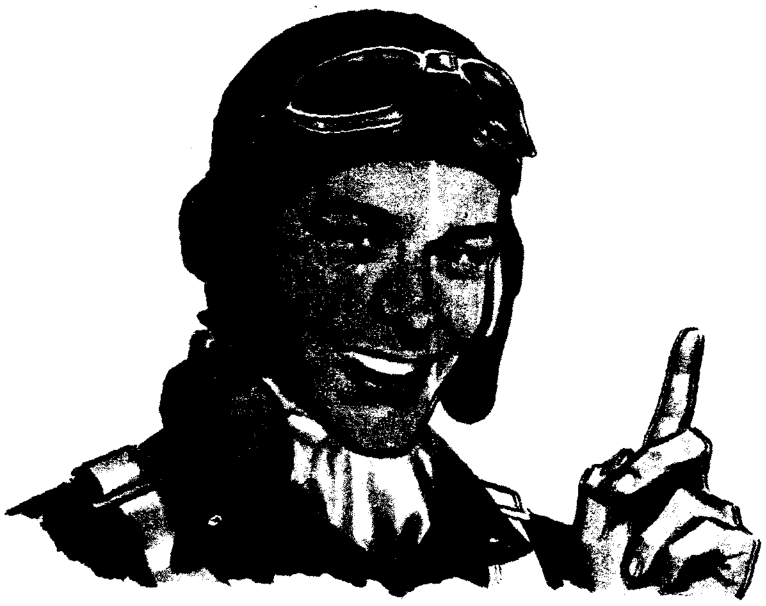
His fingers went to the canteen. For a little while they rested on it hesitantly, then returned to the rim of the turret's manhole where they remained. Sweat poured down his limbs, down his back and stomach.

He thought of the two men at his feet, all cooped up in between the armor plates. Jack, the driver, was a trained mechanic—a lively little fellow, fair-haired, good-natured, an easy grin on his freckled face. Andy, the gunner, was a fool for a trigger any time; he had difficulty checking his finger when the order came to cease fire. He, too, was the right man for his post. The gunner's bellow was no place for a man with a weak stomach.

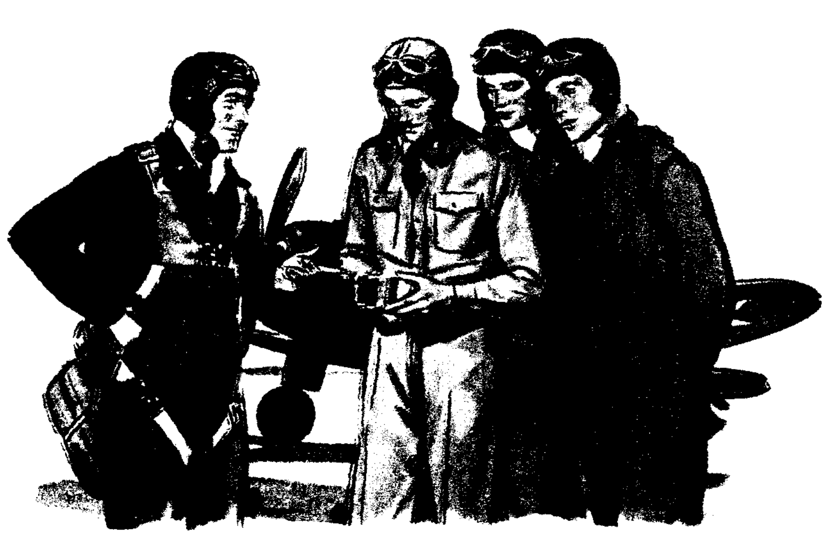
NEVER before had they abandoned the coastal region, where the noonday heat was tempered by the proximity of the sea. Now it grew hotter with every mile they drove into the interior. The air about the armor plates was thick with heat waves through which the desert appeared as though distorted by a faulty, flickering mirror. The region they knew, the flat rock on which dark lichen grew like an eruptive skin disease, had long given way to the frozen sea of dunes—sand waves rising to the height of hills, with steep sides, sharp ridges, and pointed crests; to wastes of

(Continued on page 51)

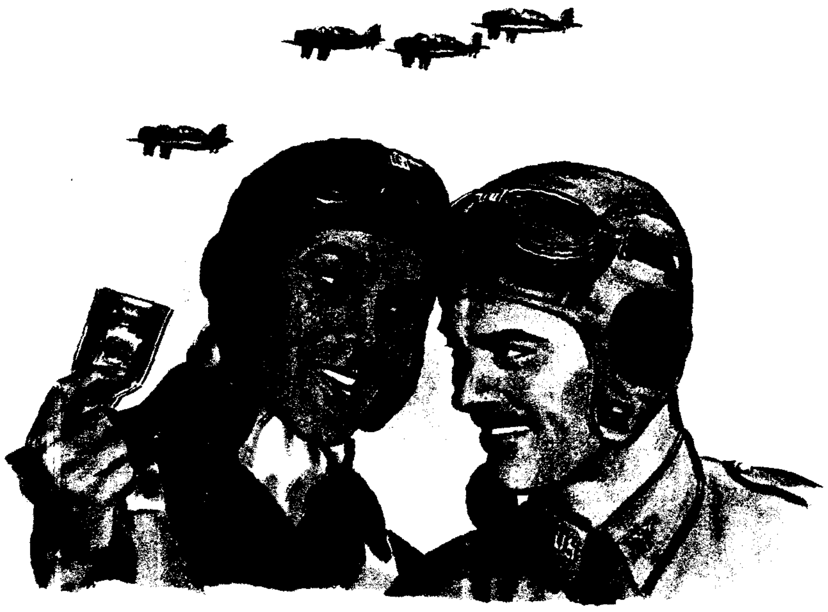
Try this bet on your friends—and win money



1. "It's simple as A-B-C. I bet my flying Lieutenant that I could pick Raleighs from any other popular-priced brands just by looking at the tobacco. Sounds hard, eh?



2. "I let him take my Raleighs and some other popular brands, hide the labels, and show me just the open ends of the packs. It was a cinch to pick the Raleighs.



3. "Try it on your friends. The secret is that the tobacco in Raleighs is more *golden* in color than other popular-priced brands. You spot the difference at first glance.

Raleighs are more golden
Raleigh
CIGARETTES
PLAIN OR CORK TIPS
UNION MADE

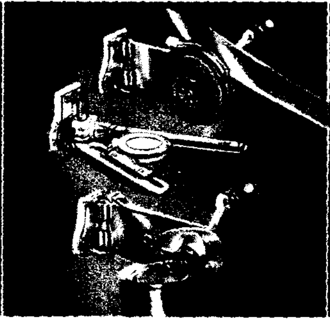
4. "Golden color is proof of *quality*. At the great tobacco sales, golden leaves bring top prices. It's the expert way to get a milder, tastier smoke. Try Raleighs—and *see*.

RALEIGH IS THE PACK WITH THE COUPON ON THE BACK. B & W coupons (also packed with Kool Cigarettes) are good in the United States for U.S. Savings Stamps, cash or premiums like these:

TUNE IN *Red Skelton and Ozzie Nelson every Tuesday night . . . coast-to-coast NBC Red Network.*

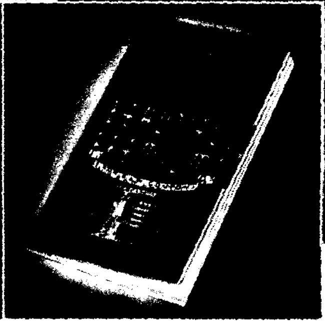
KOROSEAL RAINCOAT in gun metal black. Won't crack or stiffen. Zephyr weight. May be rolled in small package for travel. 3 sizes.

THERM-A-JUG. Handy gallon size container for hot or cold foods or liquids. Unbreakable insulated liner. Convenient pouring spout.



SWING-A-WAY, the kitchen utility set, has a rotary can opener, a keen-edge knife sharpener and an easy opener for tight jar tops.

BOOK OF GARDEN MAGIC by Roy E. Biles. Your guide to successful gardening. 300 pages full of beautiful, helpful pictures. Very complete. Easy to follow.



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"YOU BET THIS IS A **MECHANIZED** WAR"

HERE in the United States, mechanization rests upon more than 41,000 locomotives — more than 2,000,000 freight cars — speeding on their own highways of 230,000 miles of rail lines.

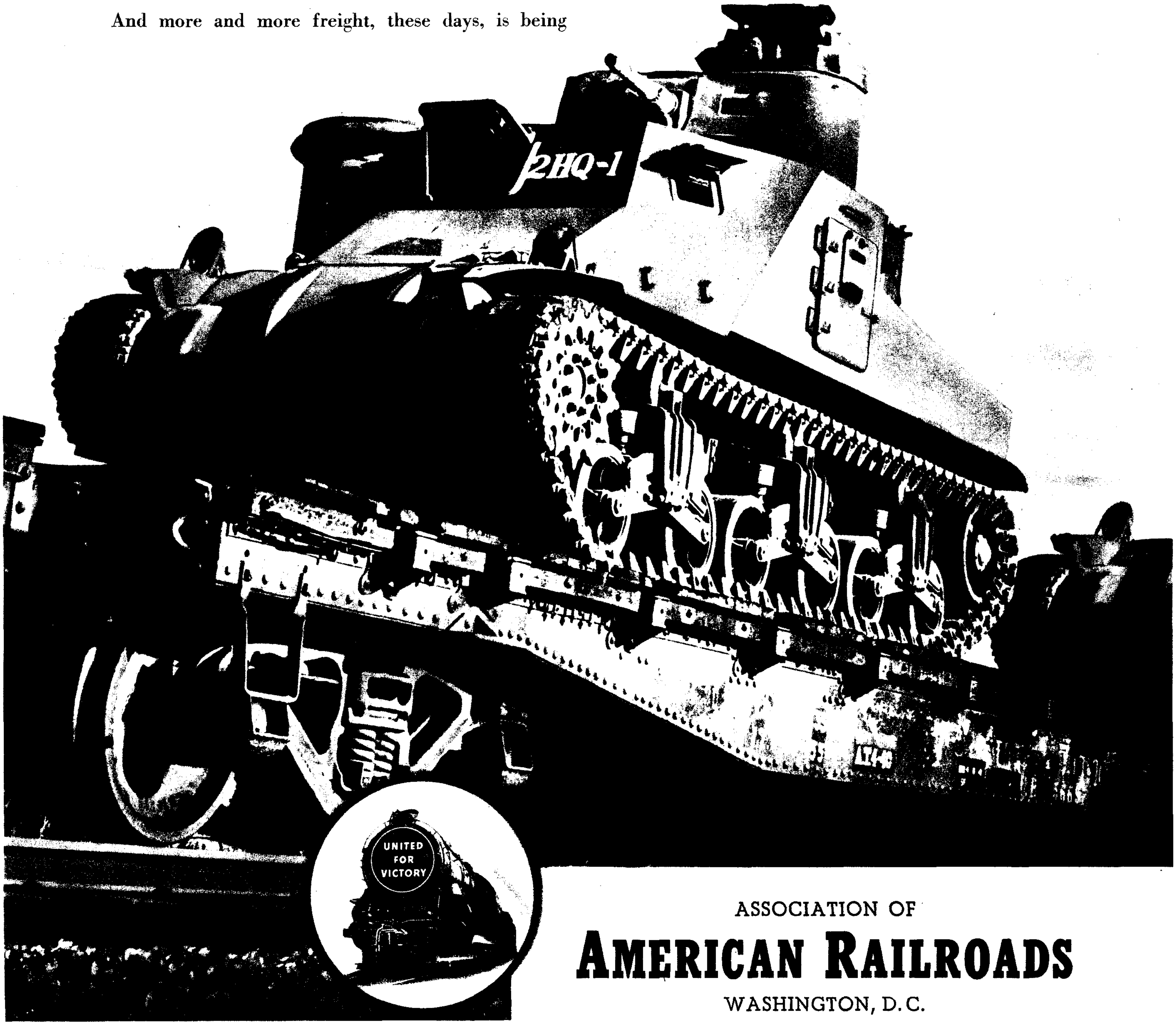
As the U. S. Army says in an official manual,

"Rail transportation provides a service which insures that a body of troops and their impedimenta will be transported to destination with the least amount of inconvenience and fatigue. The railroads can supply equipment so combined... as to accommodate passengers, freight, livestock, vehicles, ammunition, baggage, and practically all else tendered for transportation."

And more and more freight, these days, is being "tendered for transportation" by rail — and is being handled as tendered.

That is being done because of twenty years of planning and improvement since the last war, and because, since war started in Europe in 1939, the railroads have steadily increased their capacity to keep pace with the country's rising production.

How much more they can do depends upon the materials for repair and maintenance, and for additional cars and locomotives, which they are permitted to get. Whatever that may be, the railroads will continue to make the fullest use of all their resources in their vital part of this mechanized war.



ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Twin Booms

Continued from page 28

noticed the expression on his face. "Well, it would be better if you *did* play up to your superiors once in a while," she said. "I'll just mention tactfully that living costs are rising and Horace can arrange to put through a raise for you. I can't understand why you didn't ask for a raise the time they installed your bookkeeping system."

Frederick wanted to remind her that he had installed the new bookkeeping system during the depression when the Pacific Clothing Store had just fired two stenographers and put the salesmen on straight commission.

"I have to take Horace's guff all day," said Frederick. "I'd like a change at night. Besides, I don't want you asking Horace anything or scheming around as if—"

But Venetia had gone into the living room to turn on the radio to the Standard Symphony Hour. She always became impatient when he told her how sarcastic and egotistical Horace was. She said that Horace was cultured and high-strung and if one took pains to study his moods, he really had the best heart in the world.

Listening to Venetia at the radio now, Frederick thought it was almost sacrilegious how she tuned right through the war bulletins but Venetia liked classical music. Frederick liked music, too, but not that classical stuff. He could imagine what it would be like when they went over to the Harcourts'. Horace and Venetia would hang around the recording machine all evening and he would be left with Dolly. Dolly was plump and thirty-six and like a kitten. She would make a play for Frederick when she took him out in the kitchen for drinks and if he made a pass at her she would tell Horace. If he didn't make a pass, she would be resentful and sarcastic at his expense the rest of the evening.

Well, to heck with that.

"I HEAR you're expecting," said Horace Harcourt as they were taking the ledgers out of the safe next morning. "A pretty smart move, my boy, now that this war thing is tightening up."

A good answer came to Frederick's lips but he kept his mouth shut. He dumped some ledgers on the desk and fumbled with ink and the sales receipts. By and by his hands unclenched and he started copying figures on the stiff white pages.

If only Harcourt would stay up there in his cage at the corner of the building. How could you play up to a "superior" the way Venetia said when every time he walked by you wanted to take a poke at him?

And he didn't want Venetia arranging things with Horace as if he, Frederick, were a dumbbell. Or blind. If a guy deserved a raise, he deserved a raise. He had worked for the Pacific Clothing Store for seven years, taxes were sky-high, groceries cost more, the rent was higher, so why shouldn't he get more money?

I should take things in my own hands, thought Frederick. Now, before Venetia gets a chance.

If only he knew how to bargain. If only he could feel like a righteous demander instead of a meek asker. That was the secret, according to those success-story writers. Approach the boss from his point of view, not your own. Show him how it would be to *his* advantage to give you more money.

Around eleven o'clock he took a trial balance over to Harcourt in the corner office.

"You're getting a worried look between the eyes already, Papa." Harcourt reached lazily for the adding machine tape. "What's on your so-called mind?"

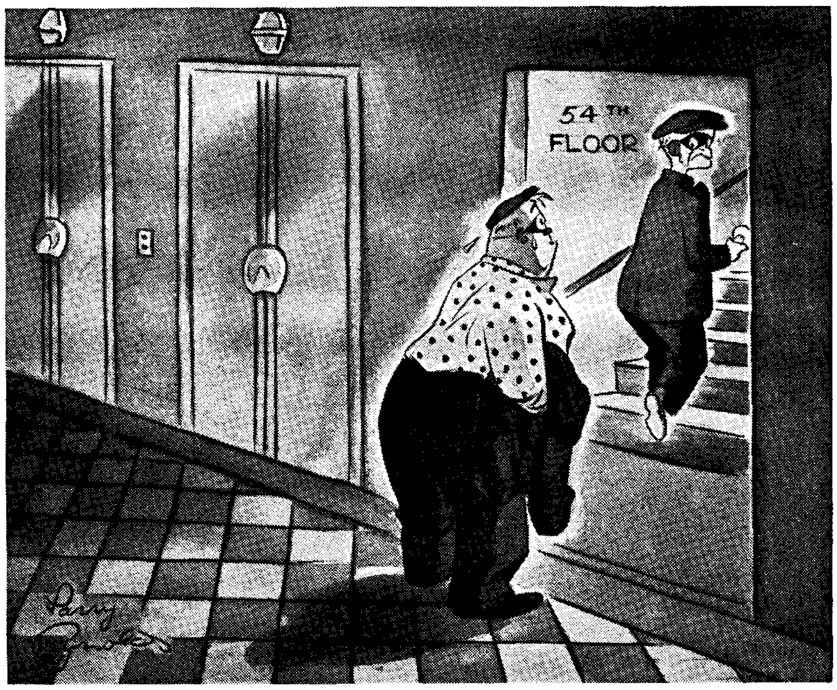
Frederick pulled up his shoulders.

"Now that the baby's coming—" he began and then stopped. That wasn't the way. Approach them from *their* point of view. "I wanted to give the store a chance to meet an offer I've had elsewhere. That is, after working here for seven years I thought it only fair to tell you—to let the store meet this other offer."

HARCOURT did not look up but he was smiling as if the figures on the adding machine tape were funny or something. "And where did you get this other, splendid offer?"

Frederick kept his hands by his sides. "You're using the bookkeeping system I've installed. That system is saving this company hundreds of dollars. Even from the company's point of view—"

BUTCH **By Larry Reynolds**



"Let's make it a daring daylight robbery instead—when the elevators are runnin'"

Harcourt dropped the tape and looked squarely at Frederick. "From the company's point of view, we could get any girl from business college at sixteen a week to do your work. I asked you where is this other offer? The Army or Navy?"

Frederick's mind seemed bogged down. He tried to think of a concern, any concern that might be hiring bookkeepers.

"An aircraft company. Great Western Aircraft," he was saying loudly although he couldn't remember thinking of that name at all. "They've been after me for months."

Harcourt looked at him knowingly and Frederick forced himself to meet that gaze, imprinting on his own mind the details of Harcourt's face, the twisted full lips, the cold eyes and arched nose.

Harcourt was saying, "You must have a touch of war fever. Forget this Dale Carnegie stuff and get back to your desk." . . .

I should have put the ledgers back in the safe, thought Frederick as he walked across dusty parking lots. Harcourt always crabs about leaving ledgers—and then he realized it didn't matter whether Harcourt crabbed or not. He could never go back to the Pacific Clothing Store. Not after walking out cold with all the office girls tittering.

He was walking along in the hot sun, past thousands of parked cars, and breathing in dust from the unpaved lots. Through the heat waves ahead he could see the plant buildings of the Great Western Aircraft Company.

It felt funny walking along like that when he should be back at his desk. No, darn it. He didn't belong back at that desk, not after this morning, not after seven years. After this morning it was necessary to get a job in the offices of Great Western Aircraft. War fever? Perhaps it was.

He was forced to park almost a mile away from the administration buildings, so jammed was every inch of space with automobiles. Men swarmed everywhere, joking and calling to one another as they climbed in or out of automobiles. Probably they were changing shifts. They wore tan work clothes with large identification badges and they carried lunch boxes.

Frederick walked past whole blocks of partly completed bombers standing in outdoor assembly line. Every once in a while a bomber or transport plane thundered past and it was all so loud you couldn't think, yet sort of awe-inspiring like being in the stadium when U.S.C. was playing Notre Dame.

Oh, but Venetia is going to be mad, he thought.

The employment offices at Great Western seemed huge and all mixed up like everything else. He filled out application blanks about his experience and citizenship and he concentrated on the aptitude and psychological temperament tests. In another room he fitted pegs into holes of a board and monkeyed around with something like a jigsaw puzzle only bigger.

Some of it seemed farfetched to Frederick but he waited and inspected his hands to see that they were neat and clean for his appointment.

He would try if they gave him a job to do the very best he could and never give an argument, because Venetia was waiting at home and he had to have a job.

"I'm sorry, Brown. Frederick Brown, isn't it?" Frederick nodded, and the assistant personnel manager continued: "We don't need any more bookkeepers."

Frederick hitched forward in his chair and managed to get his tongue out of the way so he could talk. "How long—I mean you say there is no opening at all?"

The personnel man shuffled Frederick's examination papers around, not the ones about his experience but the ones showing the things he had done with his hands. "How did you ever happen to be a bookkeeper in the first place?"

Frederick must have looked like a dumb bunny or something because the personnel man smiled. "No, seriously speaking. Your tests indicate mechanical ability above the average. You should be very good around machinery. Why don't you sign up for one of our classes in riveting or welding?"

"Riveting?" said Frederick. "You mean riveting airplanes?"

"RIVETING!" said Venetia. "Have you gone crazy? What do you know about riveting? And in a factory!"

Frederick had tried to break the news as matter-of-factly as possible to Venetia, and she was acting as if she wanted to take the broom to him.

"At a time like this!" said Venetia. "Ruining your chances with Horace and now going off on this insane tangent! We even could have managed without a raise." She didn't cry. He almost wished that she would cry so he could take her in his arms and tell her that it would be all right. But she just glared at him.

Well, Frederick couldn't blame her. Even he could hardly believe he had walked out on his job just because he was tired of taking somebody's lip. Or maybe it was what Harcourt called war fever. He had had that job ever since they were married and the Pacific Clothing Store and its employees and regulations had been their lives. Every night, for seven years, Venetia had put out a clean white shirt for him to wear next day and had also seen that his trousers were neatly folded over the arm of the chair.

Now he was going to be a riveter in heavy work clothes and carry his lunch in a tin box.

"I'm sorry, Venetia," he said. "But don't worry about the mechanical part of it. I've always liked that stuff, even in high school."

"Seven years," said Venetia. "All this time I've been married to a laborer! Won't Horace and Dolly Harcourt have something to say to that!"

He let it pass about the laborer business. Venetia didn't mean that. But he said, "You won't be seeing Horace and Dolly."

"That's what you think." Venetia looked him straight in the face. "We'd better keep the few educated friends we have!"

VENETIA never did fix his lunch. At noon he would grab a hamburger or maybe a bowl of chili at one of the ramshackle eating joints bordering the parking lots. One afternoon he was sick to his stomach and almost had to leave work. After that he got up earlier in the mornings and fixed his lunch, some jelly sandwiches and an orange with maybe a container of milk.

There was another container in his lunch box and he noticed that sometimes the other men had applesauce or macaroni salad but he did not like to ask Venetia to cook anything special just for him.

At first in the strangeness of aircraft school he hardly noticed if he ate at all. It was absorbing like learning to play some fascinating game, this working with airplanes was. He even liked the feel of the bucking bar in his hands and the gruffness of the instructors, mostly old Army men.

At the end of the fifteen-day course he was slow but his riveting was straight and the tolerance was accurate to one sixty-fourth of an inch.

On the actual assembly line they put him in the wing and tail section. Later he learned that part of an airplane has the lightest "skin" and requires the most skillful riveting.

And the longer you did this sort of thing the more you learned there was something satisfactory about riveting, about working with your hands and the distant sound of those new interceptors being tested. When you got finished you could see what you had done. And when it was good, you got the credit and when you pulled a butch it was your own fault and you alone were responsible, not some guy in a corner office.

"So we're having another parent in our department," said Bradford, the little group leader. "Well, don't let it get you down." They were sitting around the bomber field during lunch period.

"Yeah, Freddy, keep 'em flying." This was the fresh punk who bucked rivets for Frederick. "It's a tough life but you're working for Whiskers now."

"Your troubles are only beginning, boy!"

"Don't scare him now. Wait'll he sees what the baby looks like!"

FREDERICK smiled. If Venetia could hear conversation like this she would call it "inane." That was a favorite word of hers, "inane." Frederick guessed it meant saying things like everybody else said them.

Well, these guys couldn't sling the phrases around and maybe none of them preferred Tschaikowsky. So what? So they still had the same feelings as the slipperiest intellectual.

Frederick had noticed that a lot in books and in the lectures Venetia made him go to. What the guy up there on the platform was saying sounded fine until you stopped to think what it all boiled down to. And nine times out of ten it was the same stuff everybody else said all the time only in words of one syllable.

Venetia wasn't feeling so well and he arranged to have a neighbor girl stay with her all day now. Venetia said nonsense but she let the girl stay there just the same.

One afternoon, just before the buzzer sounded, he heard his name announced over the public-address system. He was wanted home at once. Bradford laughed and said, "Good luck, boy," and "Make mine an El Ropo."

Frederick didn't hear very well until the guard yelled, "Hey! Your time card! Where's your time card?" Just then the buzzer sounded and by the time Frederick got his short time card he was caught in the change of shifts.

All his life, whenever he remembered that day, he could hear the click-click of lunch boxes opening and closing, opening and closing as the lines of men checked out before the watchful guards. All outgoing packages and boxes had to be inspected and it was no use to shove.

The lines shuffled on and then he was showing his own empty lunch box and factory pass. Sprinting to the parking lot, he thought if the call had come half an hour earlier he would have missed the traffic jam at Great Western whenever a shift changed.

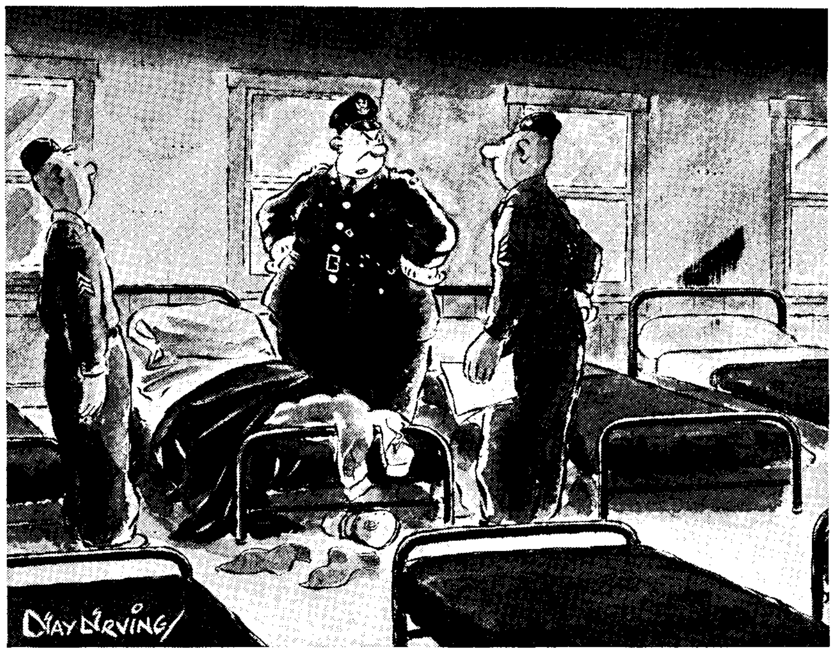
Again all he could do was wait and honk his horn at the thousands of cars and move forward inch by dusty inch.

When he got home the doctor was in the living room, getting something from his bag. "Well, you took a long time getting here," he told Frederick. "You took a longer time getting here than your son did."

"Oh, my gosh!" said Frederick. And he opened the door into the bedroom.

AFTERWARD Venetia always acted embarrassed about having had the baby so quickly and easily without going to the hospital. Maybe she thought it was being common or something.

Frederick had been nervous at first that he wouldn't act as a father should. Looking down at that little red blob in the bassinet, he hadn't felt much of anything except the horrified thought, Maybe I am an unnatural parent! Then the blob kinda stirred and started to yell.



"It's no use, men, we've tried everything! Send for his mother!"

JAY IRVING

Gosh, it sure had a big mouth and he thought, That is my son, part of me. That is part of me and part of Venetia and we created it. Suddenly he felt like Tschaikowsky or Michelangelo, only better, so when the nurse came in to pick up the baby he went down to North Hollywood and bought Venetia a pair of earrings with real chip diamonds.

He gave them to her next morning when she was feeling better.

"Why, thank you for being so thoughtful," she said, examining the tiny earrings in her white hands. "Would you mind dreadfully if I exchanged them for jade? For inexpensive jewelry, jade always looks so much—richer."

"Those are real chip diamonds," said Frederick firmly. "I picked them out. I'd like you to wear them."

Venetia's mouth hung open and then she closed it. "Why, certainly," she said.

THE following week there was a write-up in the Aircraft Times. Well, not really a write-up but a mention right in the middle of the column by the Great Western correspondent . . . "Among the many new proud papas at Great Western (and ye scribe can't begin to keep track of them all) is Fred Brown, Dept. 89, wing and tail. It's a junior but we hope the offspring resembles its mother. Tee hee! Incidentally, folks, the father is considered speediest of his section's riveters. . . ."

When Frederick showed the paper to Venetia she smiled and said, "How quaint!" But several weeks later he saw her cutting something from a paper. It was the item and she pasted it in a scrapbook.

It had been hot all day and Venetia had piled her red-gold braids high on her head. She looked so pretty bending over the scrapbook, as slender and graceful as any countess or English lady.

Looking up she saw his eyes and flushed the same as when they had been going together and she had seen by his eyes that he wanted to kiss her.

"I want to show the clipping to Dolly," she said hurriedly. "I wanted to ask you—they're having open house tomorrow night and we're invited."

Her voice was soft and breathless, the way it used to be before he left the store. He would do anything if only it would stay like that, yet he had to know something.

"Why do you want to go there, Venetia?" he asked gently. "Why do you keep hanging around the Harcourts? That's finished."

"Even to please me?" she asked and he knew that it wasn't finished, that she still hoped he would go back to the Pacific Clothing Store. Perhaps even now she was scheming around and thought that once she had smoothed over the rift, things would work out her way.

He thought: Venetia, can't you see what you're doing? You're making me back down. I'll never be any good in an office. They don't build war planes in offices. I'm not making much but I like it and I'm supporting us.

"Now that we've found a formula that agrees with the baby," continued Venetia smoothly, "I'm getting a girl to come in days and look after him. They've offered my job back at the library."

The heat continued next day and Frederick worked on the assembly line in his undershirt. Lots of the fellows were stripped to the waist and looking at the guys working there like that, Frederick wondered how they would like it if they had to sit at a desk and wear a serge suit with a white shirt and tie.

Then something happened that made Frederick forget serge suits and everything else. Just before lunch he was called to the personnel office and informed that his work had been reviewed.

He was to be given a raise and promoted to position of lead man on the swing shift.

The "swing" shift worked from four in the afternoon until midnight when the "graveyard" shift came on. As "lead man" he would have charge of eight or ten riveters.

VENETIA was rustling around when he got home, smelling of bath salts and violets. She had on some kind of a green wrapper over a lacy petticoat and she was wearing the chip diamond earrings.

"Now, Frederick, please hurry. Horace wants us there by seven. The baby's sleeping like a lamb and your clothes are laid out on the bed."

He wished she would quiet down for a minute so he could take her in his arms and tell her all about what had happened at Great Western.

"Venetia, starting tomorrow I go on swing shift," he said, trying to keep the pride out of his voice. "I'll be lead man."

Venetia stopped doing things to her eyebrows. "Swing shift," she repeated. "That's not the day shift, that one's at night. Why, Frederick, you'll have to tell them you don't want it. I can't sit here every evening by myself."

"Lots of other wives sit home," said Frederick. "It's not as bad as the graveyard shift. You've got the baby." He saw she was working herself up, so he caught her by the shoulders, his hands pressing against the green wrapper—negligee, he guessed it was called. Little rough spots in his fingers caught on the smooth rayon. "It means more money so you can stay home and take care—"

"Hush," said Venetia, pointing to the kitchen where the neighbor girl was sterilizing bottles. "We haven't time to argue now, Frederick. Just *please,* for my sake don't say anything about this promotion—I mean, don't say anything to antagonize Horace."

Slowly, trickle by trickle, all the afternoon's pride and excitement seeped away. He started into the bedroom and it seemed to him his feet actually *clumped* and it sounded as if Venetia was saying, "Frederick, maybe I don't—I haven't understood—"

But when he looked back she was just standing there, not saying anything. She acted quiet all the way to the party, too, not fluttery and talking a mile-a-minute as she usually did when they went anywhere.

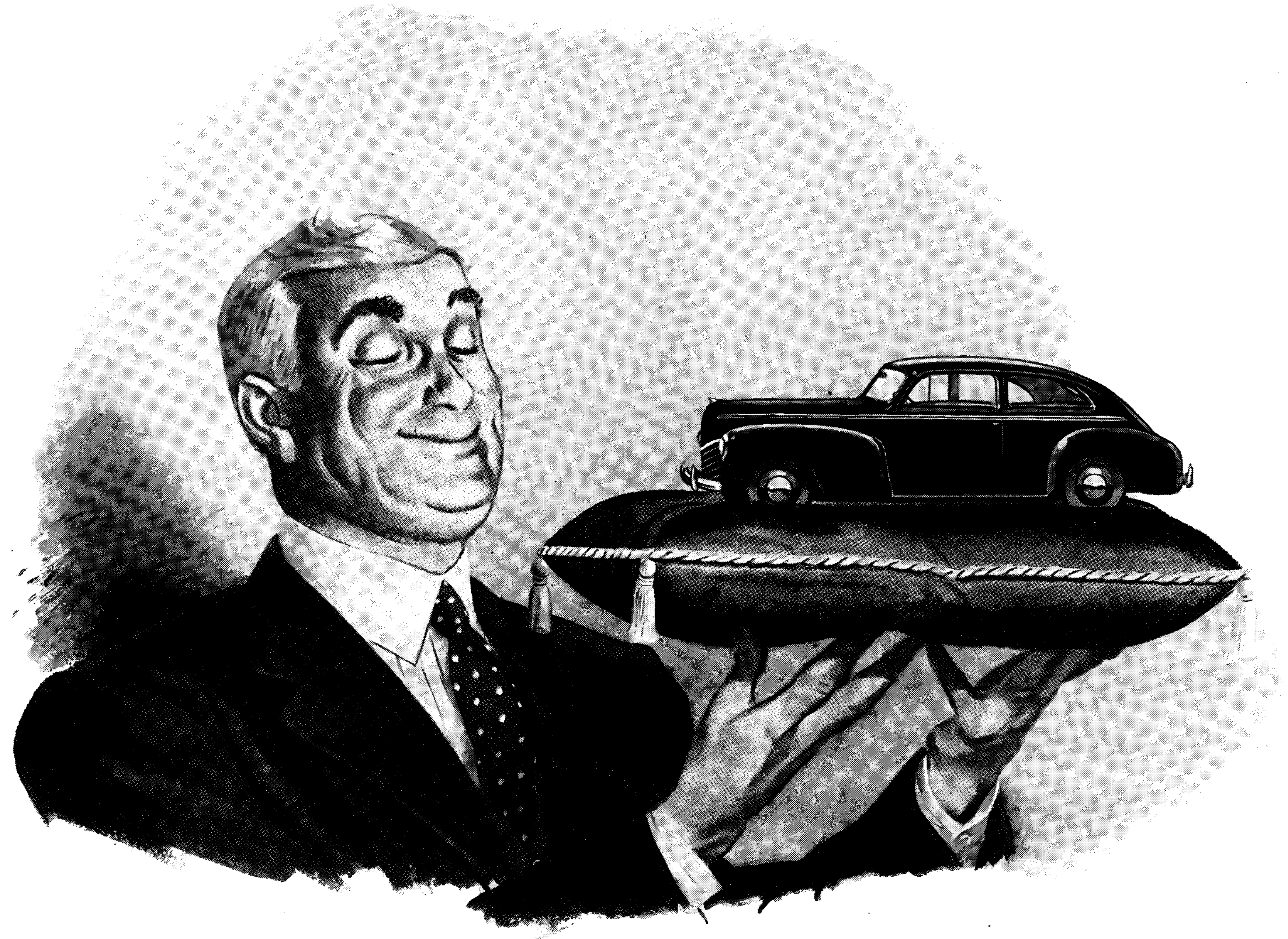
"Heigh-ho," said Horace Harcourt as he opened the door. "Why so pale and wan, fond lovers? Has the big gorilla been beating you, Venetia?" His left hand carelessly extended to Frederick in greeting, Horace leaned over and kissed Venetia lightly on one ear, right above the chip diamond earring. Frederick thought Venetia jerked back but then it was dark in the foyer.

HIGH heels tinkled on the tile and Dolly Harcourt was there, creamy and high-bosomed in tight lace and velvet roses. "Don't you dare call him a gorilla! He's my great big Tarzan," she said, snuggling Frederick's arm to her side and drawing him into the living room. "Frederick, you've grown *inches* and just look at those shoulders!"

So far as Frederick could see, it was just as if he had never had words with Horace Harcourt or walked out cold on his job without even giving notice. Or perhaps this easy attitude was what Venetia called "poise."

The party went along like all the previous Harcourt parties. Dolly was never without a cocktail in her hand and after the other guests had drifted in and out, there was the usual maneuvering to be alone with Frederick in the kitchen.

"Freddy dear," she said, handing him a glass although he already had one. "You do things to me. I mean, there's



"I'm a Reformed Man!"

IT WAS a crime the way I used to neglect my car.

But this year I've reformed. I *had* to. It'll be a long time before I can get a new car. And I *need* my old chariot!

So now I'm not taking any chances — I'm pampering her like a baby!

That means Veedol in her engine, for one thing. You won't catch me letting carbon and sludge and goo form in her cylinders because I used some second-rate oil. You won't see me putting Old Faithful in an auto graveyard because her sweet little motor wore out before its time. No, sir!

Veedol costs a few pennies more, but look at the *protection* I get! You see, Veedol is *100% Pennsylvania* oil at its best, made from the toughest, most wear-resistant crude known. And I'm told it's refined by an extra patented process that steps up its wear-resistance even *more.*

Changing to fresh Veedol regularly — I know the engine will tick off a lot more mileage between here and my next car. I'm not worried about lack of replacement parts — not with Veedol's "film of protection" on the job. And I'll save money, too, every mile.

Yes, I'm a reformed man. And, brother, I'm riding pretty!

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Change Now to VEEDOL

100% Pennsylvania Oil At Its Finest

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Get 1000-mile VEEDOL SAFETY-CHECK Lubrication

I'll have to admit that the Veedol Dealer had something to do with my change of habits. He's a good friend. His Veedol Safety-Check Lubrication every 1,000 miles — his advice about tires and car care in general — have done my car and my conscience a whale of a lot of good. Why don't you talk over *your* car with him?

Tide Water Associated Oil Company

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"No Sabotage in our garage!"

We're alert for dirt, grease and road scum on our car's precious finish—for the duration! Why, even a busted bug plays hob with the enamel, says my Missus—breaks it down, makes way for rust and deterioration. She read *that* in a service manual so it's straight from headquarters!

Cars come clean, yes, and *shine* like new, with an easy application of Johnson's Carnu. *Ours* did. And here's the pay-off—Carnu does *both* jobs at once in *half* the time—cleans and polishes in one application. Cleans chromium, too. Rub Carnu on just hard enough to loosen dirt—let it dry—wipe clean. Man, it *gleams!*

Longer on looks is the car that gets a Carnu shampoo now and then. To give those good looks *longer protection,* apply a coat of Johnson's Auto Wax. The shine will last longer. You'll be in pocket on washings and upkeep. Get both Johnson's Carnu and Auto Wax at better auto supply stores, service stations, regular wax dealers. If you can't obtain Johnson's Auto Wax, regular Johnson's Wax will serve—you've probably got a package in a cupboard at home. It goes on almost as easily as Johnson's Auto Wax. And *all* Johnson's Waxes provide positive protection!

Tune in Fibber McGee and Molly —Tuesday nights—NBC

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Your car looks like new —when you use CARNU!

Made by the makers of Johnson's Wax

something so sort of *physical* about you. I'm quite tight, Frederick, but I mean that." She had draped one arm about his neck and as he held cocktails in both hands there was not much he could do about it. He wondered if she knew her lipstick was smeared.

"Oh, of course, there's Venetia," she said languorously, "but she's a little icicle if ever—"

That was when Venetia and Harcourt walked into the kitchen. They were smiling and Harcourt stopped to inspect what was left of the hors d'oeuvres. Venetia kept coming across the room. Still smiling, she reached out and almost slapped Dolly's hand away.

For a moment there was silence, then Horace Harcourt's amused chuckle. "Ye gods, Venetia, you're reverting to type like a jealous shopgirl!"

Venetia ignored it. "May I have one of your cocktails, Frederick?" She smiled gaily. "Or are you practicing to be a right-and-left-hand drinker?"

Slowly Horace was mixing himself another bourbon and soda. Finally he turned to Frederick and his words were condescending:

"Now that you're back in the fold, let's hear *all* regarding our fascinating defense program." He lit a cigarette slowly and still more slowly blew out the match. "How many bombers are they turning out a week, my boy?"

"Oh, how thrilling!" chirped Dolly. "Is it true the antiaircraft guns are camouflaged with weeds and underbrush? Where are they located?"

"Come, come, Fred," said Horace. "You're among friends. We've killed the fatted calf in your honor. A few facts, please, as recompense for our largesse."

Venetia was watching Frederick now, her eyes steady and grave.

"So would the Japs like a few facts," said Frederick. "The Japs and a lot of other people. The government doesn't hand out information and defense workers don't ask questions."

Harcourt remarked swiftly, "Or perhaps you wouldn't understand the information if you did get it. Perhaps it might be in words of more than one syllable, is that it, Fred?"

Venetia was looking at Harcourt as if she had never seen him before. "My goodness, we'd better be going!" She put down her cocktail glass. "Frederick's absolutely right about not talking! What's come over you?"

Frederick could have told her what had come over Harcourt. It was the way Harcourt always acted when anybody stood up to him except this time it seemed like an hour before Harcourt said anything.

"Aren't you forgetting something, Venetia?" Harcourt slowly blew a smoke ring into his bourbon and soda. "Aren't you forgetting your muscular husband is returning to the office? The purpose of this event was to iron out certain financial details, I believe."

For just a moment Venetia hesitated. Then she moved to Frederick's side and her cheeks were flaming. "Stupid of me, wasn't it, trying to arrange things for Frederick when all the time he's been doing so much better for himself. Hasn't he told you he's been made lead man at Great Western?" She patted her red-gold braids. "Oh, it's quite a promotion, something like an office manager only, of course, with more responsibility."

Suddenly everything slipped back in place and the Harcourts were very sober walking with them to the door and saying congratulations and what a shame they couldn't stay longer but maybe next time.

Frederick said, "Sure, maybe next time," and then he thought, Gosh, maybe I am getting poise!

AFTER they got in the car, Frederick did not start the motor right away. He wanted to get his breath and Venetia didn't seem in a hurry either. He rolled down the windows and an orange tree in somebody's yard perfumed the air.

"It makes you feel uplifted," said Venetia, "sort of in tune with the Infinite, sitting here under the stars. It's none of my business, but Dolly shouldn't wear such tight dresses at *her* age! Don't you think the Harcourts are getting sort of—decadent?"

Frederick put his hand over her mouth and said, "Sh-h-h."

Faintly from above came the *swishing* sound. It meant a twin-boom interceptor plane was being tested, probably for night flight.

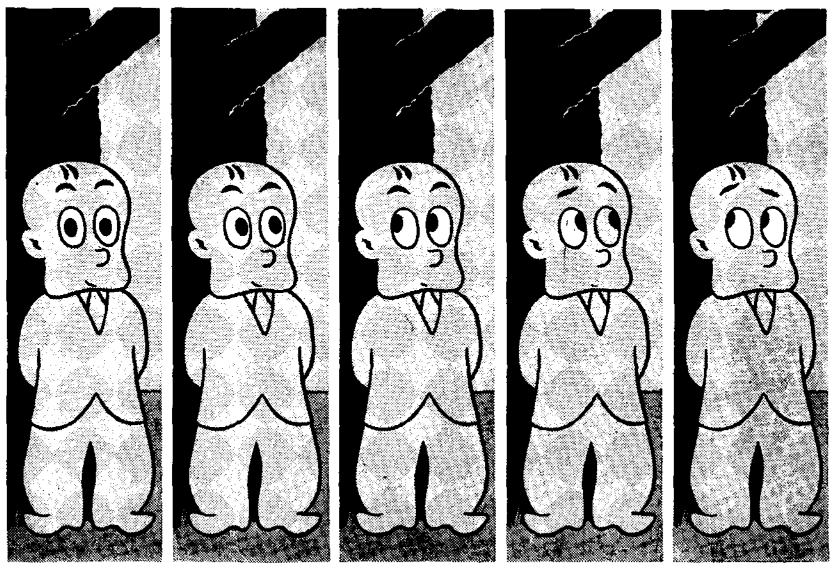
The sound started throbbing as though the interceptor were flying low. It was sort of spooky, seeing only the night and the stars, yet knowing that right over their heads was streaking the fastest plane in the world.

For once in his life, Frederick thought he would not mind if Venetia started chanting poetry. It really was an "emotional experience."

He rather hated to take his hand away from her soft lips, but he wanted to hear her voice. He waited a while and when she started speaking, sure enough it had that faraway ring like a woman poet's.

"That reminds me," she breathed softly as the *swishing* sound trailed off into the sky. "You must be tired of just sandwiches in your lunch. I'll fix you some nice hot dishes now you're on swing shift."

THE END



Six-year-old-charge on a Swing

CROCKETT JOHNSON

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

3,000 feet a minute and he points to recorded flights inside these thunderstorms where soaring planes have been shot up 20,000 feet in altitude in less than five minutes. Bob has also experienced intensity of gusts within these clouds, to the end that an upward gust would grab one wing to shoot it upward, and at the same time a downward gust would go to work on the other wing, resulting in what he modestly terms "severe shearing action."

Bob's warning about penetrating thunderstorms, which the Safety Bureau of the CAB heartily recommends to all pilots, particularly inexperienced and adventuresome youngsters, is:

"The interior of a thunderstorm represents a condition of extreme hazard which should never be entered by any pilot without parachute and recent experience in blind acrobatic flight, and should never be done in an airplane other than a plane of special design incorporating high factors of safety. In fact, it would be on the side of caution to avoid flying below or in the immediate vicinity of clouds of this description due to the extremely high rate of climb existing beneath such formations and the consequent danger of being sucked up inside the cloud before the plane's air speed can have carried it away from there."

THERE are no more conscientious, loyal and determined believers in any science and industry than the airship people. Disaster after disaster has not dampened their enthusiasm for the "rubber cows," as heavier-than-air pilots slyly refer to them. Be it nonrigid blimp or fully rigid world cruiser, even if you feel that these gas bags belong to a forgotten era you should not be too conclusive about it, because the caliber of men behind airship development is so high.

The airship people have taken terrific beatings in the past through the loss of such gigantic craft as the Shenandoah, Akron, Macon and Hindenburg, although now they are beginning to recover ground through the effectiveness of Navy blimps in submarine patrol work. On the heels of favorable consideration by Congress for more and better blimps to hunt out the U-boats off our coasts, an unintentional dig was given to the prestige of the airship by the Labor Department in the course of announcing a definition of the aircraft manufacturing industry for purposes of determining minimum wages. The aircraft manufacturing industry was defined as "that industry which manufactures airplanes and gliders, aircraft-type engines, aircraft propellers, parts and accessories for the above-mentioned products, and specialized aircraft servicing equipment."

Expressly excluded from the scope of the definition were several categories of commodities, including miscellaneous equipment. In this latter group, among other things, appeared: ". . . lavatory equipment; and lighter-than-air craft." F. R. N.

Any Week

Continued from page 4

more than merely anxious to give the public a few war stories with uncommon slants, called in several members of his staff. After some pondering, the M. E. came up with a lovely idea. "I've got it," he cried. "Go out and find some soldier who has been sentenced to death for sleeping at his post or something like that. We'll put on a bitter fight, organize women's clubs, send delegations to the President, print the boy's life story, interview his parents, his sweetheart. We'll save him from the firing squad. Get going. Get going." But after patient and painstaking searchings the staff had to return with the news that, as far as the Army and Navy knew, no soldier had been sentenced to death for sleeping at his post or other infringement of the martial law. The managing editor was pretty unconsolable but finally managed to make this profound statement: "That's what's wrong with our Armed Forces—no discipline."

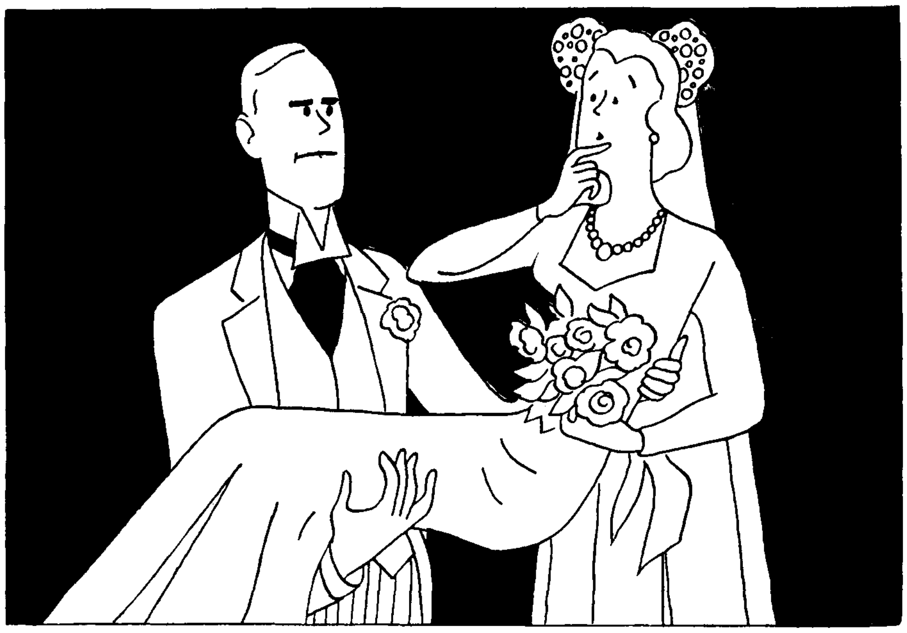
NOPE. No more Joneses, Smiths, Browns or Robinsons in our mail. But there is a letter from a gentleman named Rodsteel. Can we help it? Mr. Rodsteel seems headed, at this writing, for an Oregon jail charged (falsely, he says) with stealing a swarm of bees. His neighbor, a bee culturist and honey merchant, is the complainant. And Mr. Rodsteel's story sounds very convincing to us. He is a junk dealer by profession. "With a bunch of junk," writes he, "I get a bunch of secondhand beehives which I keep thinking maybe this war is going to last a long time and they might come in handy. One day a bee comes into my house and she turns out to be a queen bee. The same day this neighbor of mine meets me on the road and says his queen bee dies. So I don't say anything but treat this queen bee that flies into my house nice and she is sort of a pet. I don't know anything about bees, so how am I to know that this pet queen bee gets lonely and goes out looking for the boys? Well, she finds them and brings them to my place where I have these secondhand, used beehives and because I treat her good she tells them all to hive up in my beehive with her." Which sounds like an honest way of starting a bee business.

A MR. NOONAN of Boise, Idaho, has just been telling us that a gentleman of his acquaintance has been cooped for not paying alimony to his former wife—contempt of court. Mr. Noonan said that, in court, the lady went exhaustively into her marital experiences with his friend. The judge commented that her erstwhile husband did not seem to be an entirely dependable person. Whereat the lady cried in a loud voice: "Judge, as a sturdy oak, that bum smelled bad."

MR. LUOGO DELMAS is a Mexican. He is urging us to accompany him into Mexico where, he assures us, he will lead us to information that "is to all former information as the simple cactus is to the royal palm." But we're not accepting with headlong speed. Mr. Delmas asks a somewhat stiffish reward. Furthermore, he declines to describe this information. And even worse he told us that two men have already investigated and were shot. "But," said he, "they handled the situation ineptly. They did not shoot first."

ANYWAY our trigger finger's sore. . . . W. D.

Strange case of the One-way Honeymoon



June is a great month for bubble weddings. In summer, air bubbles escape by the dozen from most melting ice and take your highball's bubbles on a one-way honeymoon—right out of your drink. Then ice water dilutes what's left . . . your drink goes flat!

Outsmart the ice. Insist on Sparkling Canada Dry Water—as thousands of smart hosts do, sip livelier, finer-flavored highballs, and broadly . . .

. . . Beam! Its pin-point carbonation—millions of tinier bubbles—stays Blissfully Bubbly to the last cool sip!

P. S. When you're "out," speak up for this finer club soda and *get* a better drink.

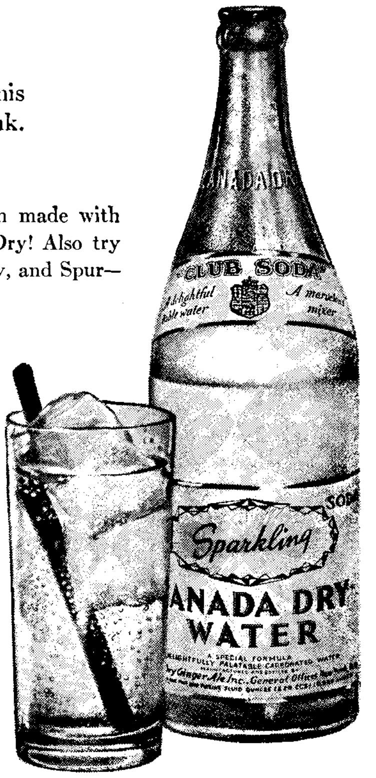
Ginger Ale Highballs taste best when made with "the Champagne of Ginger Ales"—Canada Dry! Also try Canada Dry Tom Collins Mixer, Lime Rickey, and Spur—the cola drink with Canada Dry quality.

Sparkling
CANADA DRY
WATER

THE ANSWER TO YOUR TALL DRINKS'

S O S
(SAVE) (OUR) (SPARKLE!)

Buy War Bonds and Stamps Regularly



A partly used, recapped bottle keeps its sparkle 24 hrs. in your refrigerator.

Why We Won't Have Inflation

By Dr. Julius Hirsch

People who lived through the German inflation turn pale when you mention it. Dr. Hirsch not only lived through it, he was Secretary of Economics at the time. Here he explains the mechanics of inflation and shows you how we can—and are—controlling it

I ARRIVED in this country in 1935 on one of my periodic visits to find that the enemies of the New Deal were predicting that its financial policies would plunge the country into inflation. On my return to this country six years later, in 1941—to remain, I hope—I found, to my amazement, that high officials of the New Deal itself were warning the country about inflation.

I had not been in the country very long in 1935 before I was able to learn enough about affairs here to make the prediction that the dire forebodings of the New Deal's foes were groundless. In 1941, however, it was a little disconcerting to hear government officials telling the people that prices would run away and that the country stood upon the brink of that most devastating of all financial evils—inflation. However, once again, it did not take me long to learn enough of fiscal and industrial conditions here to satisfy myself that these alarmists were quite as wrong as their enemies had been. For I think I can say with assurance that there is no danger of runaway inflation in this country.

I was particularly sensitive to this subject because it was once my painful duty to be in the German government as its Secretary of Economics during that fantastic orgy of inflation which descended on Germany after the last war. Naturally we learned a great many lessons out of that disaster. Hitler's government has certainly learned them. One of those lessons is not to frighten the people unduly about the stability of their currency. For at the bottom of a sharp inflation is the people's loss of confidence in their own money. Sometimes they lose confidence, as they did in Germany, because there is no longer any reason for confidence.

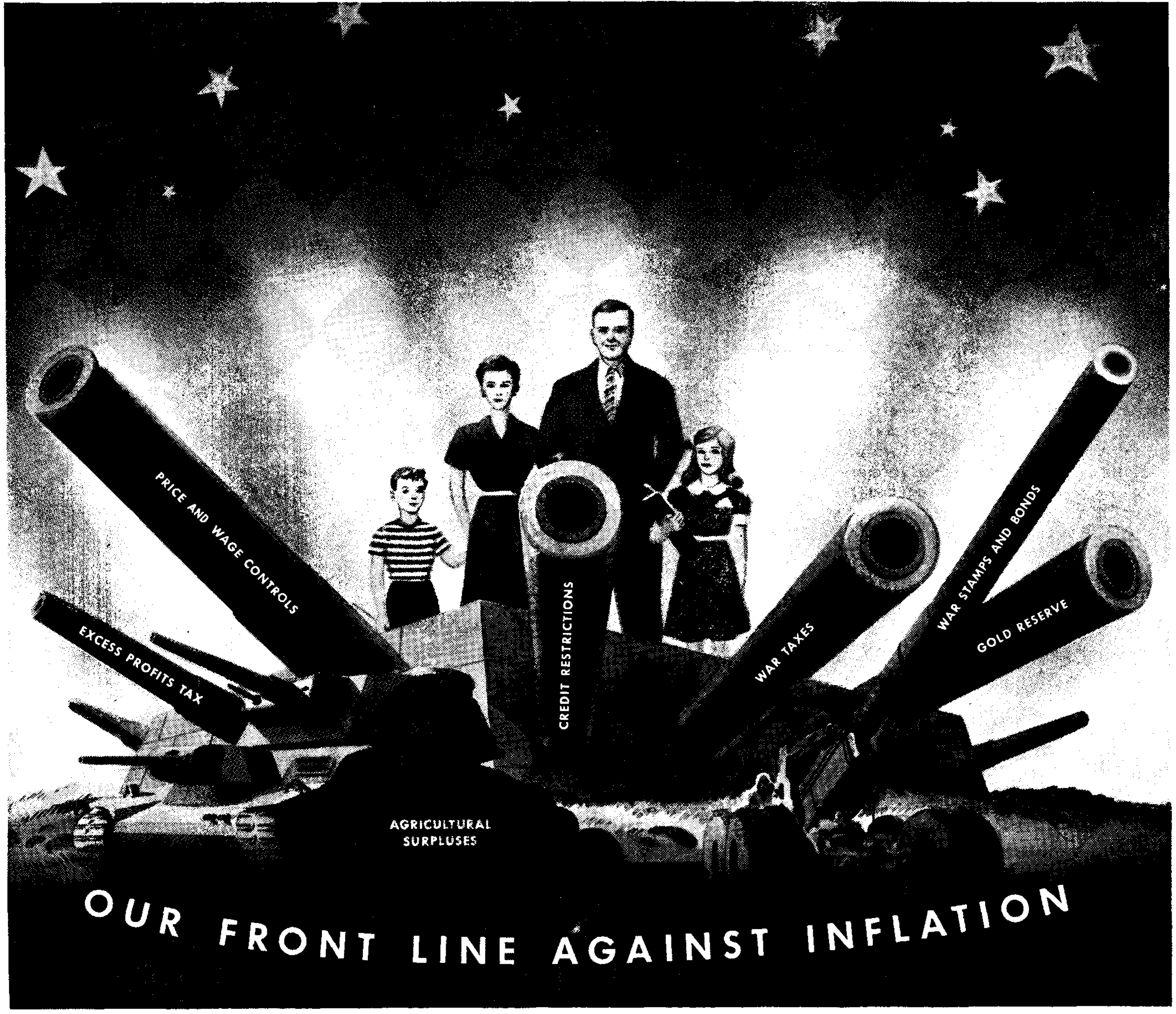
A Dangerous Weapon

But it is also possible to make them lose confidence before a good reason for that appears. One way to do it is to advertise the fact that the money is going to lose its value. If the enemies of the government in power do this it can cause great damage. But if the government itself does it, the result is apt to be very grave. It can set in motion the very thing it fears. Whatever sacrifices Hitler or Mussolini have demanded of their people, and there have been many, inflation is one subject they would not touch with a ten-foot pole.

There is, of course, much confusion about the meaning of the word inflation. When economists speak of it they refer to a phenomenon which produces a general rise in prices. The rise may be a very mild one or at least moderate. But to the public the word inflation is generally taken to mean a runaway and devastating rise such as occurred in Germany in 1923, accompanied by a cataract of paper money. The administration is wisely determined to prevent any serious rise in prices by setting up an adequate system of controls, but does not invoke the devil of inflation to induce the people to accept these controls. For this devil is dangerous to play with. Much harm can be done with his shadow.

When I say that there will be no runaway inflation in this country, I base that opinion upon this fact—that there are not present in this country the conditions that produced the great inflation of Germany. I went through that inflation in a position of responsibility in the government. I saw it grow and develop and consume the energies and hopes of the people. Americans can hardly imagine the full force of that disaster by merely reading those fantastic figures which describe what happened to Germany's currency. Only by glimpses of the fate of individual Germans can that be grasped. For instance, I remember my father paid life insurance premiums for thirty-five years. He looked forward to a payment of 50,000 marks (about $12,000) on his seventieth birthday. That policy came due in the spring of 1923. His policy was afterwards paid. The company wrote him that his 50,000 marks were enclosed in the form of two postage stamps worth 25,000 marks each. The savings of thirty-five years were reduced in a few months to just two postage stamps. But things were to get worse. One of those stamps, which cost 25,000 marks then, was to cost 50,000,000 paper marks some months later.

ROLF KLEP



You have probably heard the expression that a man's promise is not worth the paper it was written on. That is what happened to German money—which was, in fact, the promise of the German government. One day in Holland I was handed an advertisement of a moving-picture house. Turning it over I found the advertisement was printed on one side of a German 20,000-mark note. The movie house had used one side of the 20,000-mark note because that was cheaper than the blank paper. The paper that note was printed on would have been actually worth more money had the 20,000-mark promise of the government not been printed on it. The German government had actually gotten to the point where its promise printed on a piece of good paper debased the paper. Returning home, I took that note to President Ebert of the German Republic. He turned it over solemnly and shook his head gravely. The full force of the financial disaster was dramatized in that simple exhibit.

People in this country continually ask me what they can do to protect themselves in the event of such a cataclysm here. I tell them there will be no such cataclysm here and that in fact the only way to protect oneself from it is to prevent it from happening. When it gets under way almost everybody is helpless and no one is more helpless than the honest man. To win against it you have to know how to speculate, which means to gamble in money. And as this is one of the most expert games in the world and known hardly at all to Americans, it is no escape at all. Those who save, lose their savings as my father did. People who owe money can pay off their debts with depreciated marks. The man, for instance, who owed a debt of 50,000 marks could pay it off with two postage stamps just as the insurance company did my father. On the other hand he might be ruined in other ways and his ruin accentuated by the ruin of the whole financial and industrial society around him.

Inflation Invites Gambling

Here is how a few men made money gambling. I recall the case of a young man who was a baker's apprentice but who had a little flair for finance. With a handful of paper marks he started a grocery organization which he called the Rhenish Food Chain. With the first profits he organized another company which he called the Rhenish Food Transportation Company, possessing as its sole assets two old trucks. Then he formed another company called the Rhenish Flour Milling Company which operated a small and obsolete little mill. Then he got hold of an old warehouse which he incorporated into the Rhenish Foodstuffs Warehouse Company. Thus he had a string of small corporations. The Food Chain would draw a bill payable in 90 days on the Transportation

Company. The Reichsbank, which adopted the policy of granting credit in aid of enterprises contributing to the nourishment of the people, accepted the note. Ninety days later when it fell due, the mark had fallen to new lows. The Food Chain could pay it off at a fraction of its original value. The Transportation Company drew bills in favor of the Flour Mill Company and the Flour Mill Company in favor of the Warehouse Company and so on. With the money which the baker's apprentice obtained from the bank on these notes he would buy commodities.

And so, you can see, while the marks which he was bound to repay fell to fantastic lows, the commodities which he bought went to fantastic highs. To make this plainer, look at it in a simple transaction. In an inflation, I borrow a hundred dollars from you which I agree to pay back in 90 days. With that hundred dollars I buy flour. In 90 days the flour is worth a thousand dollars but the note is still worth only a hundred. I sell the flour, pay you your hundred and have the $900 for my profit to go on repeating the operation as long as I can. The baker's apprentice I tell you of made seven million dollars thus in about ten months. But, alas, there is a sad ending to this story. The young man could not foresee when this wild fever would end. He thought the orgy would go on forever. In November, 1923, the mark was stabilized and he lost most of his winnings. Many people tried this gamble in one way or another—many very smart people—and in foreign countries people are smarter at currency gambling than in America because they have done so much of it. But all—or almost all—lost their savings and most of them their winnings in the end.

Labor on the Losing Side

But what about labor? Labor, like all others whose incomes were fixed, was necessarily on the losing side of the inflation game. There was employment for all, it is true, for the inflation stimulated all the consumption industries. But prices continuously outstripped wages. There came a time when the fall of the mark became so headlong that it was necessary to fix the value each day. At one o'clock the new value of the mark would be announced. Each morning long lines of people would line up before grocery stores waiting patiently to exchange their marks for food before one o'clock when their marks would take another dive in value. You can imagine the plight of the workers with last week's wages in their pockets as those wages descended fatally each day in value.

This is the terrible experience which so many have held up to Americans as their probable fate. But this will not happen in America. We may, indeed, have a moderate rise in the cost of living—20 per cent or 30 per cent or perhaps a little more. But runaway inflation—NO. And for the simple reason, as I have already pointed out, that the conditions and causes for such an inflation simply do not exist here.

First of all, Germany had lost a great war which had lasted for more than four years and in the aftermath she saw her whole industrial system exhausted and disorganized. It is not thinkable that the United States could lose this war in any such way as this. Even defeat would not bring to the United States so vast an exhaustion as defeat brought to Germany, and the defeat of America is unthinkable.

In the next place, the Versailles Treaty had imposed upon Germany a colossal foreign debt of 132 billion gold marks. That was about 32 billion dollars. Now there is a good deal of discussion of how much debt the rich United States can stand without being seriously affected. But no economist has any doubt about what an external debt relatively as large in terms of national wealth would do even to the United States, a country so much stronger than Germany in many other ways. If a country owes its national debt to its own people the effect is not so deadly. But if that debt is due to other nations the dead weight of it is destructive. If a nation borrows from another to build wealth-producing facilities within its own borders it is not so serious as when the debt is one which is created as a penalty against it without producing a dollar's worth of economic benefit within the country. To pay that debt—even if Germany could do it—would mean for generations taxation and exchange problems on so enervating a scale that no man could hope for any future in business.

German Debt Destroyed Hope

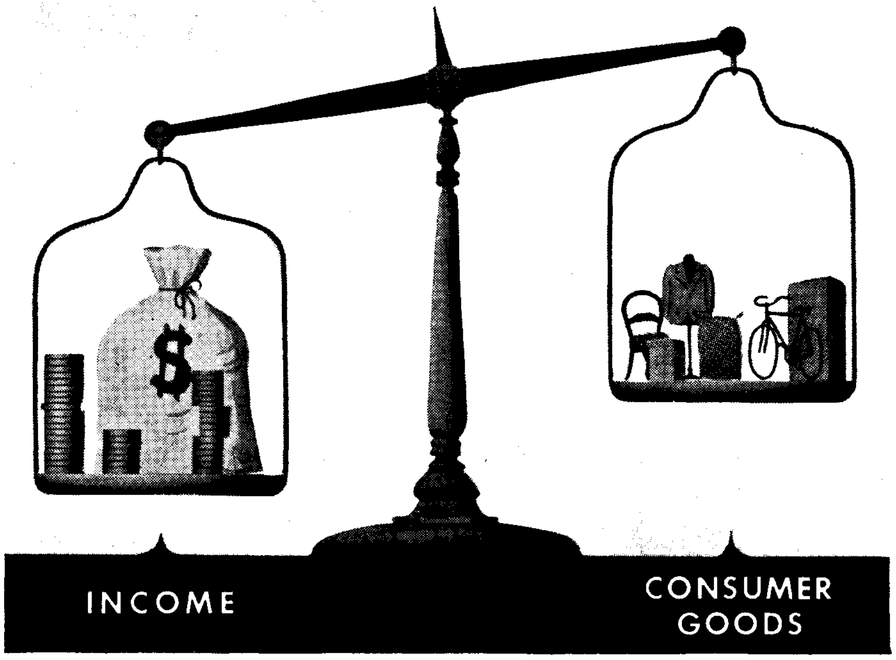
That debt produced in Germany a sense of complete and deadening economic frustration. It robbed the people utterly of hope. Of course, nothing like that is in sight here. This country is incurring a vast debt to win the war. But it is an internal debt which will be owed to Americans. It will not involve the seemingly perpetual and debilitating drain of reserves as in the case of Germany.

In the third place Germany had no adequate gold reserve. And this, together with the burden of the reparation payments, completely destroyed her credit everywhere in the world. America has a gold reserve of 23 billion dollars.

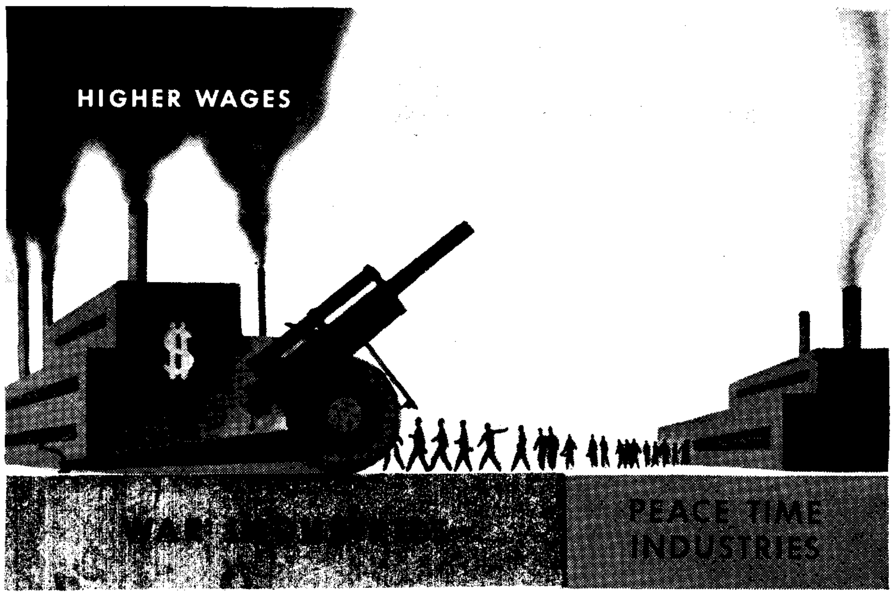
Fourth, Germany had lost control over certain forces which must be regulated if a nation is to protect itself against unruly economic evils. One of these was her frontier. The Allies had posted their troops on her borders and exercised over those frontiers the authority to say what should come in or go out and what should not. To a nation like the United States, where exports and imports are only a small percentage of its whole commercial life, this would be an unpleasant restriction only. But to a country like Germany which depends so much on what she buys from other peoples and what she sells to them, this was a fatal restriction of her powers. She could not decide what nor how much she needed. Her enemies did that for her.

Fifth, Germany lost an enormous amount of her natural resources—coal, ores, agricultural land in those territories which were taken from her. After the war her material resources were more out of proportion to her population and its needs than before.

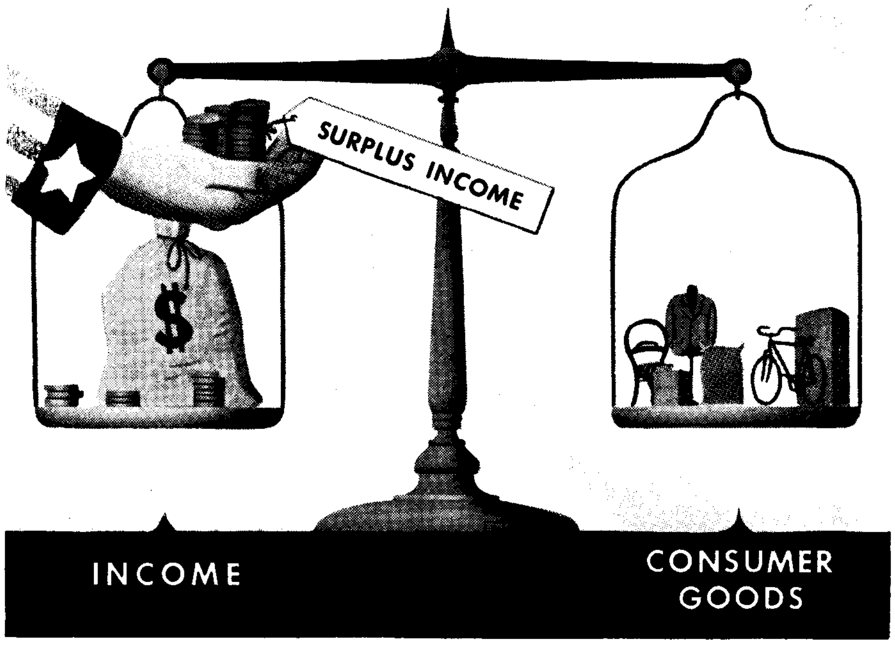
Sixth, when the first threats to her currency appeared, she was unable to control certain prices that were vital to her. She could, by drastic controls, try to regulate prices on those things produced in Germany. But she could not affect the price of those things produced outside. Germany's credit was hopelessly injured in all foreign countries. Therefore the mark lost its value in foreign exchange. When this happened it meant that the price of everything Germany bought abroad increased. For instance, suppose the mark dropped 50 per cent in value in foreign markets. When Germany wishes to buy in America she cannot do it with marks. She must first buy dollars. But when the mark lost 50 per cent of its value in America the mark could not buy as many dollars as before. It took more marks to buy a dollar and hence more marks to buy the things bought with dollars in America. The effect was to create a heavy rise in price on all things



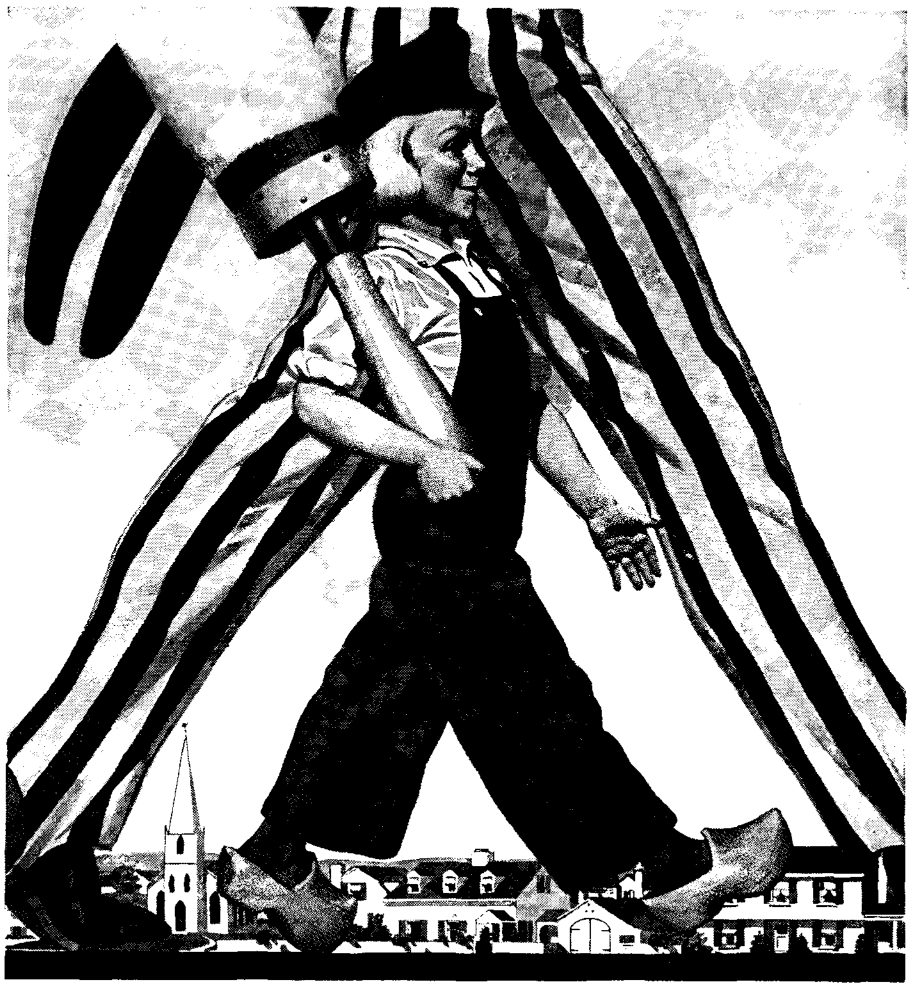
The Condition: Increased purchasing power, plus an ever-decreasing supply of consumers' goods, throws out of balance the supply-demand relationship that controls prices. Result: Increasing prices which may become inflationary



The Cause: Workers normally employed in the production of consumers' goods turn to war industries, where they receive high wages. At the same time, production of consumers' goods in the factories they have left continues to fall off



The Cure: Restoration of the normal supply-demand balance can be accomplished by draining off, by taxation, the surplus income, which, if available for consumers' goods, would cause prices to go up in an ever-increasing spiral



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Germans bought in America. The more prices of foreign goods rose to Germany, the more goods she had to export to pay for what she bought. And exports were artificially curtailed and partly even forbidden to her. As Germany depends upon the produce of other countries for so much that she needs, the effect was to cut enormously the purchasing power of the German people for the things that came from abroad. This price boost could not be controlled.

Under the influence of all these factors when the mark began to drop at home, it dropped more swiftly abroad. The German people lost confidence in the credit of their country and hence in its money. Money began to lose its value weekly and then daily. As soon as a man got hold of a mark, he wanted to get rid of it as if it were a hot coal—change it into "real" goods which would not lose their money value. But on the other hand the German government needed money and, as prices rose, it needed more and so began to print it—a little at first and then in ever-growing quantities.

Importance of Price Control

Now obviously none of these elements is present in America. No matter how long the war lasts America will still have her gold reserve, and her debt, no matter how big it is, will be internal. She will have complete control of all the elements of her economic life. And she is impervious to disaster from foreign trade since that plays a comparatively minor role in her life.

But more important than all, this subject of controlling prices and combating inflation is now understood as it was not when the last war began. Even in Germany where so much attention was given to war preparations, the subject of price control was little studied. I was a young man in the army. I was in a military hospital convalescing when I received a call to the price-control board of the government. The assistant administrator who, through a kind of poetic fitness, was an astronomer, told me he understood I had written some pieces on percentages. I was promptly shifted from the army to a desk and thereafter had a part in the whole job of keeping Germany's economic system under control. In the years which have elapsed, this subject has received great attention—as has indeed the whole subject of economics. And here in America now, as we have experts who understand the technique of combating inflation. And because we are so strong in an economic sense, we have all the means of employing those techniques with success.

The German government of Hitler has given great attention to this, and America certainly will not be less intelligent on this front than Hitler. The inflation tendency arises from two main forces. One is the flow of fresh streams of purchasing power into the stream of income. The other is the curtailment of the flow of consumption goods—that is of those goods which the population buys for its use as distinguished from capital plant and machinery. This may be illustrated by recalling that the National Industrial Conference Board has estimated that national income will be about 110 billions this fiscal year, of which 50 to 55 billions will represent war goods. This leaves 55 to 60 billions in the form of consumers' goods. Taxes are scheduled to take 27 billions away, and bonds and stamps perhaps another 10. However, of the 110 billion national income, all this swallows only 92 to 97 billions, and 13 to 18 billions are left for which no commodities are available. This would press prices up—until much higher living costs would fill that famous "inflationary gap." Next year we perhaps may have 120 billions of income, or even more, and certainly less consumption goods. The problem of controlling inflation is therefore, twofold; First, drawing off all the surplus income not needed to buy the goods and using that income to pay for the war without forcing the government to additional borrowing from the banks. Second, keeping the price down by (a) price controls and (b) cost controls, which include materials and labor.

This is the pattern Hitler has followed. First, he froze all prices as of October 18, 1936, three years before the war started—using Mr. Bernard Baruch's plan. Since then there is an anti-profiteering law; moreover, business is subject to licensing and regulation, with the concentration camp in the background as the penalty. Goods are rigidly rationed. Labor and capital are both held down in the matter of wages and profits. Wages are frozen, labor unions dissolved and replaced by a puppet labor front including labor and employers, strikes forbidden. Dividends are restricted to six per cent. But ways have been found to evade this in many quarters. Interest on the bulk of the existing mortgages is frozen at four per cent.

This policy of cheap money was already begun by Chancellor Bruening before Hitler came in. Almost no capital issues for private purposes have been permitted since Hitler came to power. The whole capital market is virtually reserved for the government and its war-preparation purposes. And new means were used to draw off all savings for government uses. For instance, when any category of finance or industry—that is, the banks as a whole or insurance companies as a whole—had a reserve in excess of 500 million marks, Dr. Schacht would send for the officials and persuade them to invest those funds in enterprises required by the government. When a Nazi official undertakes to persuade a private citizen, always in the dark background looms the shadow of the internment camp. Dr. Schacht never failed to persuade the corporate officials.

Nazis Commandeer Savings

Thus as fast as savings flow into private industries and financial institutions they are piped out again into enterprises desired by the government. A great corps of accountants and inspectors is busy continually ferreting out reserves and drawing them into the hands of the government. Thus they are kept out of the consumption-goods markets or out of industries catering to the consumption-goods market.

Minus the ruthless methods of enforcement, this government is in a better position than Germany to accomplish all these controls, though in different ways.

First of all, as to restraining the flow of inflationary funds into the income stream in this country: The government can drain the additional purchasing power created by the armament boom into its coffers. That is, that 13 to 18 billions of income in excess of the value of the consumption goods produced and to be purchased—13 to 18 billions which the people do not need in order to buy what they produce can be drawn back by the government into the treasury, first by efficient methods of taxing surplus income and second, by coaxing the balance into its coffers by borrowing. If citizens refuse to lend, the government may have to resort to forced savings. Citizens must be made to understand that they can perform a very great service not only to the government but to their own savings by lending them directly to the government. Loans made by the government out of the savings of ts citizens are not as inflationary as oans made by the government from ommercial banks. Added to this the government can keep the nation's purchasing power for consumption goods down by imposing whatever credit restrictions may be necessary, especially restrictions on installment and even long-term credit. And the people themselves must learn how to submit to these restrictions as bravely and uncomplainingly as young men submit to being drafted.

Then there is the question of labor. The great problem arises out of transferring 12 million workers from peacetime jobs to wartime jobs. The present method can make trouble. Men are drawn into war industries from peacetime industries by the bait of higher wages. If this goes on it may result in a rising and disorderly competition for men among producers of war materials. This will enormously boost the labor cost of production while at the same time creating discontent among many whose wages remain low.

Higher Wages Lure Workers

Then as men are enticed away from peacetime industries by the higher wages in war industries, the peacetime industries, with a ready market for their goods, will go into competition with the war industries for labor. And we may see a spiraling of wages that could even get out of hand. This will have to be prevented.

The price freezing of April 28th is at least a beginning. The American government will not want to suppress labor unions. But labor unions can be made to see the necessity of co-operating with the government, wages can be stabilized and means can be found for mobilizing essential labor services without dangerous competition.

On the price front, America had to choose between two systems. One is the piecemeal system—I call it the Babylon system, since King Hammurabi used it 1,950 years before Christ. The other is the price-ceiling system first invented by Mr. Bernard Baruch in this country. The first one to apply that was Adolf Hitler. But Hitler took things at the very start—three years before war began—and he controlled labor and profits as well as material prices. Mr. Baruch's system was difficult of application here, first because it could not be applied until the war effort was well advanced, which meant prices were already seriously out of balance and to freeze prices would be to freeze the unbalance, and, second, because it could be made to work only if labor and profit and interest control of all prices including agricultural prices would be part of the scheme. At least, that was the reasoning of those in authority until very recently. The difficulty of controlling wage levels and agricultural prices is already evident because of political considerations and a lack of administrative machinery. Hence Mr. Leon Henderson first chose what seemed to be the more practical method—fixing prices one at a time.

However, this entails one more control. Obviously price fixing on the piecemeal basis would involve a job so immense that it would be impractical if that were attempted for the whole price structure. When one price is fixed, others unfixed show a tendency to run away. That brings a dangerous contest between the agility of the price administrator and the selling public. The price administrator, after one price has been fixed, always saw he had to fix three more prices. He has made, up to the present time, more than 140 price schedules. But the number of separate prices is estimated in this country at one and a half million.

Consequently an "almost overall price ceiling" was enacted, freezing the nonagricultural prices at their highest sales levels of March, 1942. Agricultural commodities cannot be frozen before they reach specific levels—as a rule, 110 per cent of the purchasing power attained in the average 1909-14 period.

In most countries price laws add that for all prices of necessary goods not expressly fixed, the seller may charge a fair price. This price covers all costs reasonably incurred by the seller, including a compensation for the proprietor's own work, a risk premium and a net profit not exceeding the prewar level. This must not be confused with the old "cost-plus" of the last war. That was a plan under which the government made contracts for war goods without fixing the price and permitting the contractors to charge cost, plus a profit. What I have in mind is a plan to transfer the responsibility for avoiding profiteering by law to the mass of the sellers. This would make the price administrator the policing agent and not the dictator. It works satisfactorily in most countries and—for commodities not covered by direct freezing—it can certainly be applied successfully here.

Of course if the war lasts long enough and the costs mount high enough, there may be a threat of bootlegging in all sorts of goods. Ways of evasion turn up. In the first World War there was a cattle dealer in the Rhineland who sold his cattle exactly at the fixed price. But for every two head of cattle, the customer had to buy a dog for $120. This dog was no ordinary animal, for after a short while he always returned to his first master. We could not prevent the dog from coming back, but we could prevent the master from selling him by licensing the whole cattle trade.

Democratic Methods for America

In America, when a merchant is licensed, the enforcement of the rules can be carried on with reasonable lenience and with some respect for democratic methods. On hearing of the first offense the American price administrator will write the offender a letter warning him. On succeeding offenses the price administrator can apply to the court for a revocation of the merchant's war license. Now all American wholesalers, retailers and service establishments are government-licensed.

Then of course the government has in its hands a powerful weapon over agricultural prices—namely the great accumulated surpluses. When prices tend to rise, the government can feed these surplus crops into the market with a steadying effect.

Behind all that lies the vast gold reserve of the government. If at any time doubt should creep into the minds of the people respecting their currency, there is the huge mountain of gold which this government possesses, the very presence of which behind the currency should act as a barrier against inflation. Not only would the gold backing of the dollar act as a brake, but various sorts of controls through bank action can be effected by means of the gold. The government could decide to put gold coin back into circulation and, with gold circulating freely, the banks would have to increase their reserves and cut down their credits. Buyers of merchandise on credit would have to sell, thus increasing the supply and lowering the price. Never fear, this government has in its hands weapons of great power for controlling prices and reaching all the causes of inflation. And it will use them, as clearly forecast by the recent price freeze. There will be no runaway inflation in America.

The End

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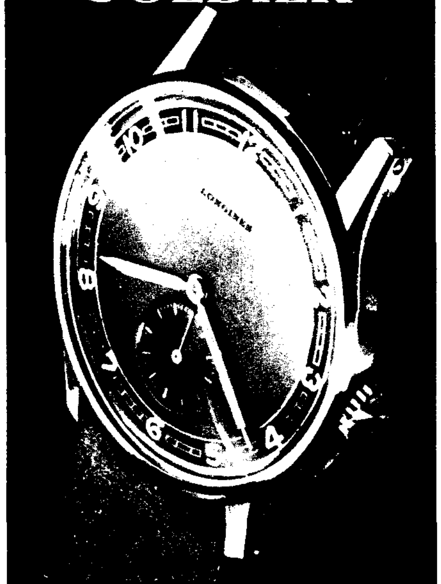

The Longines Convoy model shown here greatly enlarged is an ideal watch for the man in service. It is larger than most strap watches, but extremely thin. The case is stainless steel, the dial is gun metal; hands and figures are luminous. It is priced at $63.50.

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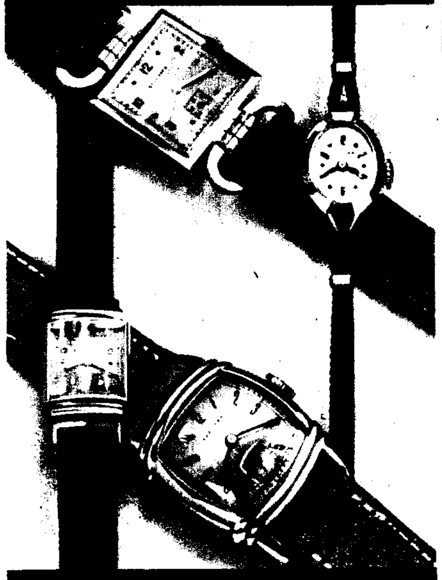

Ladies' Longines: left Tally-Ho, $77.50; right Salina, $75.00; men's Longines: above Pres. Garfield, $150.00, below Robert Burns, $55.00.

Flight to the Sun

Continued from page 25

"That's what is on your side. But this is about the most important thing you do or don't do. I'm trying to be cold about it."

"I suppose it will be all right," she said. "But I don't think the matron will let me go."

"We'll go back now and see her."

He pulled her around as he had not done for a long time. She was softer than she had been before. She did not resist him but just let him hold her close. He drew away suddenly and they walked in silence back to the hospital. . . . He was very sure of himself. The matron was surprised when Quayle and Helen Stangou walked in.

"Hullo, Matron," he said. "I'm sorry to disturb you, but I want to ask you for something."

"Hullo . . . you look serious. What is it?"

"We would like to get married. I want Helen to come back to Athens."

"You are wanting to marry?"

"Yes," Quayle said. "Can she go back to Athens tomorrow or the next day in our transport plane?"

The matron was quiet for a moment, then nodded and said, "It is easy to arrange to go back. She can go. I will make it all right."

Helen smiled quietly. Quayle nodded.

"That's swell of you, Matron. Thank you for that," he said seriously.

"She can take some broken parts for a heating machine down for me. We have no extra parts. She can take them down for me and it will be fine."

"Yes. Anything. Thanks a lot," Quayle said again.

"I am glad. I felicitate you. But you should look more happy."

"I don't know how we can get married around here," Quayle said.

"You worry about that tomorrow . . . or in Athens."

Quayle and Helen went out and Helen said she would have to finish some work. So Quayle went back to the hotel. Hickey was sitting on his bed and called Quayle in as he passed the door.

"I hope you fixed things up all right. The Germans are due in Greece tonight or tomorrow. Any minute. Your girl can go back on the Bombay tomorrow if she wants to. We've got a patrol to do before we leave."

"Where to?"

"Do you remember Nitralexis?"

"That crazy Greek flier? I haven't seen him for a long while."

"He's been up at Koritza. We've got to take him out on a reconnaissance over toward Valona to see what the Italians are doing."

"That means low flying."

"Heaven only knows what it means. I just hope the jerries aren't in by then."

"What time are we up?"

"Six o'clock. You'd better get to bed."

"Yes. Well, I'll be glad to get out of this place."

"So will I," Hickey said.

"Good night, Hickey."

"Good night, John. I'll get the porter to wake you."

THERE was no mist the next morning. The Gladiators were standing coldly in the blue dawn. The Greeks had wheeled out the old Bréguet and were starting the engine.

Quayle and Hickey stood around waiting for Nitralexis to appear. Hickey showed the others, on the map, where the reconnaissance would take place. It was over a high, rocky stretch of mountains away behind the Italian lines, where it was thought that large stores were hidden. Nitralexis came up with Papagos. He was already in his flying coat, and Papagos had two overcoats on. Nitralexis put his arm around Hickey and greeted him with a wide smile.

"I am happy today," Nitralexis said. He laughed with his head back. "I have accompany from you. This is going good."

He knelt on the ground and unfolded a crumpled Greek map of the area, much better than those the squadron had. In careful slow English he showed what he wanted to do. He knew his business very well, Hickey decided.

They would come around a high mountain peak; Nitralexis would make the straight reconnaissance flight down the valley while his pictures were taken, would turn around for another run, then climb immediately and head for home whatever was happening. Instead of keeping height and waiting in case 42s attacked the Bréguet, the Gladiators would fly along with Nitralexis at whatever height he was going to take his pictures.

"We will wish each other good fortune, yes?" he said to Hickey, as they walked to their planes.

"Yes, we'll need it," Hickey said.

THE Bréguet was rising and falling in great jumps as they came down and around the mountain. The flight kept in close, and Nitralexis leveled the Bréguet out at five hundred feet, bumping straight down the valley. Then the short bursts of antiaircraft made black puffs around the sky and point 5s opened up with tracers. It was short, however. Nitralexis made both runs quickly and started climbing. They turned back toward the mountains. All they had to do now was to get home.

They were almost at cloud level when the 42s came. Quayle saw them and was not surprised. There were sixteen or so in the first group. They were coming straight down in formation. There was another group coming beam-on lower down, about twenty. And Quayle knew this was the toughest spot he had ever been in.

The attack met them another two miles on. There was nothing much they could do about it except try to get height, hide in the clouds. But the Bréguet slowed them down, and the 42s came at them with full guns blazing. The air was streaked with white tracers in front, behind, underneath. For the the first time since he had been fighting, Quayle got bullets in his plane.

He kicked the rudder, eased the stick and slipped into a glide coming in a slip right into the head of the 42s. He saw the white spread of ragged-edged flame from a 42 as he got the underwings where the Fascist emblem came into his ring sights. He pushed hard on the gun button, knew immediately that he had come in too close and that 42 shells were hitting his plane. He pulled hard on the stick to come up over the 42. There was slow action. The climb was too slow. He could feel the controls loose somewhere and the plane losing height again. He banked around and suddenly caught a glimpse of the Bréguet crashing beam-on into the middle of a 42 . . . and a strange tangle of machines going down.

His controls were bad, there was something wrong with the elevators and he kept falling. He pulled desperately on the stick, took a quick look out, knew he was too low to bail out.

The plane was hurtling fast, and the wind screamed high through the slits in the cockpit cover. The ragged side of a mountain came up quickly . . . the green timber, red earth somewhere, rocks, speed, blurred movement . . . nothing before him but solid, solid. . . . This is it, he thought. This is everything . . . this is all the world . . . it's coming . . . it's here. . . .

And Quayle crashed in a wide bump, skidded deep below the timber tops, came into the rocky earth. Spars, fabric, struts were torn to shreds, went flying everywhere. The weight of the engine carried the shambles of the plane forward until it was crumpled into a tight ball. . . .

Quayle was conscious of the bump, the violent tearing of the fabric. He was solidly, terrifically thrown forward, and his head crashed against the instrument board. It was all quiet, very quiet for a moment, then nothing. . . .

BLOOD had frozen on his head. Where the flesh had been broken by the metal, there was a hard crust of blood that stuck to his skin and to the object. There was blood down the front of the Irvin jacket; and where his face showed through the mask, there were blood and cuts. The mask had been pushed under his jaw and had crushed against his neck. His hands had bent with the stick and were loose and bleeding at his sides.

It was dark evening when the grayness started moving into consciousness. When he could see, he could feel the indefinite pain and the concentration in his head, which made it difficult to coordinate what he was doing. He got a grip on the side of the cockpit and pulled himself up. He felt the weight of the parachute and fumbled to push the harness release in his stomach. . . . The straps fell away and he struggled to the top of the smashed cockpit. He paused, blacked out, fell hard to the earth. Then he went to sleep again. . . .

There was plenty of day alive when he woke up. He was normally conscious immediately. He was quickly conscious again of all the pain and stiffness of his body, but mostly of the swelling and the cuts of his face. He sat for a moment and looked at the timber around him and the wrecked plane.

"That thing will never fly again," was the absurd thought there in his head. John Quayle stood up and walked uneasily and unfirmly to the plane. He pulled out the parachute pack, saw that the plane's compass was smashed. He reached down and pulled out the tin of emergency rations. It was squashed but the rations were all right.

He got the first-aid kit and the maps. He sat down on the rock and rubbed the ointment from the kit over his face. He could feel it swollen and badly gashed. He pulled the release bar on the parachute. The pilot parachute sprang out and some of the big silk with it. He cut it with his pocketknife and tore strips off. He bandaged his neck and the top of his head. He took a long drink from the military water bottle that hung on his waist opposite his .44 pistol. Then he stood up and, with the maps under his arm, walked unsurely up the slope a few yards until he came to a break in the timber and he could see where he was.

When he could study the landscape, he was surprised to see how high he was. He was on a lofty mountain and below to the east he could see a ribbon of road and, beyond it, a river that was big and wide and green with the birth of its own fertility. He walked back to the plane. He pulled on his belt with the .44 and the water bottle. He picked up the emergency rations, looked at the sun and moved across the slope.

He was bending down to get under

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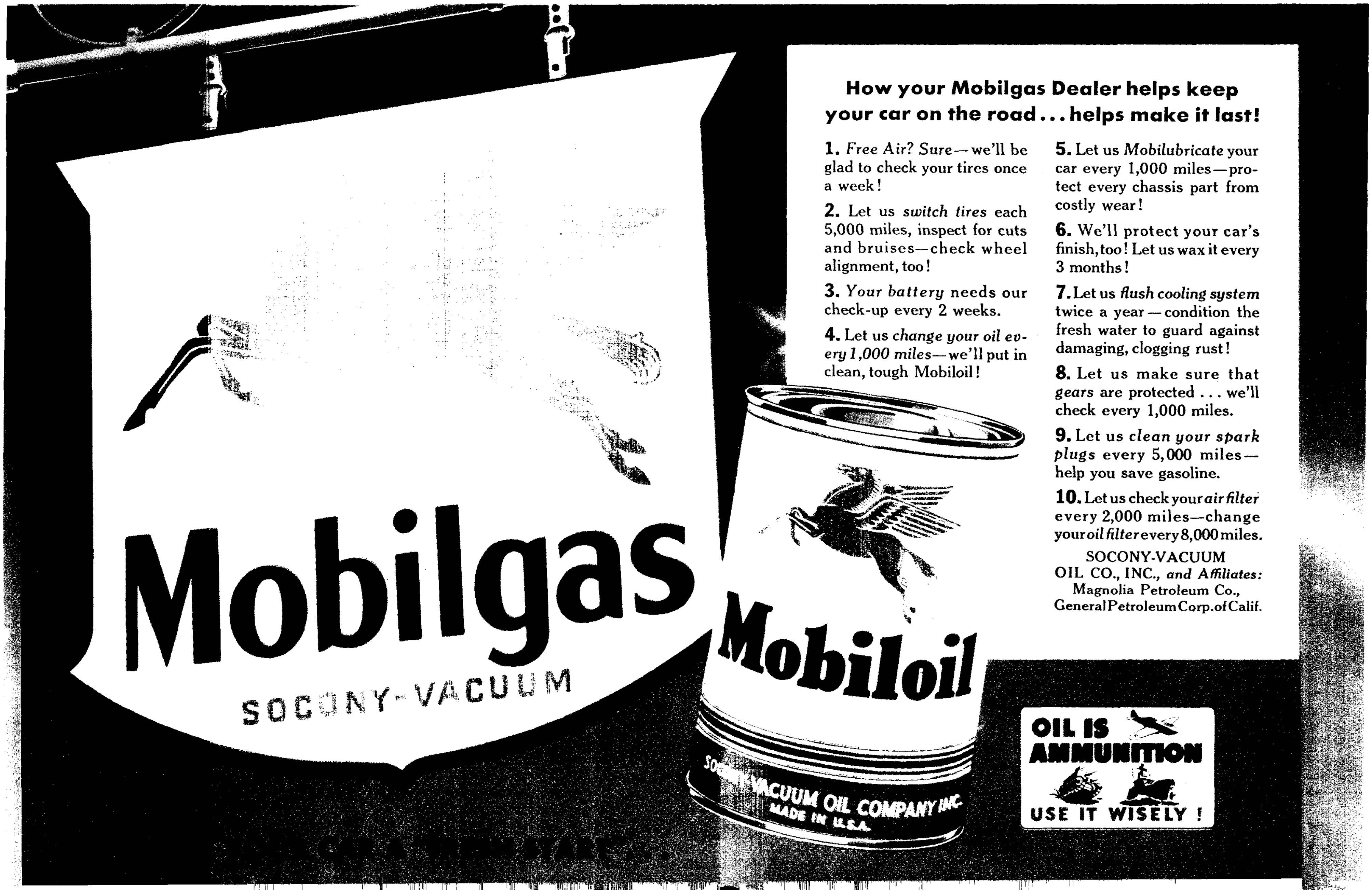

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the low timber as he left the plane when he heard the noise of walking. It was suddenly near and heavy and above the quiet wind in the leaves. He fell flat and waited. The movement was close. He peered through the foliage. He knew there were more than one. He didn't think of his .44 but just lay there looking with his eyes long-focused. The figures came through the timber and stood for a moment. Quayle looked quickly. He crouched into the earth. Then he saw the beard, the wide face . . . the tin helmet. It was Nitralexis.

Quayle stood up and walked in the direction Nitralexis and the other figure were taking. He came in across an open stretch. . . . Nitralexis stopped quickly, looked surprised and in midair for a moment. Then Quayle said, "It's me . . . Quayle."

Nitralexis frowned, then smiled in his beard and walked forward.

"*Inglis* . . . *Inglis*," he said, with a great laugh.

Quayle looked at the other figure. It was not Papagos, the air gunner. It was a peasant in a long black beaten-felt cape with a hood. He was very young, with hair over his forehead and red full cheeks. He smiled at Quayle.

"Where's Papagos . . . Papagos?" Quayle said. Nitralexis was patting him on the back with his arm. He took it away and shook his head.

"We burn . . . we crash . . . we burn, fire . . . Papagos . . ." Nitralexis shook his head again.

"How did you find me?" Quayle asked him.

Nitralexis didn't understand at first, then said slowly, "He," pointing to the peasant, "said another *avion* . . . airplane . . . we going back . . . he said another airplane . . ."

Quayle took the maps out. He pointed to their position on the map.

"Tepelini," Quayle said. "We'll go toward Tepelini."

Nitralexis picked up the map, then put it down again and pointed to Chimare on the coast. "Here . . . we go here . . . this is better."

"Tepelini . . . near Ioannina . . it's quicker," Quayle said and pointed to Tepelini again.

Nitralexis shook his head with confidence. "Too many Italians," he said. "Too bad country. That's impossible."

QUAYLE shook his head, folded the map. He knew that if he gave way to Nitralexis he would not pass through Ioannina, but go down the coast to Chimare and back to Athens. He didn't want to miss Helen. He had to go through Tepelini to Ioannina.

"I'm going toward Tepelini. I want to get to Ioannina," Quayle explained slowly.

"Is dangerous. . . . Why?"

"Faster . . . it's faster," Quayle said.

"I think you want, you must go to Ioannina. Yes?"

"Yes," Quayle said.

"Why?"

"Plenty of reasons. I'm going to marry a Greek girl . . . a Greek girl . . . marry."

Nitralexis pulled his black beard and pushed his tin hat back.

"You marry? Girl in Ioannina?"

"Yes. We were to marry today . . . today." John pointed his thumb into his chest.

"Ho . . . *Inglisi* . . ." Nitralexis laughed, and said something in rapid Greek to the peasant, who smiled and nodded and said something back to Nitralexis.

"We go . . . we go to Tepelini. You will have the girl. . . . The Italians will have us. . . . Ho . . . *Inglisi* and love!" Nitralexis patted Quayle affectionately on the arm and chuckled into his beard.

"Fine," Quayle said. He picked up the maps.

Quayle looked at the map and started to take directions again. Nitralexis shook his head.

"It is no need, no compass. He," Nitralexis pointed to the peasant, "will take us. He knows this. It is his country."

"Well, let's go then," Quayle said to them.

Nitralexis told the peasant what they were to do. The young peasant shrugged, turned around. Quayle picked up his belongings.

"What's his name? His name? Who is he?" Quayle asked Nitralexis, pointing to the peasant boy whose cheeks were the reddest Quayle had ever seen.

"Deus. You know . . . it means a god . . . Deus. He is a Greek of Albania. He is of the hills. He found me," Nitralexis said, with his bearded mirth.

Quayle put the emergency rations, the first-aid kit, the maps into his cross-shoulder bag, and they started out.

DEUS led them through thick timber where the wind slapped and back-slapped the trees. The direction he took was around the crest of the Lap Martelle. There were deep valleys all around and other crests. Occasionally John Quayle could see the white road far down in one or another of the valleys, and the river beside it. They walked silently, Quayle following Deus, and Nitralexis coming behind. Quayle's head was getting thicker as they walked, and his limbs were beginning to get muscularly stiff. Occasionally he looked at his map and saw they were bearing almost due east.

"Which way?" Nitralexis asked him once.

"We're heading due east," Quayle told him.

Nitralexis said something to Deus, who replied without stopping.

"Says we cross road . . . quicker," Nitralexis said.

"What about the Italians?" Quayle asked him.

"It will be difficult," Deus admitted. "The Italians are frightened people. They shoot quickly."

"That, I know," Nitralexis said to Deus.

"Perhaps I should have the *Inglisi*'s pistol," Deus said.

Nitralexis knew that Deus had been eying the .44. Such a pistol would be worth a fortune to Deus; he would steal it if he couldn't get it by other means. Nitralexis knew that Deus would shoot them both, without malice, if it would get him the pistol.

"The *Inglisi* will give it you when you get us through the Italians to the Greeks."

"He will?" Deus said it as a question.

"The *Inglisi* has promised me. The *Inglisi* is very trustworthy, you know that."

Nitralexis was afraid Deus would steal the pistol. He would have to warn Quayle to keep it empty. Deus would be more dangerous than the Italians sometimes, but he was a fine boy.

They were climbing now and the path was difficult. Quayle got hungry and chewed on one of the chocolate bars. Nitralexis was eating hard brown bread. The road below was getting more directly beneath them.

The three of them started to move down the slope in the late afternoon. Quayle was getting stiffer and they had to go slowly. By evening they were halfway down the slope, and the road was in full view. Deus stopped in a tight clump of plane trees.

"We will sleep here," he said to Nitralexis.

"Aren't we near enough to cross the road tonight?" Nitralexis pointed at the road.

"We must observe first." Deus took off his felt cape. He looked at Quayle who was sitting down with his head leaning on his knees. "He is with pain," Deus said to Nitralexis.

"No . . . he's all right. That is the way the English rest themselves. He's all right."

Quayle looked up and asked what they were stopping for.

"We sleep," Nitralexis told him. "Tomorrow we observe. The road is filled with Italians. We must wait."

Quayle lay down as he was. His head was heavy and thick again; he couldn't move his legs properly. He looked solidly at the earth before him and fell asleep.

Deus and Nitralexis waited for each other to move. Finally Deus wrapped his cape around his shoulders and lay down. Nitralexis did the same.

QUAYLE awakened suddenly. There was a moon again. He knew something had been happening. He looked around for Nitralexis. He wasn't there. Deus was gone, too. Quayle thought suddenly that they had left him. He sat up . . . the pain hurt him. Nitralexis appeared.

"The Italians are near as your skin," he said in a whisper.

"Where?"

"Down below. Listen."

Quayle listened. He heard voices and laughter. He was suddenly drawing breath.

"Where's Deus?" he asked.

"He's looking at the Italians," Nitralexis said.

Quayle felt for his pistol. It was gone.

"Deus has taken my gun," Quayle said in a whisper.

"No. I have it. I took it. He tried to take it but I had already take it. I will keep it."

Quayle could feel that the little square pouch for ammunition on his belt was empty.

"Did you take the ammunition, too?" he asked Nitralexis.

"In the gun?"

"No. I keep it in this little pouch," Quayle said.

"No. I did not," Nitralexis said. "Deus must take that. He did, uh?"

"How do I know? Yes . . . he must have. There's none in the gun, either."

"So we have the pistol. Deus has the bullets." Nitralexis laughed softly.

"How will you get it back?"

"We *will not* let him know about shot. He would then be afraid and leave us but follow and he would squash our throats in sleep. . . . Oh, no . . . we will be silent. He does not know where the gun is."

Nitralexis told Quayle to go to sleep again. The latter was still feeling heavy enough to accept the idea carelessly. He went to sleep immediately.

It was Deus who woke him up. He was smiling into John Quayle's face with wide open eyes and a friendly expression that didn't convey the idea that he would shoot them both for the pistol.

"Okay," Quayle said.

Deus beamed some more and said, "Horkai" in imitation. Quayle nodded in friendship. Nitralexis awoke. In the quiet approach to morning light, they moved up the slope until they came to a prominent clump of timber on a rock hanging over the slope. From here, they could see the road yawning in the now clear morning light.

"We will observe," Deus said to Nitralexis, and leaned over the rock to watch the road.

DEUS said in the late afternoon, "We will be all right tonight. But there are many Italian camps," he said to Nitralexis. "Can the *Inglisi* walk quietly on his stomach?"

"He can walk all right. The pain is only his head. In his country he is well known for his stomach-walking," Nitralexis said.

Quayle offered Deus a piece of his bar chocolate. The boy looked at Nitralexis.

"Go on," Nitralexis said. "It is chocolate. It's all right."

Deus took the chocolate and smiled broadly at Quayle. He bit the chocolate carefully and opened his eyes wide, like a child. "It has much sweetness. It is very glorious."

Deus smiled at Quayle once more and sat down, chewing the chocolate. Quayle lay down and thought himself to sleep above the pain in his head.

Quayle woke up again with the movement around him. He did not want to move. He was still exhausted. The night was open with moonlight.

"We are going?" he asked Nitralexis.

"Yes. . . . You are all right? We have to walk upon stomachs."

Nitralexis helped Quayle to his feet. Deus was smoothing the surface of the ground where they had been sleeping. They started down the slope with Deus leading and Nitralexis coming up behind Quayle. Deus held the branches of the trees he ran into, carefully, so they wouldn't swish.

When the slope graded out, Deus almost stopped. He took every step carefully and very quietly and often he stood still. They came to a clearing and Quayle saw the road before him. Deus crawled toward the road. Quayle eased his way forward on his elbows. At the road, which was built up, Deus got into a crouching position. He touched Quayle on the shoulder, nodded his head and stood up slightly. Crouching, he moved quickly up the rise and crossed the road. Quayle followed him and felt the hard gravel crunching under his boots. He fell into the ditch on the other side, and Nitralexis came. . . .

THEY started moving forward again. It seemed they were crawling for hours in the dark. They could hear voices all the time now. When they got to the river they were glad of its running sound. Deus stopped again and they sat crouching in a small circular dip in the earth. Deus whispered something to Nitralexis.

"This is not deep," Nitralexis whispered to Quayle. "There are some Italians the other side. We must be careful then. If something happens we will keep going upward. There is a dead river running upward."

"Okay," Quayle said quietly.

"Horkai." Deus turned around and smiled.

They moved off again. The water was very cold and swift running. It was seldom above the knees. They crouched close to the surface. Sometimes the water seeped through Quayle's Irvin jacket and got into his stomach and almost made him gasp aloud. They got across it all right and lay down on the white pebbled bank. Deus moved slowly forward, then dropped quickly. The others followed. Quayle felt the pain in his head as he hit the earth. There was someone walking. He waited for something to happen.

Deus carefully moved forward again. Quayle lifted himself carefully and followed. He could hear Nitralexis behind him. They went on into the night.

There was depth of sunlight above them. They were on the high mountain over the valley where the road and the river were running almost due south. Quayle was lying on his back. Deus looked at him from where he sat chewing at the hard bread he produced from somewhere on his person.

"You are certain," he said to Nitralexis, "that the *Inglisi* will give me the fine pistol?"

"The *Inglisi* can be trusted. He trusts you . . . therefore, you can trust him."

Deus nodded.

Then Quayle looked up because he

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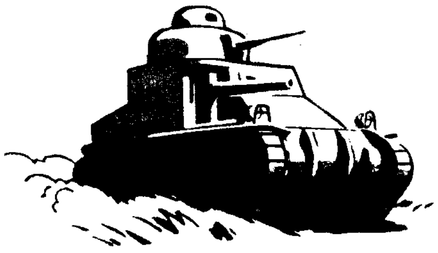

heard the sound of engines. He was doubtful at first but then he was sure.

"*Airoplanos*," Nitralexis said, pointing to the northeast. . . .

Quayle could see the large formation getting nearer. They were in three groups. There would be at least fifty planes in each group. They were at about ten thousand feet and in good formation.

"Hundreds of them," Quayle said.

Gradually they came near enough to distinguish the details of their construction. Quayle shaded his eyes and looked at them carefully. He realized suddenly what they were.

"Germans," he said to Nitralexis. "They're Dornier 17s."

"So now we have the Germans, too," Nitralexis said.

"I wonder when it started."

"Somebody will have many bombs from that lot," Nitralexis said.

"We'd better get going," Quayle advised.

Deus led them along the side of the high mountain as the bombers disappeared to the south. Quayle looked at his map, saw their own course was due south now. He calculated they would cross the Italian lines somewhere between Tepelini and Klissoura, but near Tepelini. That would lead them to the Argyrokastro road. That road went back to Ioannina. That's probably where the Germans are going, Quayle was thinking. They'll go to Ioannina because it's the key town for this whole front. The Germans have sense that way. They would probably flatten it with bombers first—if they had not flattened it already. John Quayle put the maps away and concentrated on the rough path that slipped down the high mountain toward the valley between Klissoura and Tepelini.

ALL that day they heard bombers going over. Sometimes they could see the planes, and they were always German. Sometimes they could not see the planes but they heard bombing. It was difficult walking along the rock path from the high slope, winding around the steep sides. Quayle fell many times and twice he scratched more skin from his hands trying to keep on his feet. Deus did not seem to think there were any Italians at the height they traveled most of the time. But during the second day he began to take care because they were nearing the level area and they could see the two roads joining at Tepelini and the quiet village of Tepelini caught in the hook of a river and a mountain. It was white and sloped and it looked silent. They could see the Italian transport moving along the winding road all day. Quayle was thinking that if the Germans had started their advance into Greece, the Italians would be attacking too, so they would have to walk right through a battle.

During the second day from the high mountain, they moved in a great circle around the level area until at night they had reached a small plateau overlooking a wide Italian encampment and the road between Tepelini and Klissoura. They could hear the artillery from both sides somewhere to the south, and the Italian transport on the road never seemed to stop.

"We wait here," Deus said, when they sat down on the small plateau.

"How long?" Nitralexis asked.

"Until darkness. We must cross the road again. It is difficult."

Nitralexis told Quayle and they all lay on their stomachs and watched the activity in the Italian camp until complete darkness made only the sounds clear. Then Deus stood up and started carefully down the steep slope from the plateau.

"Do we go right through that camp?" Quayle said.

"No, we go around it."

They were moving very fast as Deus chose good footholds and kept the movement decisive. When they reached the end of the slope Deus motioned them to lie still. Quayle could hear the deep continuous boom of the artillery much nearer now. He could hear the Italians talking in the camp to the left. Then Deus moved on his stomach out into the open. John Quayle followed him.

SLOWLY they moved, and Quayle could see the clear outline of big Italian Diesel trucks ahead of them. Deus stopped when he saw them. He's miscalculated, Quayle was thinking. He didn't expect those trucks to be there. This is going to be fine.

Deus had not expected the trucks to be there. He looked at them and then wormed his way in a right-angle turn to a clump of bushes. Nitralexis and Quayle followed him. From there they crawled parallel to the road and came to an open space.

"It is wrong," Deus whispered to Nitralexis. "We have come too far."

"Well . . ."

"You are in a hurry?" Deus asked. "There are chances to be taken."

"Just any part of the bull's-eye, sir?" LOUIS JAMME

"We take chances?" Nitralexis asked Quayle with mild humor.

"Sure. What's wrong? Let's get going," Quayle whispered.

"We take chances," Nitralexis told Deus.

"Horkai," whispered Deus and patted Quayle on the back.

They crawled into the open space. Quayle noticed the bulky shapes with tree boughs on them. It suddenly struck him: Tanks! They were crawling through a tank-dispersal area, only they weren't too dispersed. He saw the tracks of one when they crawled close to it. Deus fell flat as a guard passed along the road which was less than twenty yards ahead of them. It was too early for the moon to be very clear, and Quayle couldn't see what was beyond the road. He kept close to the soft grass earth and followed Deus as he wormed inch by inch to the road. They stopped again when the guard paused up the road.

"Horkai," whispered Deus.

"Come on," Quayle said to Nitralexis, and together they crouched across the road and dropped close to it in a shallow ditch on the other side. Quayle looked ahead and saw a wide clear space with shapes of big guns and timbers strewn around.

They crawled through a field of soft mud into a plowed stretch, and Quayle felt the dampness seep into his sheepskin boots. They crawled along to the timber clump that outlined itself against the clear sky.

"Wait," Deus said to Nitralexis. "I will see."

Deus moved forward and Quayle was restrained by Nitralexis.

"He observes," Nitralexis said.

"What's wrong now?"

"Nothing. We came too far. Those Italians sleep well. Yes?"

"Shhh . . . you'll wake them up and we'll do some sleeping."

"How comes your face, *Inglisi?*"

Quayle was surprised because that was the first time Nitralexis had asked him about it. It must be that we're both scared, Quayle thought.

"It's fine. Where's that young devil gone?"

"He will be back," Nitralexis said. "I have the ammunition back. Here." Nitralexis handed Quayle the ammunition. Quayle put it back in the pouch. Deus rejoined them without any sound following him.

"We have more such places to go through. It will be long," he said to Nitralexis. "Is the *Inglisi* all right?"

"He's fine."

"We go then . . . but be very careful. The Italians do not sleep well tonight."

"Go on then," Nitralexis whispered.

They crawled into the timber that was beyond the small clearing. They seemed to make a terrific noise when there was timber to reflect the sound. They kept stopping and Quayle felt his vibration in the earth every time they flattened out.

SOON they were in another open space that was a camp for Diesel trucks and motorcycles. Quayle became more amazed at what they were doing as they crawled around the edge of the camp without being seen.

When they reached the river, Quayle could hear its shallow water slow on the pebbled edge, also the quiet deep water swirl in the center. He could see the moon now and the shallow light across the flat stretch of white water that was silver.

"It is deep," Deus said. "We will move together."

Nitralexis repeated that to Quayle.

They walked into the shallow water, and the swiftness got dimensional as the water got deep until Quayle was up to his neck. He could feel the Irvin jacket getting heavy but he could not take it off now. Deus was downstream from him, and Nitralexis was holding onto both of them as suddenly the depth of water was too great and they were swimming. The water rushed over their bodies, and Quayle could feel Deus grasping him tightly by the neck. He was almost sinking as he struggled to move forward with a breast stroke.

Nitralexis was behind him but Deus was holding on . . . until he suddenly let go.

Quayle saw him shoot down the current. He felt his kit bag tangling in his legs. He pulled it off his shoulder and went after Deus. Quayle could hear him splashing, then suddenly saw him in a white moonlit stretch. He pushed his arms wide and kicked powerfully until he got to Deus. He grasped the Greek by the heavy felt cape and almost went under as Deus struggled to hold onto him. Quayle went under and felt his feet on the bottom. When he came up he found he still had hold of Deus. He stroked the water with his left arm and kicked; he heard the splash of his kick and repeated it until he thought he could not do it any more and would be carried all the way downstream. And then his feet found bottom.

He pulled Deus up into the shallows and lay there drawing deep breaths. He could hear Deus breathing. He wondered where Nitralexis was. Deus did not move, so Quayle leaned over him and rolled him on his stomach. He pulled off the sodden cape and put his hands into the small of Deus' back. He leaned forward and then back. As the respiration worked, it did not expel water so much as force Deus back into consciousness. He uttered a quiet sound and turned over on his side and was sick.

QUAYLE heard a sound in the water and lay flat. He could hear the movement . . . then guessed it was Nitralexis.

"Hey . . ." he said in a whisper.

"*Inglis?*"

"Yes," Quayle said quietly.

"You got him?"

"Yes. He is here."

Nitralexis came out of the shallow water to the bank.

"Ho . . . he looks he is finished," Nitralexis said in Greek.

"I am well," Deus said to Nitralexis. "We help you."

"No . . . Is the *Inglis* all right?"

"Yes."

"You will say I am grateful."

"Yes . . ." Then: "He says he thanks you," Nitralexis said to Quayle.

"I had visions of our trying to get through the Italian lines without him," Quayle said.

"He says he has grown to like you," Nitralexis told Quayle. Then he said to Deus, "You are his friend . . . he could not let you see the bottom of the stream for a deathbed."

Deus nodded and said nothing. He pulled on his wet cape and stood up. He wavered, then bent over and was sick again.

"Shhh," Quayle said.

Deus dragged his wet cape after him as he crouched under the brush at the edge of the stream.

"Come on," Nitralexis said to Quayle.

"I lost all my stuff . . . I dropped my kit bag." Quayle stopped where he was.

"Come on. It is no time for worrying of that."

Quayle followed Nitralexis, and the three of them crawled across the field until they got to the timber . . . Deus continued being sick as they walked over the rock of the mountain they were facing.

"He's going to give us away," Quayle said.

"He'll be all right." Nitralexis was chuckling in his beard.

"We climb here. We must follow the

...direct hit
every time

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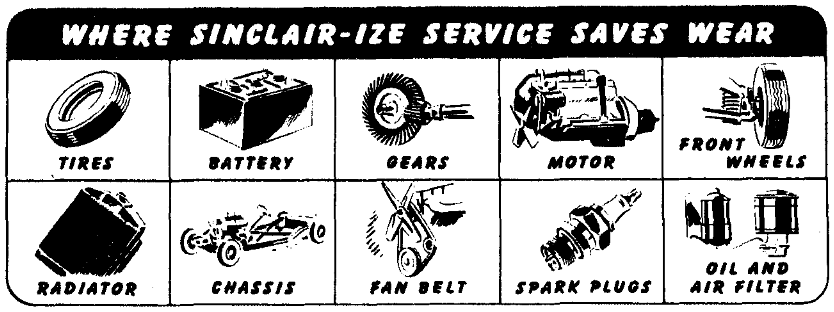

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road but along the mountain," Deus said.

"How long will it take?" Nitralexis asked.

"We should be through the Italians by tomorrow morning."

Quayle and Nitralexis helped Deus as they started up the slope. As they climbed, they could hear the booming of artillery. It was to the south and east.

"There is some battle," Nitralexis said.

"Yes. And we'll be in it," Quayle told him.

IT WAS dawn. The artillery was getting louder. It was hard to tell whether it was behind or before them now, it was so close. Then Quayle saw it bursting to the right, down near the road.

"That's yours, I should say," he said to Nitralexis.

"It is Greek, it is good . . . look!"

A string of shells burst along the side of the road. It was good shooting, but Quayle could not see anything worth shooting at, not from this distance. Suddenly there was a quick whine, and a white puff came through the red earth above them. They all fell flat.

"We're right in the middle of it," Quayle said.

There was a deep sound from above them. "Italians . . . that is their cannon," Nitralexis said. "Come on!"

The three of them crouched and loped along in the timber, falling flat when they heard the shells bursting above them. It was a terrific din, and there was a machine-gun sound. Then the quiet, quick, unpleasant rap of a light machine gun. It was somewhere below and ahead of them. Quayle looked in the direction of the sound but couldn't see anything. They fell flat when they heard another shell burst above them on the slope. This one was nearer.

"They must be shooting at us. They must see us."

"The stupid idiots! Come on!" Quayle was helping Deus along as they ran.

"There's the Greeks!" Nitralexis pointed to the white puff of a shell bursting on the side of the mountain facing them. "That must be!"

They were running and loping, and there were more shells bursting above them, so that the loose rock on the slope rolled down behind them. The white bursts were still throwing up along the road. Then the machine guns opened up again.

"If we're near enough for machine-gun fire, the Greeks can't be far ahead of us. Come on, Deus! Tell him to come on," Quayle said.

They got up again and ran along the rough side of the slope until they came to a clearing. Without thinking, they ran into the open, and then the machine gun sounded again and Quayle knew they were being fired at. He could hear machine-gun fire from two directions across the valley they were coming to, as he fell on his face. The three of them crowded together flat on the earth, as they heard the machine gun firing at them. The soft bullet sounds came over them, and there was the softer sound of some of the bullets hitting the earth before them.

"We are near," Deus said. "We must get into the valley. The Greek is there. He must have retreated to there. He should be where we are now."

"We should go up into the timber," Nitralexis said.

"No, straight on. They will see you running upward."

"It's nearer," Nitralexis said.

"No . . . straight ahead." Deus pulled at Quayle and pointed ahead.

Quayle nodded. They got up, but the machine gun started again. Then Quayle saw Nitralexis running up the slope in the clearing, up toward the timber.

"Get down!" he shouted.

Nitralexis kept running. Then the machine gun came loud again and Quayle didn't hear the bullets, but he saw Nitralexis loosen his feet on the earth and fall as he ran staggering sideways. Quayle knew Nitralexis had been hit more than once. Deus pulled at him and Quayle crouched after Deus as he ran ahead into the timber. Quayle heard the soft bullets over his head but he didn't drop; he kept on until he got to the timber.

Deus had crouched flat into a rock cleft. Quayle looked behind. Nitralexis was lying on his side in the open. He was awkward-looking because he was without any support from his body but loose against the earth, and Quayle knew he was dead.

They heard the Italians shouting below them. Deus was pulling Quayle's arm. He had the pistol. He was pointing to the empty chambers. He wanted the ammunition. Quayle quickly wondered when Deus had taken the pistol from Nitralexis and what Deus would do with it if he gave him the ammunition. He looked at Deus, then opened the square pouch on his canvas belt and pulled out the small box. He spilled some of the squat lead bullets into Deus' outstretched hand and gave him the box. Deus rammed the bullets into the chambers and clicked the barrel shut. Quayle wondered how he had known what to do with the gun.

As the Italians came up the slope, Deus pointed ahead and they ran again, crouching into the timber and falling when the machine gun fired. They came to the beginning of the valley and could hear the movement of feet somewhere behind and below them. They crouched forward and slipped down the valley. Deus waited for Quayle, then pointed ahead and pushed Quayle, motioning him to run across the shallow, dipping earth. The machine gun opened up again.

"Horkai . . . Horkai." Deus nodded vigorously and pointed ahead.

"Okay," Quayle said through his quick-drawing breath.

DEUS pushed him forward as they heard movement behind them. "Horkai, *Inglisi*," he said with quick breath again. He pointed ahead.

He took Quayle's hand, then released it, turned around and ran back up the slope. Quayle drew breath, then raced across the wide slope in the opposite direction. He could hear the machine guns firing at him . . . then heard the quick sharp explosion of the pistol . . . then again . . . and he ran wide and fast across the rock until he stumbled and fell . . . He lay there panting.

He heard the pistol again . . . and again . . . The machine gun vibrated and Quayle looked behind. He saw Deus running up the slope and firing the pistol behind him. He heard the machine gun and saw Deus stagger and fall. Quayle drew a quick breath and ran again. He kept running until he could hear the machine gun near him at the left. He staggered and could feel his head bursting and the blood running out of his face. And then he saw the dung-color uniforms. He saw the gun and put his hands wide, shouting, "*Inglisi! Inglisi!*" as loud as he could. He saw the gun come up. "*Inglisi! Inglisi!*" he shouted again. He knew he was crying; it was his life that was crying.

"*Inglisi, Inglisi,*" he said, and his hands were in the air as he stumbled forward and he saw the Greek run to him. He felt the man's arms grip him and felt the pain and staggered along with the Greek.

"*Inglisi,*" he said. "I'm *Inglisi,*" he was muttering from his head that was bursting.

And he fell limp in the Greek's hands.

(To be continued next week)

Mission

Continued from page 32

dead-level surface of soft dust or powdery chalk, from which rock masses of limestone or clay emerged like islands from the ocean.

It was a daring, a foolish thing to do, to travel all through the grueling day, exposed to the pitiless blaze of the sun, exposed to searching eyes. . . . But they could not waste a day, they could not waste an hour. Not this time.

IT WAS almost inevitable when traveling in the daytime over barren plains. The huge planes in the sky detected the little sand bugs creeping below, and systematically began dropping their lethal charges.

Geoffrey Blake heard the first dry thud before he saw the enemy bombers. Quickly raising his head, he spied a tight formation of enemy craft. He crept back, slammed down the armor hatch with a loud curse, and nudged Jack with his foot, the only means of advising him as to direction and speed. The other commanders did likewise. Instantly the column's straight line scattered, dotting the desert surface with single widely spaced dust clouds that made a more difficult target. The armored car opened fire with its high-velocity hundred-and-five.

The blazing sunlight sharply silhouetted the planes' shadows racing over the sand. The men could not see the black points leaving the craft. They only heard the explosions when the bombs hit the ground.

The tanks increased their speed. The grim basalt plain, forerunner of the mountainous country beyond, already emerged as a dark line on the horizon. The rocky territory provided comparative safety from air attacks.

The armored car blasted swiftly and furiously; at every shot it staggered like a stricken giant, and its chain-covered tires lifted from the ground. But it never interrupted its advance.

The thuds increased in frequency and began coming closer. The air rocked, the earth shuddered. A north wind rose, lifting long waves of sand dust that hid the tanks time and again. Once Blake saw a tank emerging from a sand cloud only a few paces away, and averted a clash by a narrow margin. Yet he endeavored to remain in the sand clouds, following their course whenever possible.

Then the wind subsided for a while, and he saw a few widely scattered tanks rolling steadily ahead. Between them fountainlike splashes of sand belched high into the air. Through the peep-slot aft, he saw the Iron Belle—the armored car—still jumping crazily and firing unremittingly. Even while he watched, she became enveloped in a black cloud that seemed to spring from the ground as if by magic. Then came the explosion. It made his tank stagger.

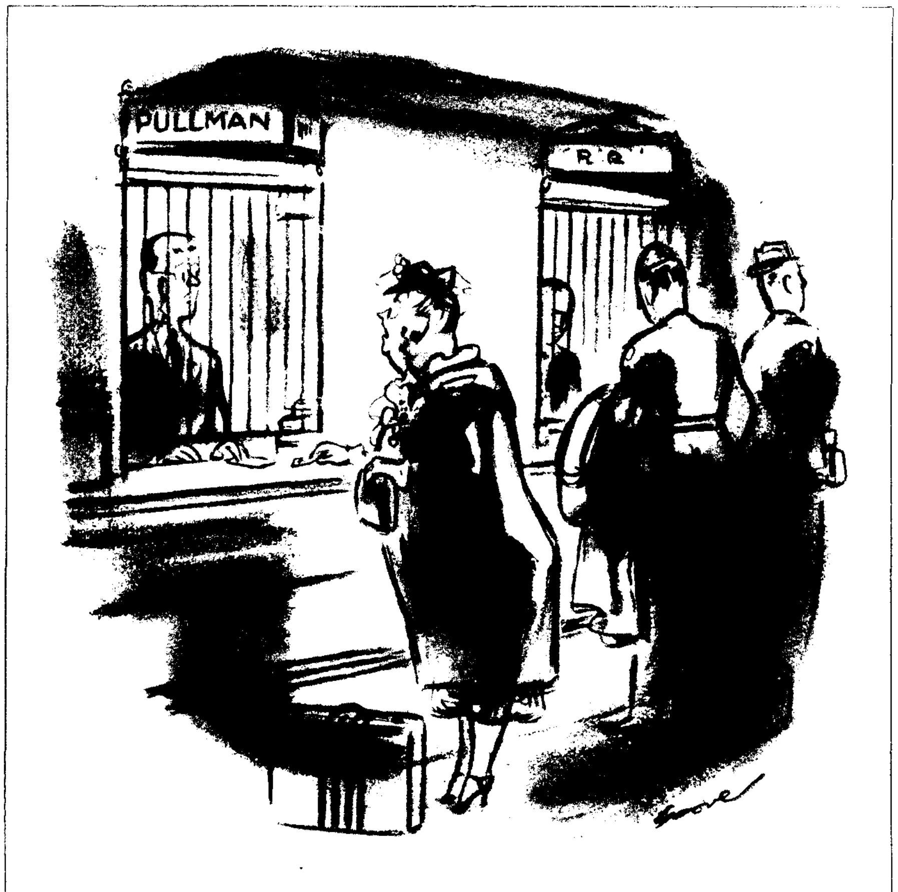
The lion cubs had been deprived of their fighting mother, of their provider.

For the bombers it was the signal to break formation and to come in low. The tanks had to open their turrets and fight for their lives. Using the Bren guns on the antiaircraft mountings from the open turrets exposed the commanders to the planes' machine-gun fire, but it prevented the enemy from coming in too close.

Blake saw the two tanks closest to him destroyed. Each one, directly hit, crumpled into a blazing heap of scrap. But this did not concern him. He pushed ahead steadily, playing hide and seek with the bombers in the intermittent dust waves, firing whenever a craft appeared within range, watching eagerly as the big-game hunt became enveloped in the fast-sinking veil of the night.

Before it grew dark, one of the bombers came winging down toward him, not in a roaring power dive, but in a silent, insecure glide like a wounded falcon. It grazed his turret, and crashed ahead of him, overturning and dissolving into a bursting cloud of dust and fragments.

Then all calmed down. The thuds came to an end, the guns grew silent,



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wind and dust subsided. The remaining planes, rid of their burdens, droned off.

Symbols of steadiness in a shifting world, two tanks were rumbling over the desert toward their goal.

THE two machines halted close to each other. Blake climbed slowly out of his turret. His muscles were stiff and sore. His face was encrusted and his eyes bloodshot from the tiny, invisible sand flints that filled the air.

He jumped to the ground with a thud and approached the other tank. "What's the matter, Curtis?" he called into the slit. "Can't you open up?"

"Can't open," a voice shouted from inside. The crew's frantic efforts to open up could be heard. "We were hit right at the beginning. It couldn't have gone worse, could it?"

"It could," Blake said.

Jack and Andy moaned as they stretched their limbs and stamped the sand.

"You can't get us out without a blowtorch," Curtis said. "Can you go on?"

"Yes. But we haven't fuel enough to get through, since the Iron Belle blew up. If I take your fuel we may make it. I'll signal your position as soon as I make contact."

"Go ahead," came Curtis' voice, after a short pause.

"We'll also take your radiator water."

When his men had drained Curtis' tank to the last drop, Blake said, "So long, Curtis."

"Look out for the Camel Corps, Blake," Curtis called. "This is their territory."

Blake and his men moistened their gums with a gulp of hot water. Then they started off.

They rode with open cowl and turret, smoothly and not too fast in order to conserve fuel. The night was now at its darkest, between sunset and moonrise. But just as the moon's luster began to appear, one of the caterpillar tracks rattled and stuttered, and the tank began to swerve. Jack at once shut off the engine.

There was sudden silence in the vastness; then the anxious breathing of the men climbing out.

Jack walked around the tank. "A link's broken." He pointed to one of the tracks.

"So we can't go on?" Blake asked.

"You don't need a blueprint to see she's busted!" Andy muttered irritably.

"We have some spare links," Jack said. "About two hours' work will repair it."

"Let's sit down first and feed our bellies," Blake said. "You work better on a full belly."

"I fall asleep on a full belly," Andy mumbled, producing the provisions.

THEY put on their heavy coats, for the night air was frosty and the sands had chilled swiftly. Squatting in the sand, they attacked their rations.

Jack chewed listlessly, then tossed away his half-empty tin.

"Don't feel hungry," he said. "The idea of Curtis and his crew makes me sick. Blast those rat traps!" From the tank came the continual crackling of the rapidly cooling metal.

"I'm not asking you to be hungry," Blake said coldly. "I'm telling you to eat. . . . You've got to drive me, you know." Then seeing Jack adjusting a bandage around his ankle, he asked, "What's the matter with your leg?"

"Nothing much. I bruised it, and it got swollen."

"Let me have a look."

Jack noticed Blake's worried look as he scrutinized the wound. "Is it bad?"

"Sure it is. Why didn't you do something about it?"

"It happened when we started. There was nothing I could do."

As they chewed on in silence, each man looking thoughtfully at the sand between his outspread legs, the sudden bark of a rifle a few hundred feet away made them jump up. Shots spattered about them. They dropped cans and tea mugs and flung themselves back into the tank, bullets whistling about their heads. Their straining eyes could detect nothing, although the sands were now flooded with moonlight.

"I wonder," Blake reflected aloud as soon as the fusillade subsided, "whether it is a regular Camel Corps squadron or just a marauding tribe waging a holy war of its own." Far in the distance he could hear the guttural grunting of the maharas.

For some time the men kept behind their armor plates, eyes and pieces at the ready. Then Blake came out circumspectly, and, as nothing happened, he ordered Jack and Andy to follow. But no sooner were the three men exposed, than the fusillade was resumed from nowhere, accompanied by the vicious chatter of machine guns.

"Blast it!" Blake cried, diving back into his turret. "They're Camel Corps troopers, all right. Did you hear those MGs?"

"I don't like that song and dance," Andy said, impatiently patting his gun. "Not if I can't see their noses."

"How many do you think there are?" Jack asked.

"They operate in *goums* of a hundred," Blake said. "I heard three MGs, so there can't be less than two squadrons; two hundred men at least."

"If we could only repair that blasted caterpillar!"

"Yes, and what a mess we could make of them!" Andy said hopefully.

"I'll try to fix the link while you two cover me with the guns," Jack suggested.

"No. We'll only hit the sand, and they'll get you, all right," Blake said. Then he added: "Let's wait for dawn. They may attack then, and if we let them come close enough before opening fire, we may teach them a lesson yet. Try and get some sleep, even if it's only for a few hours. I'll keep watch."

"Good," Andy said. "Wake me at eight, on the dot."

A BEAMLESS disk of red emerged from beyond the horizon. The new day spread swiftly over the sands.

Blake heard the rasping sound of Andy's gun turning on its socket.

"Hold it, Andy!" he cried.

A maharist and his mount had appeared from behind a dune and were slowly approaching. The rider swayed up and down, to the right and left, in time with his mahara's awkward, disorderly stride. Ostentatiously he held up his rifle, to which a white rag was attached. When he came within hailing distance, Blake recognized him as a white subaltern officer, dressed in the large floating trousers of the native attire; only his plain khaki tunic and kepi were European. He stopped, and, holding up the white flag with one hand, called out:

"We won't harm you if you surrender now! But if there's any shooting, we can't answer for your safety! You know the native troops!"

"Must you have your answer now?" Blake called back.

"We'll give you half an hour. Then come out without arms and with hands raised. Be reasonable." The man saluted, and turning his camel about, disappeared behind the dunes.

"Next to a good fight, there's nothing I like better than to be reasonable and surrender," Andy observed.

From the dunes in the distance, maharists emerged all around, men of different tribes and races, who had always been fighting among themselves before they had been rallied by white officers—Tuaregs, half-Arab Kreddas, Bambara Negroes, Berber Semites.

"They're displaying their forces," Blake said. "Trying to intimidate us. There're even more than I thought."

"We are impressed!" Jack shouted.

"They make a lovely target," Andy observed. "A blind man could hit them."

But Blake's forehead was clouded when he gave orders to open fire.

ONE out of every four or five bullets from the tank's automatic weapons was a tracer and showed as a quick squirt of white smoke streaking the clear air. The maharists were still standing in a wide circle, silent and motionless; but when they saw that the little sand bug was all set to fight and, when they felt the fire coming too close for comfort, they scattered and retreated behind the dunes or hid in the deep-cut wadis.

"Those camel drivers haven't stomach enough to attack us!" Andy called indignantly.

But the desert fighters were no cowards. This was their way of fighting—keeping loose formation, each man on his own, sniping from cover, hiding in the gullies, invisible masters of mimicry.

The natives had no hatred in their hearts, nor did they have a purpose in their undertaking. Fighting was a tradition with them. They never asked whether a fight was good or bad.

This time, again, they did the right thing. They waited for the tank crew to run out of supplies. Out of strength. Out of ammunition. Out of water. It was the only right thing for them to do. And nobody knew this better than Goeffrey Blake. . . .

From behind the dunes shots echoed from time to time, shots fired to keep the crew on their toes rather than in the hope of hitting one of the tank slits. Andy felt that he would go berserk if he could not fell at least one man. Whenever he thought he had discovered a speck that might be part of a native's costume, the speck disappeared before he could pull the trigger, and his bullets made little splashes in the sand as in water. The furnacelike atmosphere of the tank, exposed to the pitiless blaze of the sun and lacking the usual draft of the ride, became unendurable as the sun rose. The men, sapped of all strength by the heat, were gasping.

Then, while Blake was idly reckoning how much water his body was losing by perspiration every hour, he heard Jack call. At first he thought he was mistaken, for there was exuberant joy in Jack's voice.

"Look! Look there!" Jack had cried, his voice hoarse with excitement.

Blake spied through the slits.

WHERE the sea of yellow sand was blending into the hazy sky, a cloud of red smoke was surging, a big red ball was swelling to greater and greater volume.

"The khamsin!" Blake cried. What the sandstorm could do except add still another ordeal to the long hardships of these last days, he did not know. But at any rate there would be a postponement of the supreme sacrifice. For the khamsin was The Great Appeaser—during its reign all fighting had to stop; the men had to fight the sands in order to live, and forget about killing.

For Africa is a land of exaggerations. When the sun shines, there is too much sun; when it rains, there is too much rain—carts and tanks are waterlogged; when there is hate, there is cruelty; when there is quietness, unbearable boredom sets in; when the wind blows, army trucks are swept from their tracks,

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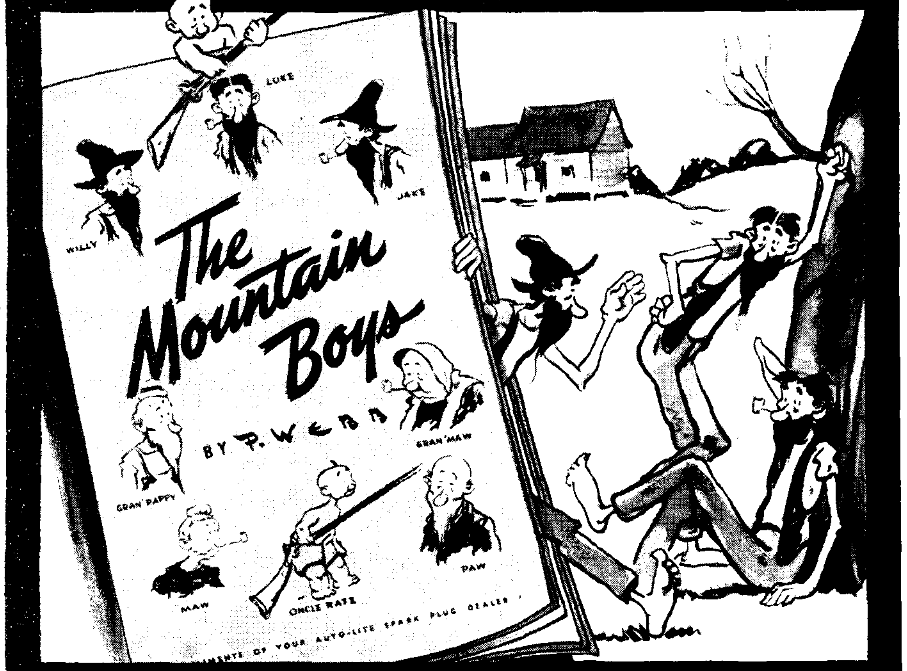

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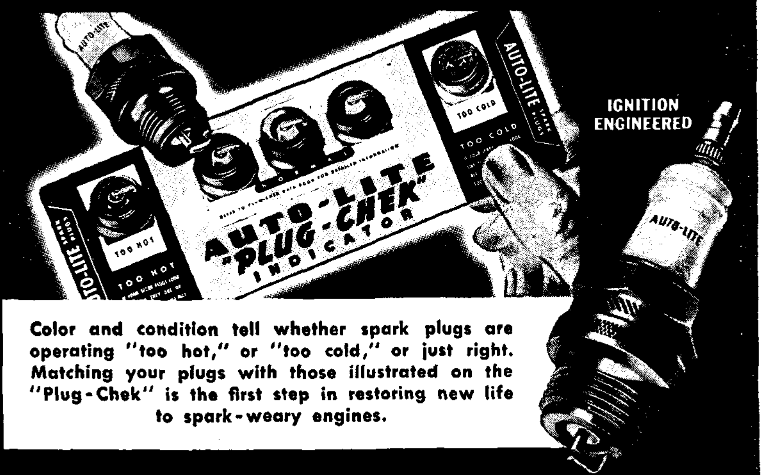

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and barracks and huts carried away; and when the sandstorm soars. . . .

The khamsin soared and it was as though the earth, impatient to engulf its children so long delayed in returning to her bosom, rose up in an attempt to cover and swallow them with the fury of a jealous mother; the earth itself soared and beat down on the men and mounds and machine.

The Camel Corps troopers had drawn close together in heaps, heedless of the tank; they knew they would find it right where it was when everything was over. They drew their headcloths over their faces, made their camels kneel down, and buried their heads in the rich hides and fat backs of their mounts. The fine sand beat over their heads, swirling and rustling, relentlessly penetrating the inadequate filter, seeping into their lips, clogging their nostrils, drying out their throats, filling their lungs with impalpable dust.

They had no choice if they wanted to avoid immediate suffocation—doing nothing was the only way to survive, breathing as regularly as possible and as little as life permitted. Only their imagination, uncurbed by physical limitations, was allowed to work freely; and they thought of the men in the tank who lacked headcloths and camel pelt to bury their heads in.

BLAKE and his men had jumped to the ground, sinking ankle-deep into the sand. The temperature had shot up. The air was filled with a choking saffron smoke, and the sand, blowing hard and perfectly horizontally, painfully slashed their eyes. They took out the gas masks from the bag and adjusted them tightly to their faces. During the first few seconds, breathing remained hard. Then the air began to flow more freely through the filter, and their lungs began working safely, though with some effort.

They worked feverishly on the broken track, keeping close to the tank whenever they moved, holding onto its sides to get their bearings and remain steady in the fury of the storm.

In less than two hours the job was done. As Jack gave a last turn to the bolts of the new link, Blake unscrewed the compass from his instrument panel and put it into his pocket. Then the crew resumed their places.

The sudden roar of the engine and the rattling of the caterpillars scurrying around their sprockets and bogie wheels were music to their ears. Even if it baffled the troopers in the sand, there was nothing they could do about it.

The air seemed a thick yellow fog, and to guide Jack, Blake had to keep the compass close against the goggles of his gas mask. The tank picked up speed, pushing its way across the invisible desert, eluding its besiegers in the monstrous smoke screen. Although he could see nothing, Andy fired with both guns for a while, just for good measure and personal relief.

It was like traveling at night in a blacked-out train, or flying blind in a plane through overcast skies. There was electric light within the tank, but even there the air was thick with dust. At last the tracks hurtled over the brim of the basaltic expanse, and the ride became harder with every mile. It became a real tank ride, a rough ride with jouncing and pitching and strepitous clattering of iron.

But the yellow, opaque smoke hung over the plain for hours and, when it began to clear, the huge boulders of wind-eaten rock were beckoning like the turrets of a friendly fortress.

ANOTHER day passed, with heat sifting down from the sky, heat swelling from the hard ground, heat oozing from the armor plates; another day in the sickening smell of hot lubricating oil, in the brain-shaking clatter of rumbling iron.

The beamless red disc was cutting into the horizon. The sun was setting.

The caterpillars stopped dead in their tracks, tired of scurrying over the face of the wilderness. The engine, hot from exertion, stood silent.

Blake left his turret again. Jack slowly followed, his gaze vague, his lips swollen and split.

"No use looking into the engine," he said hoarsely, as Blake was opening the cowling. "We're through pioneering. We're out of fuel."

Blake leaned against the sprocket and slowly passed a hand over his face to wipe the crust of sweat and dust. "There were only two or three hours more. . . . Some ninety miles. . . ." Then, as he saw that Andy did not appear, he called. "Hey, Andy! You asleep? Come on out!"

"Leave him alone," Jack muttered. "He's dead."

Blake looked up.

"Yes," Jack said. "I discovered it only after the smoke had subsided. His mask was off. Perhaps that's what got him. Perhaps his heart gave out—what with the heat and strain. . . . What's the use of trying to find out? What do we do now?"

"We'll tramp the rest of the way. How's your leg?"

"It's been hurting badly, but now it's just numb. The whole bloody leg is numb. If I could only get some sleep. I know it would get better in no time."

"Sure it will. You stay here and get some sleep. I'll send someone to pick you up." Under Jack's crust of dirt Blake recognized the flush of high fever.

"I'm coming with you," Jack said suddenly. "You can't go scouting about all by yourself."

"You can rest here," Blake said softly, alarmed to the core. He did not want to witness Jack's end.

"I'm not staying here," Jack repeated resolutely. "If something should happen . . . it's better to be two."

"Let's go, then," Blake said wearily. "And look out for snakes. Watch the stones."

THEY left everything behind, except their revolvers and water canteens. They buried the Bren guns before leaving.

As darkness closed in, they strode over the bleak, dreary pebble expanse, Jack laboriously limping. Blake erect, with heavy, regular paces, only his goal clear in his dizzied brain like a beacon in a foggy sea.

When they had set out for their assignment, he had been doubtful whether they would ever be able to reach their destination. Now he knew they would. He would.

He would not falter. He would not slip. He would not bungle his job. He had nothing left in the world but his mission. Nothing else to rely on, nothing to fall back on. He had lost everything—his family, his fortune, even his memories. The new friends he had made were dead. The last and dearest one, the one now dragging beside him, was dead, too, a dead man walking.

But they would not take his last possession from him. It was a heavy burden, but a burden that gave strength. He knew that though his pulse was beating fast, his forehead was hot, his hands were icy, nothing could happen to him until he had carried out his mission. No matter how many hours the trek, no matter how merciless the sun. . . .

He failed to notice that Jack was slowly dropping behind, unable to keep pace, not daring to call, unwilling to stop and lie down. Geoffrey Blake saw only his path before him. He almost smiled as he lengthened his stride.

THE END

Wife Material

Continued from page 18

money for the weed now that the barbarians from the north make war against our islands."

"Ah, that I cannot help you!" Kario railed.

Nengah shook her head: "Oh, no, a priest's son's every earning must go to the temple!"

Kario sighed rebelliously.

To take his mind from it, she asked: "Tomorrow you go to the city on temple business?"

He quieted. "Yes," he said. "We get the ceremonial candles for the Night. I will come to you when we return." He smiled down at her, spoke a promise with his eyes, and then went back along the road to pick up the dragon body.

Nengah watched him go and asked herself:

"And if the changing-monsoon storm comes too soon? If I can buy no namestones for the father and the brother who died in the sea—I, who am sixteen now and have put girlhood behind me—if that should happen, can I ever walk our village street again with a straight back? Can I ever draw a breath that is not hot with shame? For if a girl be not wife material, what then is there for her to be?"

NENGAH heard the tump-tump of the dragon drums sounding at the next house, and then beyond, and beyond, as Kario went on through the village begging for the temple. Kario the priest's son. Kario, without land of his own. Kario—straight, tall, and handsome—who knew the twenty words for rain, and yet pulled a steadier oar than any. Kario who made frangipani and love and the song of wood doves rhyme, somehow, with her plain name.

Nengah straightened the scarf that had become young Alu's skirt, and tied it tighter over his swollen middle. He needed more fish, more green things, this man-child. He needed the fish she had sold, and the green things she had traded for credit. And yet in the house tonight there was only rice, dried eggplant, and gourd seeds.

Young Alu went back to his game with the oars and the deep-sea nets. Nengah watched his short waddling legs and his stringy arms—this brother who was more son to her now than brother, with the menfolk dead, and the mother so tired and so wasted, once the rice crop was in, she stopped breathing.

There were voices on the beach path. It was the seaweed gatherers coming up with the bales of dried weed.

"As for today?" the Ulud wife asked, the Ulud grandmother asked, and the Ulud girl asked.

"As for today!" Nengah replied cheerfully.

And there were others staggering and straining up the path—the Irib wife and the Irib aunt, the Redog wife and the Redog son's wife, the Paujang grandfather and the Paujang girl-child—carrying the dried weed in wooden saddles on their backs.

"Does the changing-monsoon storm open tonight?" Nengah asked the Paujang grandfather because he was the only man among them.

"Not fully," he said.

"Praying no rain tonight!" the Irib wife prayed.

"But the storm itself?" Nengah strained to know.

The Paujang old one stared solemnly at the sky, and then wagged his head with foreboding. "It breaks on time!" he said, saying the formula: " 'One day to threaten, three days to storm, one day to reform—for Candle Night!' "

"And tomorrow?" Nengah made sure.

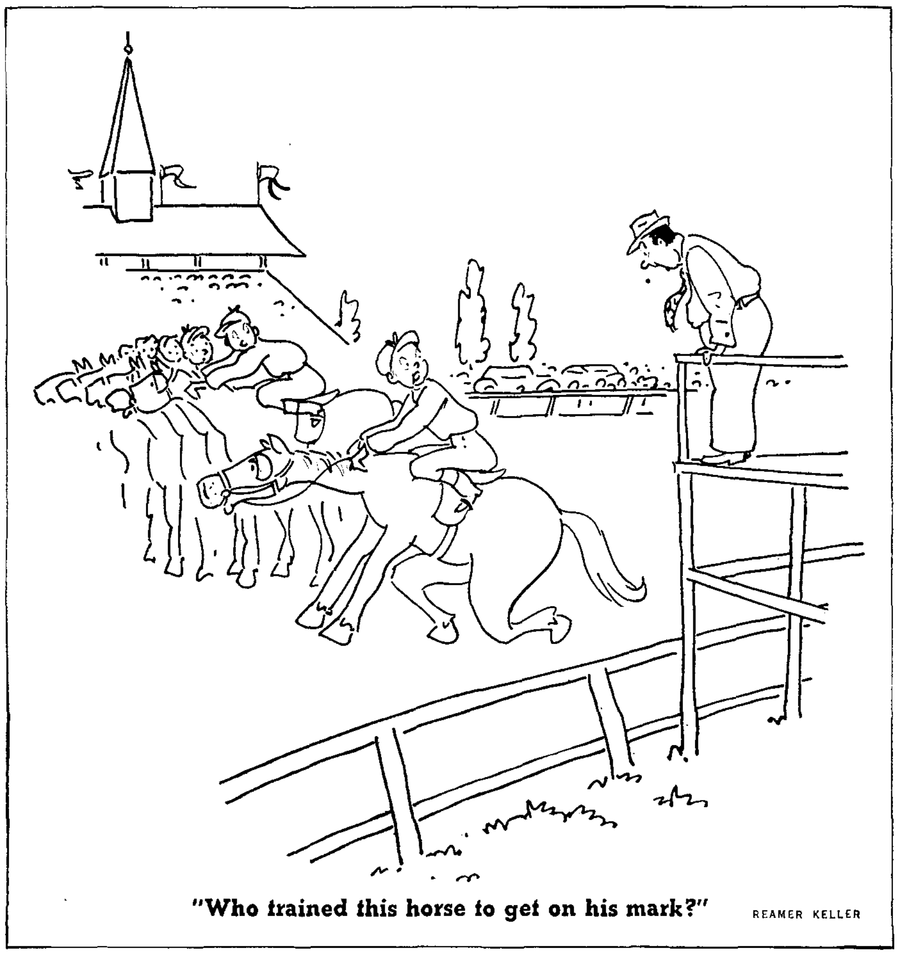
"Wind tomorrow," he told her.

"Only wind!" Nengah breathed her relief.

She had one more day. What did she care for this changing-monsoon wind? It was not the raging blow of the Ninth Month.

"Not to the reef!" the Paujang old one cautioned, suddenly.

Nengah looked at him quickly. "One



"Who trained this horse to get on his mark?" REAMER KELLER

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Heinz Tomato Ketchup 57

I'M NO
Fifth Columnist!

COLDS SLOW UP AMERICA'S WAR EFFORT, SO I USE *KLEENEX* FOR HANKIES TO HELP KEEP MY COLD FROM SPREADING TO UNCLE SAM'S WORKERS!

(*from a letter by* M. L., Kurten, Tex.)

P.S. THE COMMON COLD COSTS MILLIONS OF DOLLARS-MONEY NEEDED FOR VICTORY!

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(*from a letter by* B. P., Hollywood, Calif.)

Son with a Gun!

I USE *KLEENEX* TO POLISH MY GUN-THEN FOR ECONOMY I USE THE SAME TISSUE TO PUT A SHINE ON MY BELT AND BOOTS!

(*from a letter by* R. S. W., 46th Bombardment Sq., Tucson, Ariz.)

P.S. SEND THE BOYS AT CAMP A BOX OF *KLEENEX* TODAY!

Trick Up My Sleeve!

FOR DRESS SHIELDS I USE SOFT, ABSORBENT *KLEENEX* TISSUES. THEY PREVENT PERSPIRATION STAINS... CUT CLEANING BILLS!

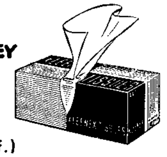
(*from a letter by* A. M., New Straitsville, Ohio)

HELP
WIN
THE WAR

SAVE ON *KLEENEX* SO *KLEENEX* CAN SAVE FOR YOU!

WHEN HALF-SIZE WILL DO, TEAR *KLEENEX* IN TWO, TEAR ACROSS FOLD! SAVING *KLEENEX* SAVES MATERIAL NECESSARY TO HELP WIN THE WAR!

*KLEENEX "POP-UP-BOX" SAVES TISSUES-SAVES MONEY BECAUSE IT SERVES UP JUST ONE DOUBLE-TISSUE AT A TIME!



(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

trip I thought at low tide . . ." she reasoned.

"Not to the reef!" the old one cried, and the moan of the wind, and the wash of surf over jagged rocks was in his voice. He pointed to the heavy sky and to the heavy sea. "Remember the ghosts of drowned fishermen who swarm the wave crests on the day of the changing-monsoon storm!"

"To pull oars from a rower's hands!" the Ulud wife shrilled.

"To fill a boat with sea water!" the other wives told.

"Never to the reef!" the grandmothers chorused, shouldering their saddles of seaweed again.

"Take care! Take care!" the young girls persuaded, strapping the lifting bands to their foreheads again.

"Your proa is below the storm line," the old one said as his fingers fumbled with lines and harness. "Tomorrow we help you roll it higher on the beach."

"Tomorrow!" the women called from the road to the village.

"Tomorrow!" Nengah called back.

TOMORROW! tomorrow! her thoughts went on clamoring, but as she turned to the house her hands plucked at bark and twigs for the fire.

Slowly she measured out the rice, heaping it a little so Alu would have a second bowl tonight. With fish pemmican grated over it, mightn't it taste as though they were really eating fish?

Just as slowly and methodically she stirred the rice in the washing-basket, in the milky first water, in the cloudy second water, and then in the clear third water, before she scooped it into the wooden steamer. She dipped water into the brass kettle and put it on for their tea. There was only the dried eggplant to soak in bean juice, and the evening meal would be ready.

"I have arrived!" a loud voice spoke from the doorstep.

Nengah nearly dropped the fire tongs. It was Nasiman, the stone-carver.

"You have arrived!" she replied, bowing quickly to hide her face.

Nengah placed a mat for him at the edge of the veranda. She brought cups and tea—the tea that was to be hers at the evening meal—and poured it for him.

"The changing-monsoon threatens," Nasiman said, smiling a smile that he could not keep from being evil.

"Yes, it threatens," Nengah agreed.

"The changing-monsoon rain holds off." He smiled again.

"Yes, it holds off," she said.

"The changing-monsoon wind comes tomorrow perhaps," he said, dangling his pipe.

"Yes, perhaps," she said, afraid of his geniality, afraid of his politeness, waiting, waiting for him to begin the talk.

"Your paddy is well placed, well protected from Little Wind and Big Wind storms," he observed so amiably.

"The ancestors were wise," she murmured, stiffening though. What was this about the land?

"Ah, yes, wise ancestors indeed," he said devoutly. "You are fortunate in them. Fortunate in ancestors, fortunate in land, fortunate that the Village Elder seeks a husband for you."

Nengah felt a cold wind on her heart. Should she deny, or be surprised? Instead she passed the talk back to him, saying, "You speak in kindness!"

"H'm-m," he said in his nose.

Nengah poured him the second cup of tea, waiting, waiting.

"H'm-m," he said again, and then: "I have thought, perhaps, Ni-ktut Nengah, you strained yourself overly these months about the namestones to prove you are wife material."

Nengah bowed her head, listening with her whole body.

"I have thought, perhaps," he went on, tasting each word as it passed his tongue, "I could help you with them, if I were to say: 'Pay me only half now!' "

"You speak in kindness," Nengah made herself say before she asked: "And the other half?"

"Later! Later!" he said jovially, brushing time away with his hands. "A lucky crop, a lucky catch pays it! But that is not to press you. Oh, no! . . . So that it doesn't—and to be business-like"—his laugh made the word sound small—"we can fix a debt-paper to the land. Very ordinary they are. Very unimportant."

Nengah folded one hand over the other, gripping it tight before she objected: "A debt-paper? But none has ever yet been put on our land!"

"Oh, yes, but you can explain it to the ancestors in your prayers. Yes, surely! You do it all for the family, don't you?" he pressed. "And the debt-paper doesn't go to an ordinary money-lender, you see. But to a friend, a long-time friend, a true heart-knowing friend. . . . Did you know that, Ni-ktut Nengah? Did you know I was that friend to you? Heh! Heh!"

He laughed so modestly, and then in a minute his face was grave, and he was saying: "The debt-paper postpones your marrying, oh, yes! Maybe a half-year, maybe—for a husband could not take on your debt, naturally. Unless"—he coughed behind his hand, and whispered—"unless I were that husband."

Nengah's eyes flew open, but she only stared at the floor.

"Heh! Heh!" he chuckled. "Who knows? That poor woman of mine will not last always with the sickness that is upon her. No, I shall be a lonely widower before long. . . . And who knows what might happen?"

Even then Nengah did not look at him with horror. She must not show him she understood his dirty guilt. Else the memory of the look would always be shaming him, making him lose face, making him a double enemy.

"Last night the Village Elder asked if"—he spun the words slowly, "if your namestones were carved yet. Already the widow Nanga's are. Likewise the maiden Tehmah's. They whose men were lost in the same boat as yours."

There was only one thing to be said. Nengah said it:

"Let my father's and my brother's namestones be carved. On Candle Night, either I pay you in silver, or I sign the debt-paper."

Nasiman was slipping his feet into his sandals at the doorstone and straightening from his bow when he said: "You batten the house tight for the changing-monsoon storm, don't you? You open the paddy dyke so storm water won't flood it, don't you? You are careful of this good land, I hope!"

RUNNING her proa through the surf at dawn, Nengah thought it was like a chalk drawing on slate—white waves scratched on a hard gray sea, white spray scratched on a hard gray sky. And in the wind she could hear the voices of many ghosts, sobbing through the palms, whimpering over the dunes, gabbling with the crazy waves, but not angry yet, not raging.

She heard the roar of the surf as she went pounding through it, and wondered why it was so hollow. She heard the roar far out as she leaned over her fish-tail oar, stepping to push it, stepping to pull it. The heavy proa slapped over the curling crests, slapped into steep chasms, and the incessant sound of wood rubbing wood was harsh and loud as the oar turned on its rollers; and yet above all this was the hollow roar. It came from the sea ahead and behind; it even came from the sky. The storm was near.

There were no birds about the reef, no boats anchored there; only the jagged black rocks, and the long brown weed

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streaming out in the flowing tide like a woman's hair. Nengah shuddered as she plucked the first streamers, wet though she was with spray and mist. The weed felt like a dead thing. Weed the government buyer was demanding, weed the government trucks carried so swiftly to the gunpowder factory. Long brown rubbery streamers that grew on the lowest rocks. . . .

Nengah jerked up in the boat, and looked frantically about. The lowest rocks that should be bare at low tide were covered! The longest streamers of weed that should be ready to the hand were deep below! The sea was filled full, brimming.

Only one thing could do that, only the wind pushing mightily. Nengah stood high in the boat, looking far, far out to sea, and shivered at what she saw. The storm had come a day before its time.

SHE set to work. The proa must be filled so full it would not take on water; it must be heavy with wet weed, so heavy it would drive through the waves, else she could never make it to shore now. It was too late with the storm upon her.

Her hands did many things at once—wedged the anchor bar between two rocks, clutched at the rusty trident; and then she plunged over. Down she went, tearing weed, prying it from the rocks; then up, flinging the slippery masses over the low gunwales. Down, up, a dozen times, groping, blinded, numb, ears pounding with the roar of blood and the roar of the storm.

She braced herself against a rock for the last dive, and felt a horny something twine tight about her ankle. She looked down and saw a small octopus. Oh, luck! Oh, fortune! This good omen! It would bring a piece of silver at the market! She stabbed with the trident and brought the squirming red thing up. Then in a flash she was in the boat, pounding the octopus with the anchor bar, burying it under the heavy weed.

The wind screeched; the waves frothed; tongues of water curled about her. Ah, she knew who that was—the ghosts of drowned fishermen who swarmed on this day, pleading, pleading for a bucket to bail with. Oh, she would give them the bucket. Yes, yes, she who had one whole piece of silver on her trident and weed enough to buy the namestones now.

She would give them a strong new bucket. But slyly, slyly, she must punch the hole first, so the bucket would leak. She knew better than to give drowned ghosts a whole bucket to bail water into her boat! She was not a fisherman's daughter for nothing. Well she knew drowned men could redeem themselves from the sea if they could but drown another in their place. "The bucket," she cried, as she tossed it far into the waves. "Take the bucket! Use it well!"

The screeching wind picked the boat up and hurled it headlong into the waves. Nengah's hand was torn from the oar, and she felt herself slipping, sliding on the slimy weed, not knowing whether she was still in the proa, until her feet caught against the bow thwarts, and she could brace herself there against the wild water.

When she had the breath to do it, she crawled back and tied herself to the oar. Lashed that way, with her body to steady it, the oar was a rudder. The wind would drive the proa onto the beach—if waves did not snatch it back, if drowned ghosts did not catch it in their arms and carry it down, down. Nengah hung there, saying the prayers she knew, blinded by the wind, suffocated by the water, while ghosts rode the waves, closer, closer. . . .

Nengah did not know the hands that grabbed her from the surf, nor the hands that carried her up on the beach to unlash her small child's body from the broken oar. But somewhere in the tumult of wind and wave and rain, she heard a strong man's voice say: "This one is wife material, even though boat and weed are lost."

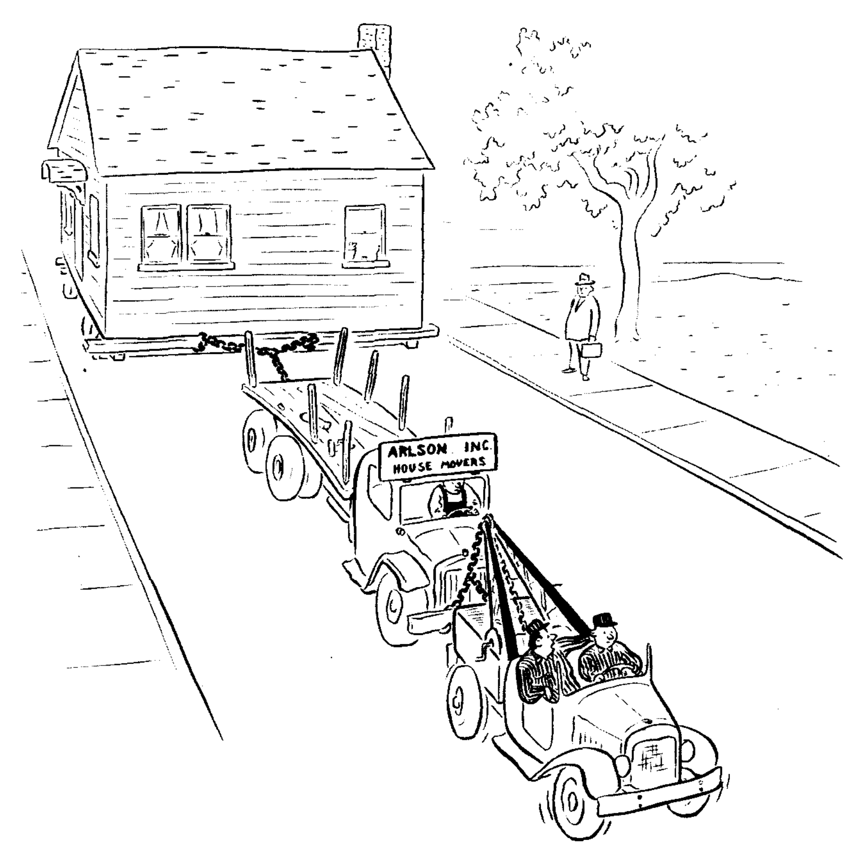
"Aye! Aye!" other voices said.

"This proving of hers brings merit to us all," the strong voice said. "It is only just that our village should help her pay for her namestones now."

"Aye, wife material indeed!" the other voices said.

"Wife material! Wife material!" the ghosts in the wind screamed up into the valley, and beyond, and beyond.

THE END



"I think Arlson ought to have to pay more than the usual towing charge"

DAVID B. HUFFINE

"IN HOLLYWOOD,

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Two ways to

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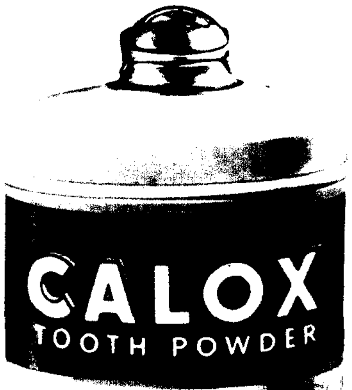

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We Win Our Wings

Continued from page 21

replied the instructor noncommittally. It hadn't.

There were the three aviation cadets who, flying in formation, tried to roll their wheels on the top of a passenger train. They turned in their flying suits by request. There was the student at Orangeburg, South Carolina, who got sick in slow rolls; and there was the R.A.F. youngster in training on an American field who went to pieces when he came to the conclusion that his girl back home had jilted him. The boy who got sick was busted out. The Britisher recovered to become a crack flier.

The mysteries of elementary flying reduce to this: If you refuse to learn right you will bring up against a mountain or your airplane will spin in from a low altitude. In either event it will separate itself into small particles which are difficult to piece together. The same kind of foolishness leads a man to walk in front of a truck against a red light or to sass his wife on wash day.

What a Going-Over!

To become an aviation cadet you march into an Army or a Navy recruiting office and say to the man behind the desk, "I should like to become an aviation cadet." The man will be pleasant and will ask you to fill out a form. He will arrange for a physical examination, and don't let anybody tell you that the working-over the Treasury Department bestows each March 15th on an income-tax return is any more thorough than that given you by the medicos. Your heart must tick properly and your vision must be somewhere near what the doctors call 20-20. Your reflexes must measure up and your reaction time must be short.

Then you will be given what the psychologists call a "screening" test. A high-school graduate who did not cut classes consistently to see Lana Turner at the corner movie can pass that.

At this point you will begin wrestling with your soul. War or no war, the Army's wheels, like the Navy's, grind slowly but exceeding fine and the boy who hasn't patience is out of luck. A candidate for air training waits around home, waits around his replacement center, and waits, once he actually gets his hands on an airplane control stick, for months, to get his wings pinned on his uniform. The Air Corps is getting plenty of potential pilots. That accounts for part of the waiting around. Things got so bad at the Maxwell Field replacement center in Alabama recently that they had to telegraph recruiting officers to dam up the flow of young men at the source. They didn't have a place to bed them down.

Army and Navy training methods are so much alike that we won't distinguish between the two services in describing how you can win your wings. Both have a period of indoctrination. This eliminates the inept, the faint of heart and the foolhardy. Both have two additional training stages. Both drum incessantly on precision. Both flunk a man if his flying technique is a danger to himself and his fellows.

Suppose you are an Air Corps cadet. You will get another physical at the replacement center. The center is a sort of traffic-control office from which cadets are sent to primary-stage fields. You will be handed a paper-bound booklet which fits snugly into your breast pocket. It will tell you that in cadet jargon a bird dog is a fellow who cuts in on another's girl and that the squadron commander's plane is known as the washing machine. It will admonish you that an officer is both a soldier and a gentleman. The authorities had some trouble inculcating that idea when the big expansion program started. Cadets who never had learned the value of a dollar at home began living beyond the $75 a month in pocket money the government paid them. Their ice-cream-soda bills were a caution, and an officer pays his debts.

You will get "gigs," or parts of demerits, for infractions of the rules. You will get calisthenics, lectures on discipline, skull sessions in the classroom on elementary aerodynamics, and then one fine day, you and your brother cadets will be off to primary for your first taste of flying.

You won't get that the day you arrive. You will be too excited and the Army knows it. It lets its hopefuls sit around for twenty-four hours before it takes them aloft. The next day you will be out of bed before dawn. You will eat a breakfast designed to supply you with a fourth of your 3,000 calories for the day. The biscuit wagon brings snacks to the flying line at midmorning and midafternoon.

In jacket, helmet and goggles, selected from the forty-odd pieces of wearing apparel issued to you by the government, you will leg it to the lip of the field, and there, awaiting sunup, will be dozens of training planes with their propellers making gray disks in the early morning light. In the ready room you will don a clumsy seat-type parachute. You will be introduced to an instructor, a man not much older than yourself. He knows the answers. Remember that. It may save you a mess of trouble in the weeks to come.

Your instructor will have a Jekyll-and-Hyde personality.

"It's a funny thing," mused one primary-stage cadet. "These instructors are nice and friendly on the ground but they sure are tough in the air."

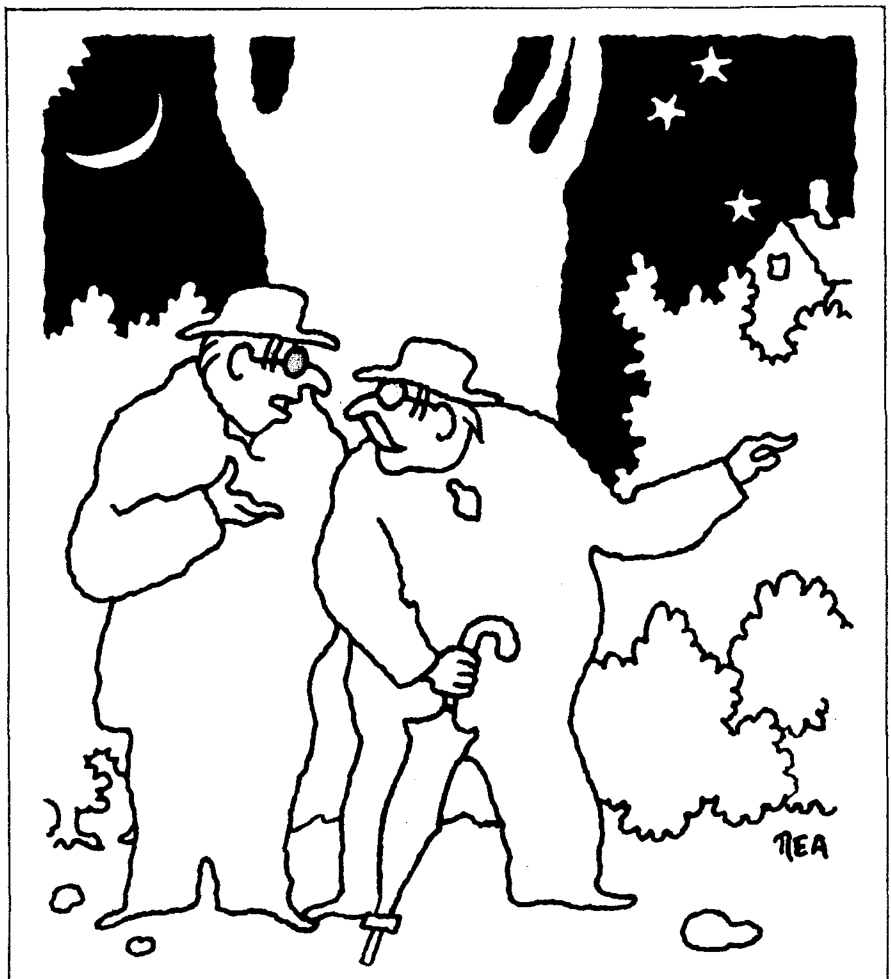
They mean to be. If a man can't take it he can't fly.

Putting on the Pressure

Your instructor will keep you under pressure. He will drive you so hard you can't keep your eyes open until the lights are doused at 9:30. The pressure is applied deliberately to see how you react. A Jap or a Nazi isn't going to give you time for sober reflection when he meets you on the air front.

You will take your first ride, a short one, in a melee of exhaust explosions and shrieking wind. And right there the doctors, through the instructor, will start doing a lot of things behind your back. They will put you in a goldfish bowl for study. They will find out if you're going to be a victim of airsickness, not uncommon in beginners and susceptible to remedy. They will find out if you tend to breathe too fast under excitement and to suffer from mild hyperventilation. That's a fancy medical term for an excess loss of carbon dioxide from the blood. They will find out from the cook what, if anything, upsets your stomach.

Flying courses are standardized at the training fields which dot California, the Southwest, the deep South and Florida, but teaching techniques vary as men vary. The commanding officer at one primary field always greets a crop of new cadets this way: "I want you men to look around at the other men about you. Study them. They are your fellow students. They ought to interest you a great deal—because one out of



"Sorry—I don't know. I'm a spy here myself" GARDNER REA

every three of you probably won't finish the course!" He theorizes that when a man flunks out, his fellow students regard themselves as superior beings. He says it helps morale.

If an aviation cadet is going to get into trouble, it's six to one that it will be in primary stage. Primary is the bust-out period. Instructors are as precise as a lexicographer looking for the right word. If they order a student to take off and climb to 300 feet on a sensitive altimeter, they mean 300 feet, not 290 or 310.

"Whew!" exclaimed a pilot with 2,600 hours under his belt, as he went through the mill to get a primary-stage instructor's rating. "I thought I could fly until I got here!"

A slow roll is a corkscrew maneuver, the kind you often have seen at air shows. The nose of the ship is pinned to the horizon while it revolves lazily around its horizontal axis. Some instructors make their students lock their hands on top of their heads to teach them confidence in their safety belts when the plane is belly-up.

You will learn to slow-roll.

A chandelle is a gracefully executed climbing turn. It requires nice co-ordination of ailerons, rudder and elevator, the control surfaces which govern the attitude of a plane. You will learn chandelles. You will learn figure eights, slips, stalls and spins. You will learn to sense rather than feel a wing "on edge," just at the point of losing its flying speed and your ability to control it. You will learn that you glide more steeply against a brisk wind than against a light one, and that summer air has less vitality and lift than winter air. Of a sudden you will begin to savvy that an airplane in flight acts like a boat in water. At low speeds it responds sluggishly. At high speeds it answers to the stick and rudder pedals instantly and with astonishing docility. That will stand you in good stead when an enemy gets on your tail and starts pouring hot lead at the seat of your breeches, or when your dive bomber is three degrees off the target to the left.

As you get indoctrinated, reports will begin piling up on you in the office of the director of flight training. They may read:

"This student has been weak in all phases of his work. His technique is unsatisfactory. He restalls continually on stall recoveries."

Or, the seal of approval: "Co-ordination perfect and airmanship thoroughly satisfactory."

Or, lightly critical: "A good sense of speed and distance but slow on signals."

Between sessions aloft you will study tactics, gunnery, meteorology, navigation, and airplane and engine construction and maintenance in the classroom.

The Old "Thrown Stick" Gag

Between flying and classroom work you will do a lot of hangar flying, which is cadet lingo for talking shop. You will be told the old one about the instructor who couldn't for the life of him make one of his students land the airplane. So on the next trip aloft he carried a spare control stick. A stick is as dispensable to a plane as a steering wheel is to an automobile. When the student squared away for the approach to the field, the instructor waved the spare stick over his head and pitched it away. Now the student would have to land the ship. But the student, obeying signaled instructions to the letter, tossed his stick overboard too.

Cadets like that story because, you see, the student had been tipped off ahead of time. The stick he discarded was also a spare.

You will have long arguments over what makes a good flier. Americans make superlative fliers. The United States has a peculiar treasure in its young men. Its genesis is Detroit, its end-product a practiced accelerator foot. The boy who pesters his father of an evening for permission to wear some rubber off the tires of the family car may disturb Mr. Jesse Jones but he delights the hearts of those in charge of the Army Air Forces' training pro-

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I GUESS IT WEIGHS 6 OUNCES
I GUESS 4 OUNCES
I GUESS 3½ OUNCES

No wonder they were astonished! They all guessed too high! Actually the astounding new Breezewood pipe weighs, on an average, less than 1¼ ounces. In all traditional shapes, at your dealer's.

Free your hands for other tasks

The new Breezewood pipe is so light, it's pleasant to keep it in your mouth. Breezewood doesn't fatigue you when driving, fishing or whenever your hands are busy.

Copy. 1942. The Breezewood Pipe Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

gram. The boy is getting acquainted with things mechanical.

What makes a good flier is still a moot question. Flying is more an art than a science, and a lack of co-ordination is the principal reason aviation cadets get busted out and retire to their quarters fighting back the tears. They cry, all right. They are young, and these dregs are more bitter than any they have ever experienced. Sometimes temperament is the chief cause of a flunk-out. A student becomes sulky under criticism. A sulky man can't learn. An excitable student doesn't last long.

The students themselves are not sure what makes a good flier even after they are through primary stage. Their hardest job is exercising good judgment on a limited amount of experience. In no other field of human achievement are the dividends from good judgment as quick and pronounced as they are in the air. Things happen swiftly upstairs. A pilot has to think fast. It was judgment which enabled Beverly Howard of Charleston to land a tortured plane with broken wing ribs knifing through the fabric at a Birmingham air show. He eased the strain on the tattered wing. It was judgment which saved Jimmy Doolittle's life when a plane he was testing in Cleveland began to shed its wings. He hauled back on the stick, got a few hundred more precious feet out of the disintegrating ship and hit the silk—took to his chute.

Basic stage, or what the Navy calls intermediate stage, is to military air training what high school is to our educational system. You will be graduated from a beginner's airplane, as gentle as the milkman's horse, into a faster, heavier, trickier machine.

You will find that the basic trainers run out of flying speed faster as you throttle back or nose up. They run out of airport faster when they are brought in for a landing. Additional gadgets stare back at you from the instrument panel. Just as the human body can stand the application of ice-cold water without flinching if the temperature is lowered gradually, so the aviation cadets are coaxed into increasing the tempo of their mental processes.

"We wondered," said a Navy pilot of the old school at the Opa Locka Naval Air Station in Florida, "whether these young men could handle the airplanes we asked them to handle. Why, I remember when some of the older men in the service actually objected to putting retractable wheels on airplanes. Said that was too much for a pilot to remember."

Speed Plus Precision

He blushed. He should have. Today's youngsters are simulating carrier landings at Opa Locka with planes at least five times as complicated as those of yesteryear.

Intermediate-stage students begin getting accustomed to the idea of speed. You will practice the same standard maneuvers you had in primary but now you are achieving more precision.

There was a time when the Army, groping about for perfection in its training program, separated the sheep from the goats in the course of the advanced training period. A man with quick reaction time joined the dive-and-zoom boys, the pursuiters. The slower ones drew the coal burners, the lumbering bombers. Today it takes as fast an eye and hand to fly a four-engine Consolidated Liberator as it does to handle a Curtiss P-40.

The size of a man's bony framework does, however, have a lot to do with his assignment to certain types of aircraft. The width of the fuselage on a pursuit powered with a slender, cylinders-in-line engine is determined by the width of an average man's shoulders. A mountain of a man won't fit.

When a student leaves basic stage in these times, he already is tagged for single-engine or heavier airplanes.

Lewin B. Barringer, the Army's glider expert, holds the national altitude record for sailplanes, with passenger—14,000 feet. He has a favorite axiom: When the wings feel like extensions of your own arms, you have learned to fly. By the time you reach the advanced and final stage of training, your reactions in flight ought to be as automatic as a congressman's smile in an election year.

You will have had two doses of the cockpit, of nine weeks each, flying an average of an hour a day. You will know how to get an airplane down onto a little patch of flood-lighted ground at night. You will know how to enter the limitless void of the sky and reach some point beyond the horizon without getting lost. You will understand how a man can keep an airplane right side up and on course, by reading the story in three primary instruments embedded in the panel before you. Then, as you enter on the final stage of your schooling, you will be conscious of the fact that only extremely bad luck will cheat you out of your wings. From thirty to forty of the hundred classmates you knew as fellow greenhorns were busted out in primary. Between five and six more out of that original batch were sent to the washout bay in basic. Only one will have his heart broken in the advanced stage.

In your eighty hours aloft during advanced training you will learn to tuck up your wheels on take-off and to let them down during a circuit of the field preparatory to landing. You will practice combat maneuvers. You will learn to describe a smaller arc in applying aileron and rudder to turn inside an adversary. Or you will be graduated into twin-engine transition ships against the day when you will be flying a Douglas A-20A light bomber or a Boeing Flying Fortress or a Martin patrol bomber. If you are being readied for a dive-bomber assignment, you will learn to lean forward in the pull-out to minimize that momentary blindness when centrifugal force drains the blood from the head.

You will stalk sleeve targets towed by other planes, and you will dive on ground objectives with tracers making orange streaks as you press the button on the control stick. The supervising Army officers have a simple way of determining the results: Every student's ammunition is coated individually with a distinguishing color that stains what the bullets penetrate.

The Proof of the System

You will learn the tactical reasons for assault, support and reserve echelons when pursuits are sent aloft on missions. Those specks in the sky, tiered up thousands of feet, are placed that way because a successful attack must carry the one-two punch of a hard-hitting boxer. And that last group of planes up there is like the safety man in a football backfield.

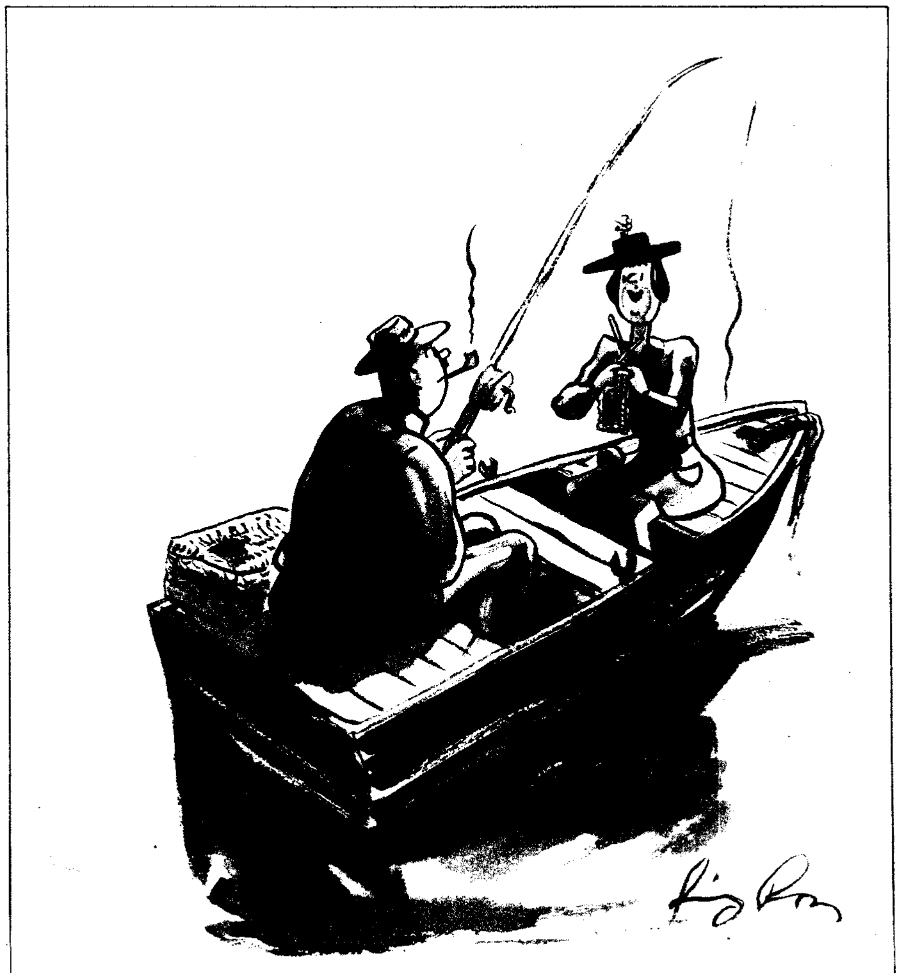
When graduation day finally comes, you will still be two hundred hours away from actual combat on the air front. You will need that much more training as an officer at behind-the-lines tactical fields to make you a competent pilot.

Sounds tough, doesn't it? It is tough. But air training in the United States is being taught to tough-fibered young men.

For proof, follow the news from Burma where outnumbered volunteer fighters in the service of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek have been ripping enemy single-seater formations to ribbons. Follow the news from Australia where unescorted Fying Fortresses have been chopping their way through swarms of vaunted Zero pursuits. Follow the news from the Navy's air front, where carrier-based fighters in one instance sent sixteen out of eighteen heavy bombers into the sea, trailing flame-seared scarfs of smoke.

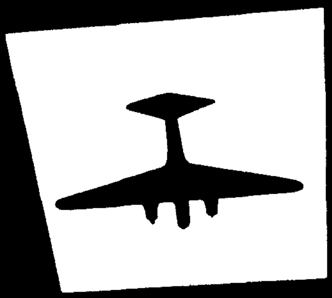
Ask the Japs—in Tokyo!

THE END



"This is fun—you'll have to take me knitting more often, John"

IRVING ROIR



It's a Jap.. *a Heavy Bomber!*

HIGH school youngsters in New Jersey learn in their classroom to identify bombers by their silhouettes — because their modern-thinking, resourceful teacher is a Collier's reader.

In the highest law-making bodies in the land Collier's articles have been read into the record time and time again to further the formulation of forward-looking legislation—signal recognition by the people's representatives of the close relationship that exists between Collier's and the active American public.

Collier's early raised its editorial voice in a demand for Army direction of the civilian defense activities on the Home Front.

Alongside thousands of kitchen tables Collier's War-Time Food Chart dominates the headquarters for family meal preparation. (One food manufacturer bought 15,000 Food Charts for distribution to leading grocery stores.)

From every side the evidence piles in that the people of action on the Home Front find Collier's a never-failing source of information, inspiration and suggestion.

Editors and public speakers quote from it. College and school classes are taught from its text matter. Legislation springs from its alert editorial urge.

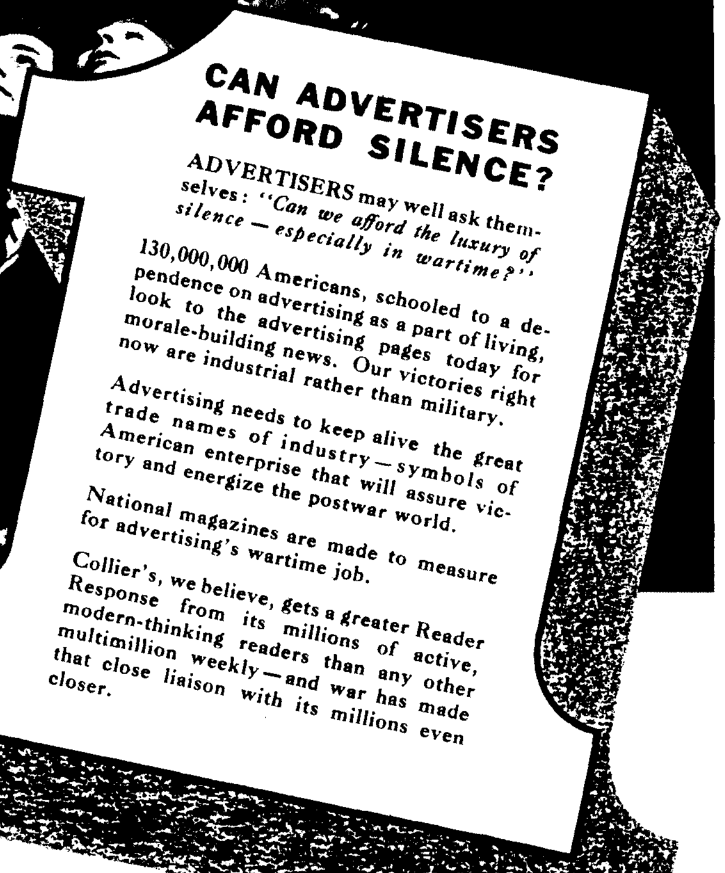
Collier's ace correspondents brought the war home to its readers vividly, accurately, when it was a thing far away. Collier's coverage of the Home Front is equally timely and instructive.

Leaders in the vast Home Front army of 130,000,000 look to Collier's for coverage of the war on all fronts—and particularly for help and guidance in the discharge of the duties that fall to the active men, women and children on the Home Front.

Have you read the Home Front articles in this issue? Germany's former Secretary of Economics writes "Why We Won't Have Inflation." U. S. Secretary of Agriculture Claude R. Wickard writes on food. Other articles tell what we're doing about forest fires, farmer-sailors, mining molybdenum.

This Mikado, heavy Jap bomber, and the fighting planes of all the warring nations, flit across the ceiling at Weequahic High School in Newark, N. J. Pupils get about the same flash of them that they would get of a real plane — and they can identify them. The unique supplement to modern education is the idea of Instructor George F. Bowne. He cut the plane silhouettes out of a recent Collier's "spread," pasted them on lantern slides and projects them with a daylight lantern and an angled mirror.

Larry Monahan, a Collier's staff photographer, made the unusual photograph of teacher and pupils.



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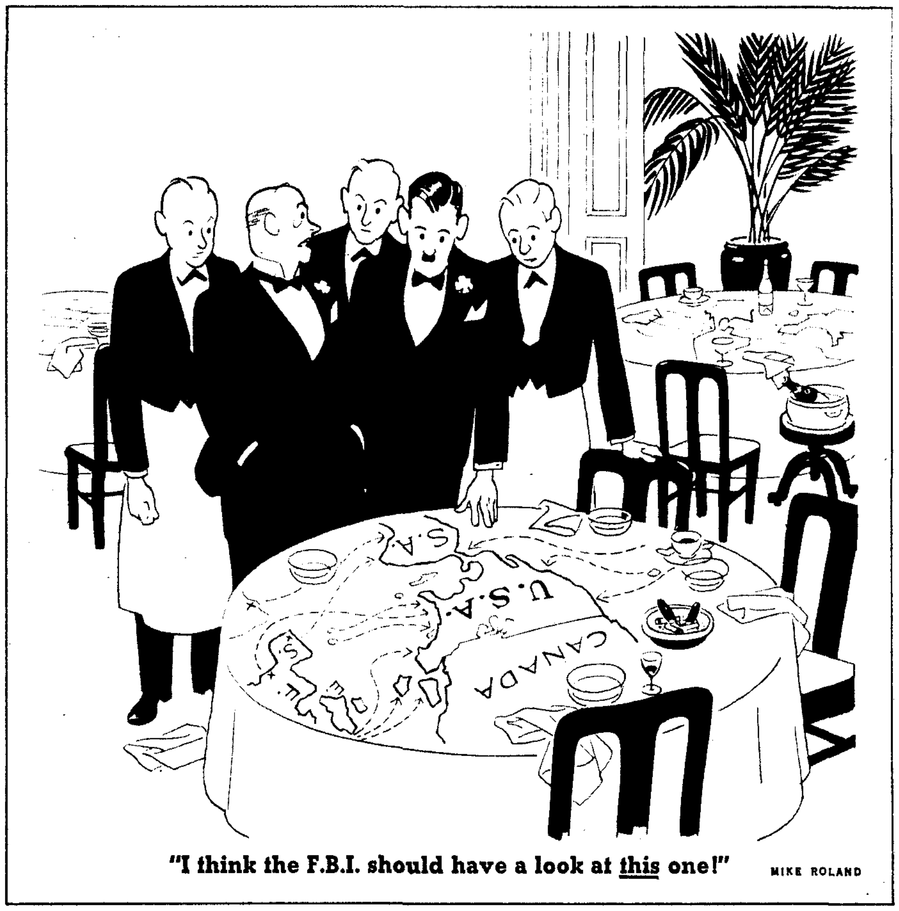
National magazines are made to measure for advertising's wartime job.

Collier's, we believe, gets a greater Reader Response from its millions of active, modern-thinking readers than any other multimillion weekly—and war has made that close liaison with its millions even closer.

Collier's —*for People of Action*



"I think the F.B.I. should have a look at *this* one!" MIKE ROLAND

War in the Woods

Continued from page 15

theirs—are worse than useless as fire fighters. There was a bad forest fire near Fort Dix, New Jersey, in 1941. Soldiers turned out to fight it and, according to Forest Service testimony before a Congressional committee, "were not only useless but a great many of them were worse than useless."

The fire menace, although it is most acute in the Pacific Northwest, really is a national problem because, despite all the moaning about "forest devastation," one third of the United States still is listed as "forested." In normal times timber grows faster than it is harvested, nationally, although of course in areas of heavy cutting the reverse is true.

The Department of Agriculture operates about 176,000,000 forest acres; the Interior Department runs 130,000,000 acres more. For years, the two departments have got along like a couple of strange Airedales, but this year they are co-operating to fight a common enemy.

A Law That Will Be Broken

This year's emergency, in fact, may result in some definite forest-fire-fighting campaign. Up to now, the National Park Service, the Forest Service, the Indian Service, various state agencies and private operators all ran their own individual fire departments in a highly individualistic manner. Occasionally one outfit would go to the aid of another, but not often. It still is against the law for the National Forest Service to fight a fire outside a national forest. But no one is going to pay much attention to that this year.

A forest fire has its own parachute corps. Old dry snags burn to the top, and flaming punk, borne ahead by the wind, starts new blazes, often behind the fighters. Fires in dry ground-cover—ferns, bracken, fireweed, moss—will travel as fast as a man can walk, and burning wisps are wind-lifted and carried far behind the line of grimy, weary men and kids along the fire lines.

But the Northwest has its parachute corps, too. In some sections, notably in Oregon and western Montana, chute fighters already are in action. The Forest Service developed this type of fighting—incidentally, later giving tips to the Army when the Army started organizing parachute battalions. Forest chutists equipped with a few tools and radiophones can be dropped near a fire a few minutes after it's reported, and they can land in trees if they have to. Service records show that a fire costing, say, $1,500 to put out with a ground crew, can be put out for about $400 by using parachute smoke chasers.

For these chutists, the State Forest Service of Oregon has developed the world's smallest and lightest two-way radiophone. It was built in the Salem laboratory by Bill Sanders and Grover Schaadt; it's about the size of a cigar box and weighs three pounds, thirteen ounces. A chutist, descending near a fire, can talk with a headquarters as far as fifty miles away.

Burlap chutes are used for dropping food and tools to ground crews in hard-to-get-into territory, even crates of eggs going down this way for fighters' breakfasts.

Forest blazes start from many causes: Tourists flip cigarette butts from cars. People who are sore at lumber companies or the government set grudge fires. Beekeepers burn over tracts so that fireweed will grow—fireweed honey being at a premium. Campers forget to put out their fires which smolder along for days. Sparks from woods shacks and locomotives get in their work. And there's lightning.

The general fire-fighting setup in the timber country is modeled after that of a city department. When a plane or a mountaintop lookout flashes an alarm, six-men crews go in to fight the blaze—by plane, by truck or afoot. The first crews to reach the scene radiophone back if they need help or supplies.

If the fire grows, other crews are moved in with their equipment. Farther

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back, still other squads are shifted around in the same way that city fire companies are moved, so that no section is left without protection.

With most able-bodied men in Army, Navy or factory, thousands of youngsters have been enlisted and trained this year. In Oregon, American Legionnaires are acting as forest wardens and their children as smoke chasers. Forestry schools are being raided for young huskies to man the fire lines and lookouts. In southern California, kids from reformatories are being used, being put on their honor not to escape.

This year, too, women are being enlisted as fire spotters. "Lookout wives," they're called, most of them standing watch and watch with their husbands on lonely peaks. Officially they're assistant forest guards and get $4.50 a day.

Gray Terror in the Timber

Mountaintop lookouts, in which these women work, are equipped with large-scale maps, compasses, telescopes and phones. When a lookout spots a wisp of gray smoke far out on the ocean of green below, she takes a compass bearing and phones it to another lookout miles away on another peak. This second lookout takes a bearing, too. Two lines on the maps, from each lookout to the fire, give its exact location, where they cross.

In a few minutes from the first smoke, the fire warden has the facts, the crews are piling into trucks, the planes are away to drop their chutists, and the fire, with luck, is caught before it has gained much headway. A ten-year-old child can stop a fire in its first few minutes. An hour later, a thousand men may be powerless to stop it . . . and there'll be no thousand men available anywhere in the timber this summer.

Spotting fires by an air patrol looks simple but it doesn't work very well. The planes move too fast and cannot keep one section under continuous observation. Blimps could be used but no one has any blimps to spare. Maybe after the war they will be put into service but not now.

Opinions about sabotage differ. Major Charles S. Cowan, chief warden for the Washington State Forest Fire Association and a veteran fire fighter, thinks there'll be less—of the native variety—this year, because even a firebug has some patriotism somewhere and because there'll be more intensive watching. But no one is taking any chances; every lookout is manned.

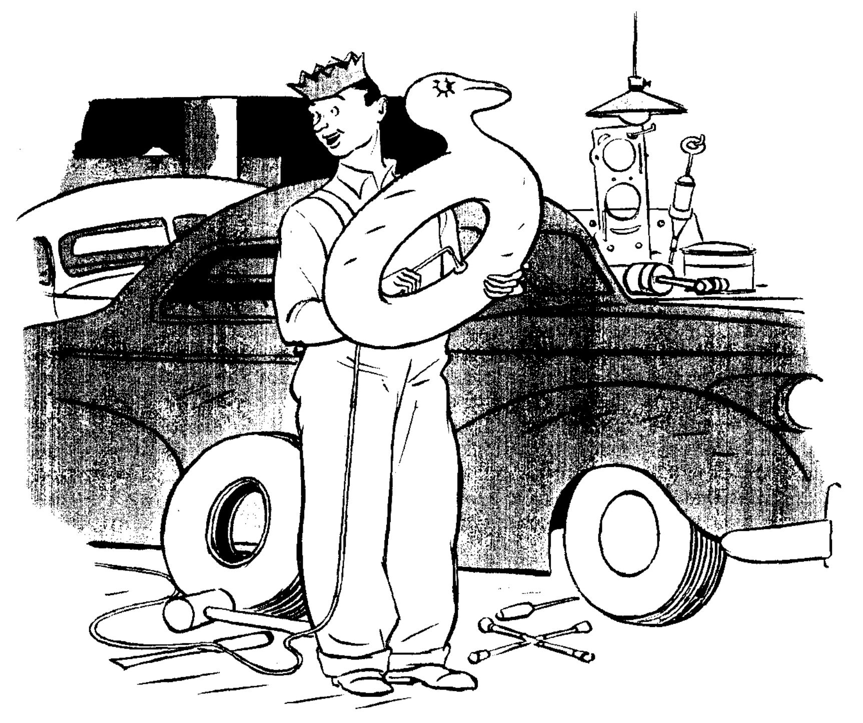
Timber states for years have been educating their own people about the forests. A typical example is Oregon where Forester Nelson S. Rogers has a mobile sound-movie truck—called the Showboat—constantly in action, showing films to schoolchildren, farmers and service clubs.

If you're out in the timber this summer—whether in Connecticut or South Carolina or Oregon—and find a fire, remember that fires tend to climb slopes. If it's a small blaze, you dig a shallow two-foot-wide trench down to mineral soil in front of it, and then patrol this. If it looks too big to tackle, beat it for a phone and call the fire warden. In timber country the phone girl will know who he is.

One important thing: Don't try to backfire a blaze unless you know how. You can easily make things worse by doing it the wrong way. Backfiring isn't much good in the heat of the day but if done properly it works well at night or in early morning. The theory is that if you set small fires ahead of the main blaze, the heat generated by the main fire will draw in cool air and so pull your backfire toward it, creating a strip of scorched earth and so stopping the fire. Although water may be available for fighting a timber fire, fighters can't count on it. In many cases portable pumps and long hose lines can be used, but not always. So the classic method is to starve out the fire by destroying its fuel. That's a good thing to know if you're going into the woods this summer. When touring in timber areas take along an ax, a spade and a bucket. Forest Service men won't let you into most areas unless you have this equipment and they may bar you from other areas altogether this season. Most camping grounds will be fireproofed and it's a good idea to stick to these if possible. You had better obey the fire laws about smoking and tossing away matches too.

Army and Navy are off to the wars overseas but the timber country has a grim battle on its hands—a battle which if lost could have more disastrous possibilities than it is pleasant to imagine. But the timber country has the graybeards and the women and the kids—and it is going to fight the battle the best way it knows how—figures it's going to win, too.

THE END



"Is the rubber shortage beginning to tell, Mac! Just look at this feller's tube!"

Half your horse-power at 40 M.P.H.

DID YOU ever know that at 40 miles per hour on a level road, half of the horse-power developed by your automobile engine is used in overcoming friction inside your motor?

Competent automobile engineers will verify that fact.

That's why it's so vital for you to keep a slick wall of oil on all moving parts of your engine—to reduce friction, to protect your motor's life, to lengthen its service. All this is more important than ever, now that you don't know when you can get another car.

Fleet operators know that friction and carbon are death on motors. So when the Arrow Line operating five buses out of Hartford, Conn., says that Macmillan RING-FREE gave them cleaner and smoother performance, minimized inspection, cleaning and replacement; and gave them a gain in gas mileage, you know RING-FREE proved itself on a basis of sheer merit.

When the Shanmac Company, excavating contractors of San Francisco, by using RING-FREE, were able to operate their shovels for 4,000 hours without an overhaul, this experience led them to standardize on RING-FREE for all their equipment—trucks, cranes, draglines, and pull shovels.

From one end of the country to the other, in automobiles and trucks and taxis and stationary engines, in tractors and buses and Diesels, Macmillan RING-FREE is reducing repairs, saving on operation and maintenance and prolonging the life of motors.

Its use is based on sound business judgment with these industrial users.

Isn't there a vital significance to you in maintaining the life of *your own car* in this better lubrication provided by RING-FREE?

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Try it at OUR risk! Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil removes carbon, cleans the motor, saves gasoline, reduces wear—or your money back. RING-FREE Motor Oil is *guaranteed* to make your motor run smoother, give more miles per gallon of gasoline, reduce wear and repair; because it removes carbon, cleans the motor and reduces friction fast, by thorough lubrication. Try *one* fill, and if you are not satisfied that RING-FREE is doing these things, your money will be refunded by your dealer immediately.

Ask your independent dealer for "What You Can Expect from Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil," our new circular, or write us for it direct.

• • •

MACMILLAN PETROLEUM CORP.
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Our Fighting Men

HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

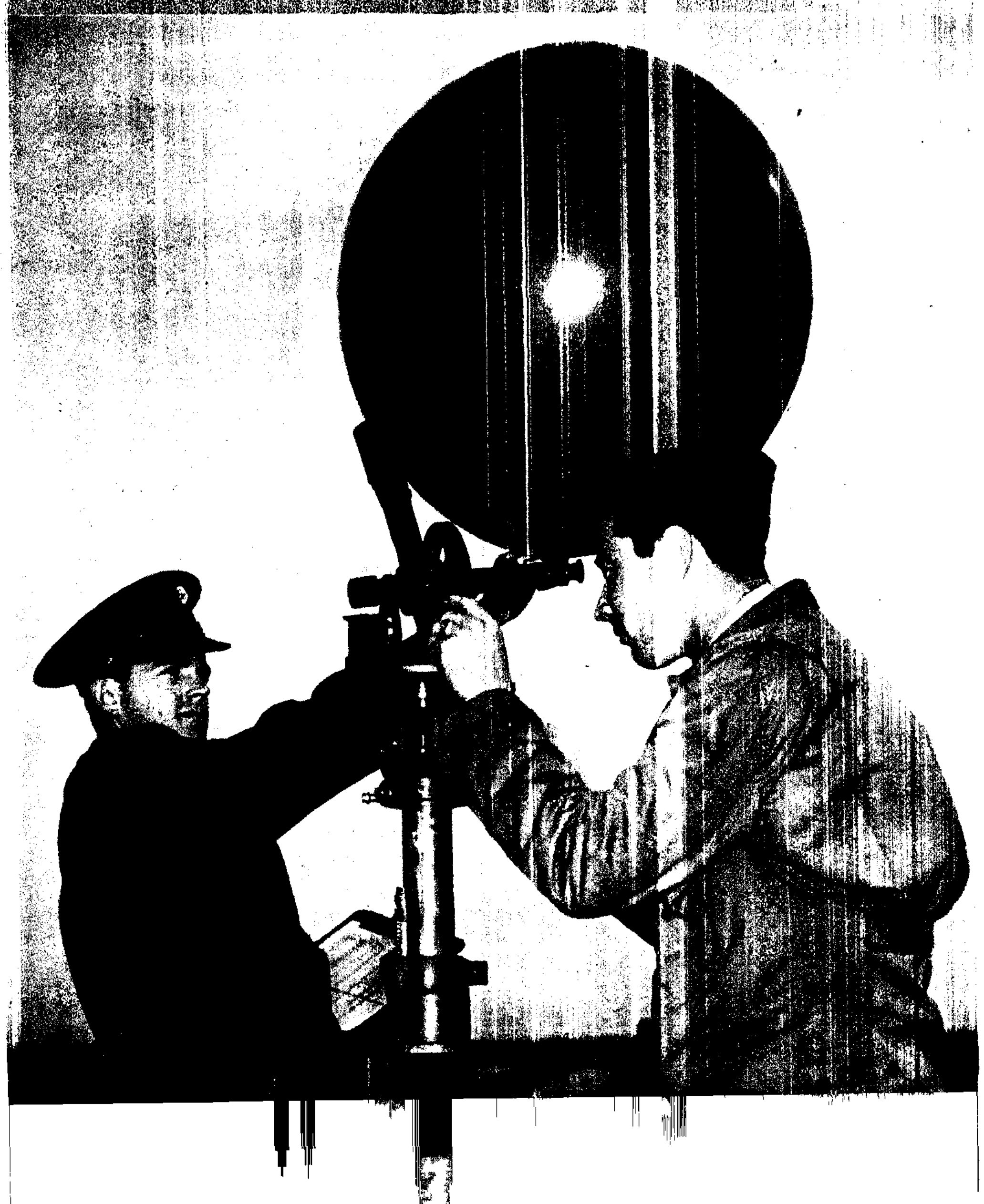
Newest aid in Kelly Field's difficult celestial navigation course is the Hughes Planetarium, used to give cadets a complete picture of the celestial sphere. All fields will soon have this equipment

HONOLULU, T. H. The boys in this biggest U. S. Army garrison and Naval base have whipped up plenty of envy over the luck of the lads who, leaving the West Coast in transport convoys for undisclosed ports, have wound up on the Australian and New Caledonian fronts instead of on the Rock of Oahu in Hawaii. The greatly strengthened garrisons at Schofield Barracks and elsewhere in the Islands are hoping for one of two things (or maybe both): either that the Jap invasion fleet comes over the horizon so that they can get a crack at it, or that the American Fleet shoves off from Pearl Harbor for Old Honshu. If the Nips come the boys figure they're ready; if not, they want to light out for Tokyo at least before the gents from Darwin do.

HARD-BITTEN muleteers of the Hawaiian Pack Train, Mountain Detachment, report back from the high hills of the Koolaus and Waianaes that in the outposts and lookouts the main topics for sessions over the mahogany have to do with ways of defending a tropic beach with some strands of barbed wire and a few machine guns, grenades and mortars. Having studied the terrain for months, the men know how. One of their classics is the new epic tale of the last defense of New Britain's Rabaul by 1,300 Australian troops against an invasion fleet of 20,000 Japs. The enemy came ashore at night in landing barges and the Aussies let them get into the shallows and barbed wire before letting go with concentrated machine-gun cross fire. The Japs piled up in six-foot windrows of dead on the wire and the slaughter continued for days until the Aussies, so exhausted they couldn't fire another round, faded into the swamps and trekked overland through the jungle. Of the 1,300 defenders 700 finally reached New Guinea. That sort of fight won't be repeated here, the boys in Hawaii say; but they cite it as an example of tropical warfare.

ARMY Engineers have been transforming Hawaii's face so that old-timers hardly recognize the place. Military roads now go where only goats ventured before, and the Engineers have bridged gorges and constructed gun emplacements, barricades and other defensive strong points. In their spare time they practice grenade tossing and bayonet technique, and they work with guns on hips, all set to fight at the drop of a pick.

IT WOULDN'T be a fighting force if there wasn't the customary amount of beefing, but nobody is really morose. For a while, there were lengthy disruptions in the mails and delays in getting supplies from the coast, although there were no serious shortages. When the cigarette stocks ran low the boys smoked cheap fags originally destined for the Philippines and side-tracked here. Liquor is back in rationed lots but the men have to do their drinking at public bars; regulations prohibit them from buying at retail stores for home consumption. Out in the cane fields, lads at the outposts have occasionally found a substitute made from sugar cane and pineapples (sugar isn't rationed here, incidentally), and along the beaches they've discovered the old Hawaiian trick of what to do with a young milk coconut left in the hot sun. You open it and drink the milk. *Zzzz*-wham!



So that pilots may know wind velocity and direction at each 1,000-foot level up to 14,000 feet, a balloon filled with hydrogen is released each day at Randolph Field and its behavior checked with a theodolite

THE Navy discovered a lot of Japs on the island had been changing their names as fast as they could go to court. A common Jap surname is Ohara and several of the Oharas were changing to O'Hare, in honor of Lt. Cmdr. Edward "Butch" O'Hare, the one-man blitz who has been in the papers so much.

NAVY censors have their problems, too. One of the Fleet officers saddled with the job of reading enlisted men's mail finally called in one sailor and told him to stop signing off his letters with the word Aloha. "Shucks," said the sailor, "everybody knows Aloha means 'I love you,' 'greetings,' 'goodby' —almost anything." The harassed officer sighed. "That's just it," said he, "it means anything. How do I know what secrets you've been giving out?"

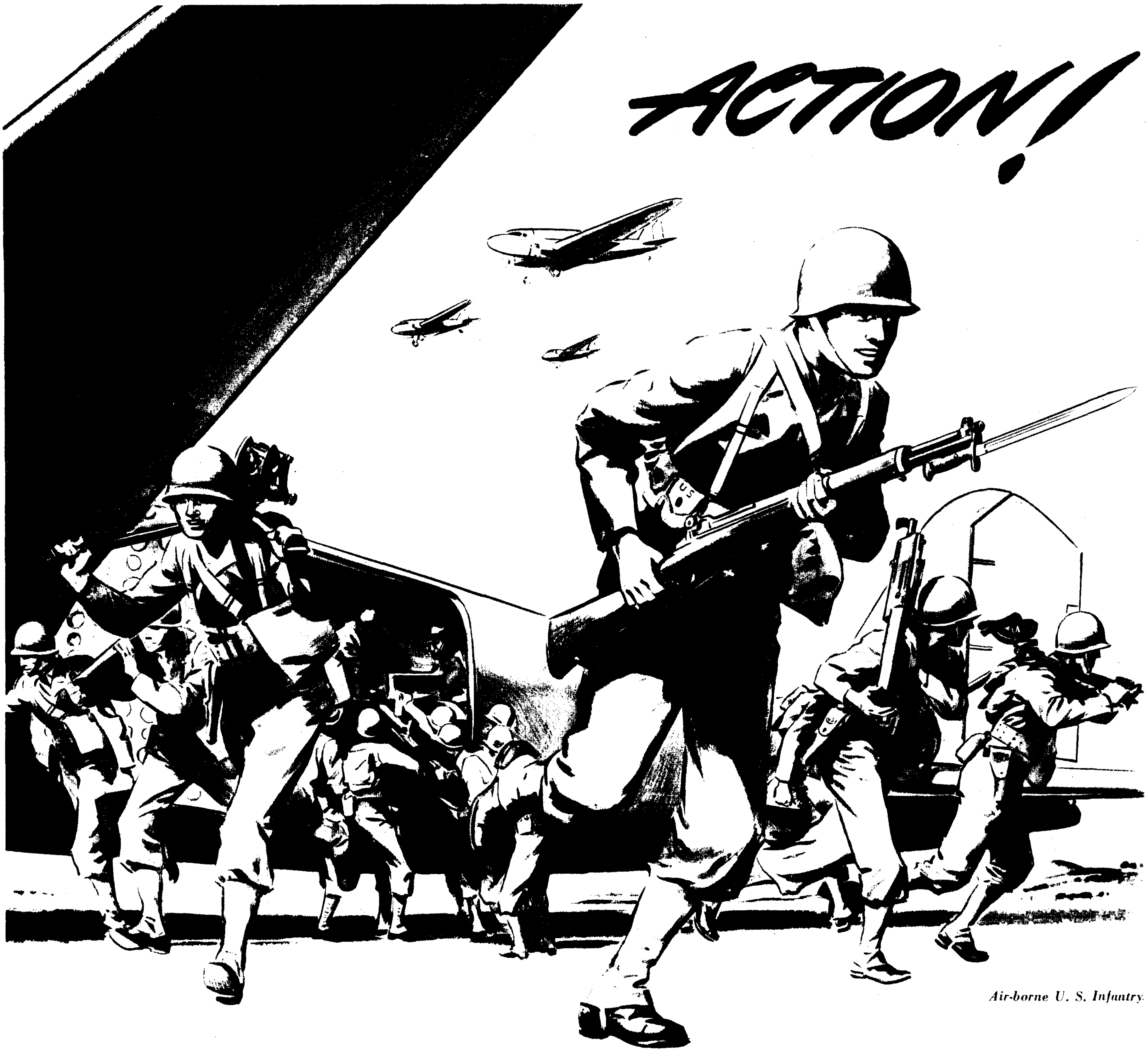
THUNDERBIRD FIELD, Ariz. On furlough, our own and United Nations' fliers in training here like to drive to the Grand Canyon and take the muleback ride down Bright Angel Trail. Indians on the Navajo and Hopi reservations along the canyon get a terrific wallop out of baffling the English and Australian cadets who take the week-end jaunt. One auto load of Aussies stopped at a bridge being guarded by two husky Navajo bucks, and the boys from Down Under didn't know quite what to say when the Navajos solemnly walked around the car, grimly scanned each occupant, mumbled in Navajo and fingered the insignia on the fliers' sleeves. Just as the Aussies were reaching a stage of high agitation the Navajo Indians grinned, "Cheerio, fellow," said one. "Go ahead," said the other. The Aussies are still writing home about it.

6TH ARMORED DIV.

CAMP CHAFFEE, Ark. Pvt. John J. Bryce, of the 68th Armored Regiment's Co. D, had to get a ladder to read the letter from his pals in the office back home. Each of his 43 associates wrote him individually but the missives, glued together, formed a letter 25 feet long, so Pvt. Bryce got a ladder, tacked the message up on the side of a barracks and started to read. It took him some time to reach the bottom rung and the last signature.

CAMP LIVINGSTON, La. Jim Roberts isn't his real name but it'll do. He's a likable but lazy gent in the Hq. Detachment of the Station complement and the first sergeant had tried using him in half a dozen jobs before he hit upon the unhappy (as it turned out) idea of making him company bugler. For some weeks thereafter Jim snorted and puffed, doing his best to learn the calls; then came the time for his debut with the bugle. The whole outfit lined up in the company street, went through Retreat ceremonies, and stood by as the topkick told Jim to sound Mess Call. The eyes of every man in the outfit, from the colonel down to the last buck private, were turned on Jim as he waddled up the 20-foot bugler platform, and when he put the bugle to his lips a

(Continued on page 72)



Air-borne U. S. Infantry

There's plenty of action for young men of 18 and 19 in the Army—and you can choose your own branch of service!

For every red-blooded young American who wants to serve his country, this latest announcement by the Army is good news. If you are 18 and not yet 20 years old, and otherwise qualified, you can now enlist for active duty *in any one of the eight combat branches you select.* The opportunity to choose will no longer be yours after you pass 20.

Perhaps you have been wishing you could get into one special branch of service where you can do the things you like best. In the Infantry, for example, there's a chance to be a ski trooper, a parachute trooper, a machine-gunner, or a specialist in one of many other fields.

If you have a talent for radio communication, you'll find interesting opportunities in the Signal Corps. And if you're mechanically inclined, the Air Force or the Armored Force will give you just the experience you're looking for.

Other branches which you can join are the Cavalry, the Engineer Corps, the Field Artillery and the Coast Artillery — each a splendid training for your future.

You'll have opportunities to learn and advance. Men under 21 can now win Army commissions, and if you show qualities of leadership you will have your chance in an Officers' Candidate School.

You'll like the splendid new equipment — cars, trucks, tanks, planes, guns — that you'll be using. And you'll enjoy the sound physical condition, the friendships and the thrills of Army life.

Without obligating yourself in any way, you can get full information and literature at the nearest Army Recruiting and Induction Station. Discuss the idea with your parents and tell your friends about it. America needs young men like you, and needs them *now*. Let's go!

U. S. ARMY RECRUITING AND INDUCTION SERVICE

Visit or write the nearest U. S. Army Recruiting and Induction Station or write to: "The Commanding General," of the Corps Area nearest you:

First Corps Area..............................Boston, Mass.
Second Corps Area........Governors Island, N. Y.
Third Corps Area............................Baltimore, Md.
Fourth Corps Area.............................Atlanta, Ga.
Fifth Corps Area....Fort Hayes, Columbus, Ohio
Sixth Corps Area..................................Chicago, Ill.
Seventh Corps Area.........................Omaha, Nebr.
Eighth Corps Area....Fort Sam Houston, Texas
Ninth Corps Area..................Fort Douglas, Utah

Or write to

Enlisted Division, F-6, A.G.O., Washington, D. C.

LET'S GO! U.S.A. KEEP 'EM FLYING!

Pull Yourself Together

Continued from page 13

finicky as an Army officer about it. Shoulders flush with your own. Sleeves exactly the right length. Jacket never so tight it draws when you button it. Skirt snug at the waist, hanging straight all around—no ugly cupping in the rear. Ready-made clothes are sized miraculously well but there are bound to be differences between you and a regulation size. Pay for a fitting at the store or go to a good tailor if you haven't the necessary skill with tape and needle.

To keep tabs on each garment, military precision in your closet is a help. "All clothes hanging on the racks behind each bed," writes a soldier reporting on garrison inspection, "must be entirely buttoned, facing the same way and in the same order. Overcoat on the right, then raincoat, fatigue uniform, dress jacket, shirts and trousers." A sure giveaway to the inspecting officer, of missing buttons, bedraggled shirts, unpressed uniforms.

Now that your own wardrobe is fined down to essentials in the same fashion, marshal it for your own inspection and let nothing get by that isn't in perfect wearing order.

New Techniques for Glamor

Yes, you do have extra problems. Hair, for one. The time it takes a man to shave, you could spend wielding a brush to polish your hair. You could have it cut and set only in the way it is most likely to stay put. Keep it really short and trim, if it's the all-over short haircut beginning to crown those newest, most photographed glamor girls of the day, the girls who work in war industries.

If you stick to your longish bob, try a hairnet to hold the ends in shining, beautifully brushed order. Wear heavier, snoodlike meshes, when your job is too wind-blown for a hat.

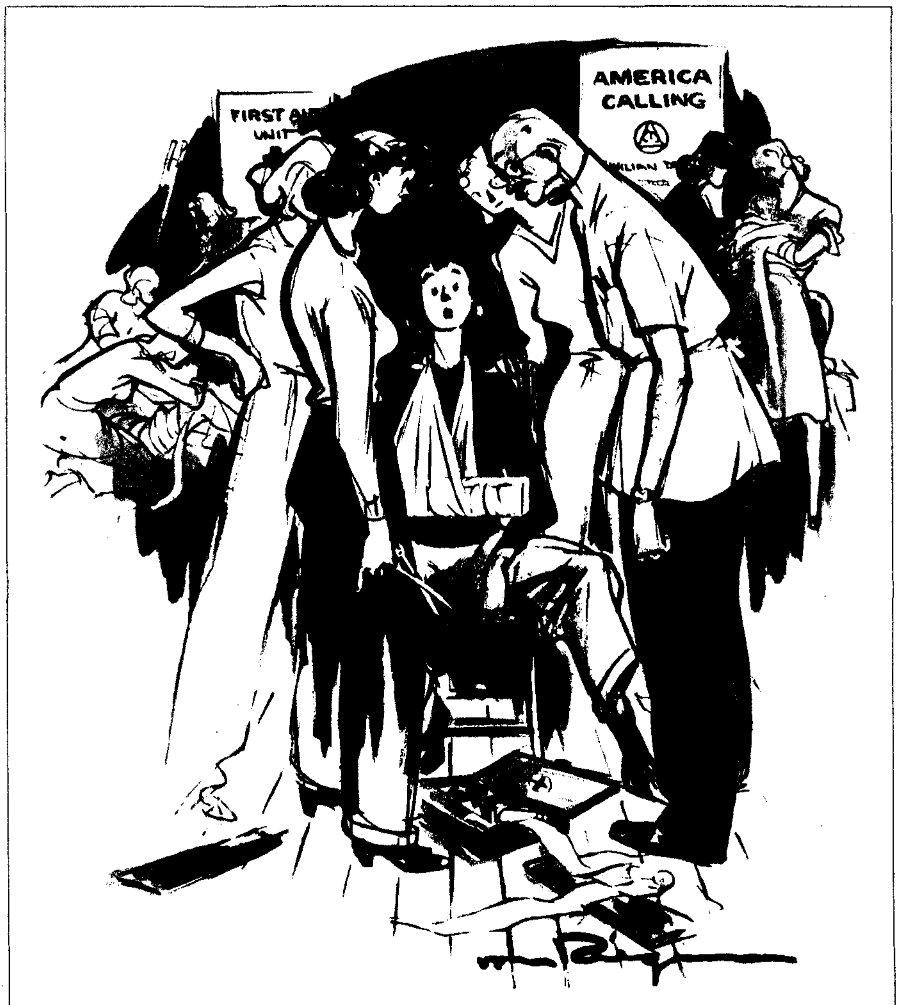
Put your make-up on to stay and you won't have to be dabbing all day long. A powder base first, as light as you like. Then powder patted on with a fresh fluff of cotton, the excess is then brushed off. Lipstick smoothed on, powdered over and blotted with a piece of tissue.

There are tricks to putting on nail polish to make it look smoother and last longer. Buff your nails first, and the polish will stick better. Two thin coats last longer than one heavy one. Drain your brush on the neck of the bottle to cut down on the amount you use. Then over the color, put a third thin coat of clear polish, bringing it just under the edge of your nail to seal the works and prevent chipping. Your nails will be moderately short—no talons today.

Don't think stocking shortages will make bare white legs any prettier on the streets. Cotton, rayon or a smooth, even tan (on a smooth, young leg) will give the right finish to your good looks. A quick way to the latter is a make-up that goes on flatter than any nylon. Of course you've done the necessary hair-disposal act first.

It's a steady job of homework ahead, to keep yourself and your wardrobe on the ready. But as your wardrobe becomes smaller and simpler and better organized you're in for a happy surprise. No more going to the closet and finding not a decent stitch to wear. You can hop into anything you find there and know you'll be looking your best. Gives you assurance. You'll discover you actually spend less total time on yourself and get a bigger lift for your efforts. You'll match the boys in looks and in the swing of your self-assured step, too. You'll tell it right back to the Marines.

THE END



"How soon do we learn to operate?"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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Go modern—Smoke REGENT!

DAD! A modern man like you smoking a "shortie"...shame! Get Regent...it's 20% longer... more cigarette for your money.

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Regent's crush-proof box keeps each cigarette firm and fresh. And Dad, Regent's oval shape is *modern!* You can see *and* taste Regent's superiorities! So go modern, Dad...get Regent—*for more smoking pleasure!*"

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Braces from $1 to $3.50
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CORRECTLY STYLED
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Combination sets $2 up

Your Dad will welcome any one of these smartly styled gift-packaged Pioneer accessories. On sale at leading men's wear counters everywhere.

FOR MEN WHO CARE WHAT THEY WEAR

PIONEER

It's Loaded, Mr. Bauer

Continued from page 12

like my hat." His eyes met Winslow's, and Winslow's sallow cheeks flushed.

"Yes," Winslow said, "that was rude of me, to stare at it."

"Far from it," Señor Lopez said, "it was discerning. It is yours. I beg you please to take it."

It was a pretty custom of South Americans, that convention of offering you their lands, their houses and their horses, though it was a gesture not to be taken literally. Winslow found himself saying the señor was too kind but of course he could not accept.

"I am very bad with names and faces," he continued. "If I have met you before, please excuse me."

Señor Lopez took a step forward, his eyes still fixed on Winslow.

"No, you have not, Mr. Greene. I am the police."

Señor Lopez's hands were swift and adroit as he pushed his alligator-skin wallet back into his pocket. "I'm secret police. I belong to a political party. My bedroom is on your floor."

WINSLOW still could think of nothing to say, but in the pause that followed he felt that Señor Lopez wished him to say something.

"It is nothing you have done, my friend. It is only something that may happen. In these days this is such an interesting city, and what a time it is to live in!" He sighed. "I'm glad that I'm alive."

He paused, apparently waiting again for Winslow to say something.

"The more you know in these days," Señor Lopez went on, "the harder it is to stay alive."

"Well," Winslow said slowly, "I am only a professional geologist at the Boca Grande mine. It won't be hard for me to stay alive because I don't know anything."

Señor Lopez's teeth flashed in another smile. "I am only going to ask you a favor. It is nothing to worry about."

"I'm afraid I can't help you," Winslow said hastily. "I'm leaving here tomorrow."

"I know." Señor Lopez nodded. "For the Oriente where there are snakes and not-nice Indians and little fish with teeth. I'm just asking you to do something for me in case something happens."

It all seemed to Winslow rather unusual and irregular. "Maybe you'd better tell me first," he said, "just what is going to happen."

Señor Lopez put his head slightly to one side. "It is not difficult," he said soothingly. "I think before you leave Santa Rosa that two gentlemen may speak to you, neither of whom I think you know. Do not look startled. They will be most engaging. One of them will be a Mr. Gruber, and the other one of my compatriots, a most polite man of very good family is a Señor Martinez."

Señor Lopez must have been very quick, for even before Winslow could speak, Señor Lopez had noticed the change in his expression. So he added. "Do you know them already?"

Winslow shook his head.

Señor Lopez's voice grew silkily, beguilingly soft: "Then you have heard of them. Please do not think me impertinent. How does it happen you have heard of them?"

"I was just talking to our metallurgist," Winslow said. "Mr. Bird—a minute ago—he knew them."

Señor Lopez frowned. "Of course," he said. "It was dull of me to have asked but I think they will talk to you because perhaps Mr. Bird cannot answer their questions. If they see you it would be a kindness if you should tell me. I ask it as a favor of you, please. It will be nothing that can do you any possible harm. I am in room four-ten. Knock on my door at eleven o'clock tonight."

"What's the matter with them?" Winslow asked.

Señor Lopez did not answer directly, but his forehead wrinkled thoughtfully. "Have you a minute?" he asked. "Then let us sit down, Mr. Greene." He waved his hand toward a shady corner. "The clerk is one of our men, and it is still early, so we shall not be disturbed. I have been thinking—your work and mine are very much alike."

Señor Lopez was being most agreeable. His slender hands moved as though he were modeling a figure out of the space between them.

"We both look for things we do not see," he went on. "You search for a vein of gold-bearing ore. It pinches off; it shatters; it appears again. I search for another sort of vein, also in the dark. I have been once in the Boca Grande mine."

"Oh," said Winslow. "When was that?"

Señor Lopez's hands were moving again in little curves and arcs. "There was a man we wanted there some years ago. You may laugh at me, but the dark, the foul air, the stillness down there made me very much afraid—those miles of passages leading nowhere, those ladders leading up and down from different levels. I learned how you follow the vein wherever it might wander through the rock. I learned how men die following it when the galleries cave in. I saw where the vein would lose itself. That's why I say we're alike."

"I see," Winslow answered. "What are you digging for now?"

Señor Lopez's hands ceased moving. "I don't tell you," he said, lowering his shoulders in an elaborate defeated gesture, "because I do not know. I see a little mineral here and there but I am working in the dark. There is something happening among people here and I have been sent to watch. I cannot understand what it is they wish, but may I ask a question? When you came down the river, did you bring gold with you —gold from Boca Grande?"

There was a moment of silence, and Winslow smiled faintly. "I'm sorry," he said. "I don't know you well enough to tell you that."

Señor Lopez laughed, and his laugh was completely good-natured. "You are quite right," he said, "but I should be very grateful indeed if you were to tell me tonight if anyone else should ask you that same question—say Mr. Martinez or Mr. Gruber. There is something here which is hiding, my friend—hiding like the gold beneath the earth."

His voice was casual but it made Winslow sit up straighter.

Señor Lopez rose and held out his hand. "And now I must not keep you. You are going out to the ship."

"Just how," Winslow asked him, "do you know where I'm going?"

Señor Lopez laughed. "Where else would a citizen of the United States be going so early in the morning? It has been a pleasure, Mr. Greene."

IT WAS eight o'clock by then and the streets of Santa Rosa lay shimmering in the brilliant morning sun. The newsboys and the vendors of lottery tickets and the sellers of cakes and oranges and

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MAN-FORMED—designed on living models and shaped to fit your figure.
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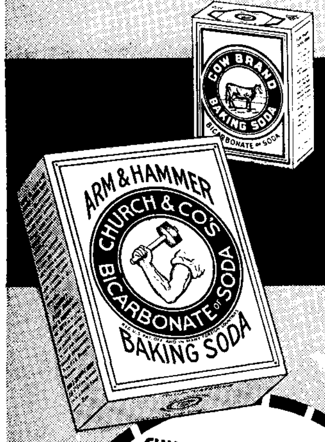

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poisonous-looking colored drinks were crouching in the shade of the buildings. An autobus rushed down the street with its horn blowing continuous blasts. Down by the customs dock the glare from the muddy water of the river made Winslow blink his eyes. The ship lay in midstream with her ladder down, and the lighters were already clustered about her to take off her cargo. Winslow was glad to get beneath the awning of the little motor launch that was waiting.

THE promenade deck of the big ship gave him an immediate sense of luxury and comfort which no travel folder had ever adequately described. He could see the profusion of food in the dining saloon. The deck chairs were out, ready for reclining passengers. The vendors of souvenirs were already aboard, squatting beside their sales displays on the deck. There were the usual Panama hats and bits of antique brass and the hide of a huge boa constrictor for sale, and pathetic imitations of Indian bows and arrows. Those tawdry goods were all that most passengers would ever know of that country where the ship was anchored. A few travelers who were examining the Panama hats looked up at him. They knew he was not one of them. They knew that he lived there and they must have wondered what he was doing.

"I am looking for Miss Simpson," he told the deck steward. "Miss Henrietta Simpson. Could you send for her?"

The way the steward looked at him made him more self-conscious. "Yes, sir," he said. "She told me she was expecting someone from the Boca Grande mine."

Winslow Greene said that he would be waiting at the purser's desk and he walked down to B deck.

"Hello, Mr. Greene," the purser said. "Nothing to go in the strong room this time?"

Winslow had not expected the question. It must have been his talk at the hotel that made him apprehensive. It seemed to him that two of the customs guards were watching him curiously.

"I don't know," Winslow said. "I'm on a prospecting trip, not running errands this time."

"Miss Simpson's been waiting for someone," the purser said. "There she is now."

Winslow turned and saw a girl walking down the stairs. He never liked meeting women, even when he was at his best, because he could never think of much to say to them. He had hoped that Miss Simpson would not be pretty because a pretty girl always made him feel particularly inadequate. She was not the type he had expected at all to come from New York to work in the office at Boca Grande. She looked more like a magazine advertisement—graceful, cool and artificial. Her hair was a delicate blond, her eyes were wide and gray, and she wore a diamond bracelet—at least it looked like a diamond bracelet. She had on high-heeled slippers that were open at the toes, the last thing you could walk on, particularly on the cobbled streets of Santa Rosa. She must have read about the tropics in Somerset Maugham, he thought. She had on a white dress and a little cape. He crumpled his hat in his left hand and walked toward her.

"Miss Simpson," he said, "Jim Walters—he's manager, you know—he sent me to take you off the boat."

"Oh," she said, and he thought she looked disappointed when she saw him. "Well, I'm all ready. Where's the mine?"

"We go to the head of the river," Winslow told her, "and then overland. About two hundred miles from here, the way we have to travel."

She looked as though she did not believe him.

"Oh," she said. "I thought it was right here. Well, my bags are locked and my trunk is up from the baggage room."

"A trunk?" Winslow repeated.

"Why," she said, "a wardrobe trunk, of course."

Winslow scratched the back of his head. It was a habit which he tried to stop but he always did it when he was embarrassed.

"That's going to be bad," he said. "You'll have to leave the trunk at the hotel and we'll buy some bags. You see, everything for the mine goes in on mules."

"But isn't there a motor road or a railroad?" she asked. "The travel folder says you can motor through the Andes."

"No," Winslow said, "there isn't any road. The mine's right in the middle of nowhere. That's where gold generally is—right in the middle of nowhere."

"Well," she said, "let's go."

Winslow hesitated for a moment and cleared his throat. "All right," he said, "the hotel porter here can take care of your baggage. But would you mind, before we leave, I'd just like to go up to the smoking room—"

"Now, that's too bad," she said and she smiled at him, "but the bar is closed in port."

Winslow stammered and before he could prevent himself he scratched the back of his head again. "I know, but all I want is just a little ice water."

"Ice water?" She gazed at him blankly.

Then they were sitting at a table in the smoking room, and Winslow sipped his tall glass of ice water slowly.

"That's awfully good," he said. "Sometimes I dream of ice water."

"I don't see that it's much to dream about," she said.

That remark of hers made him feel a little old and weary. "Of course at Boca Grande the ice is all right," he told her. "We have electric refrigerators and we use boiled water but you can't trust the ice anywhere else. Dysentery, you know. You see, this isn't a very healthy country." He looked at her uncovered blond head.

"Where's your hat?" he asked.

"Why," she said, "I haven't got a hat. They don't wear them much now in New York."

"Well," Winslow said, "you'll have to buy one of those Panamas on deck, then. There's the sun."

Then she looked at him the way other women had. "It seems to me you're awfully careful about your health," she said.

"Believe me," Winslow answered, "you need to be here. You can't get off this boat without a hat."

HE DID not care any longer what she thought of him. The truth was that she was not the kind of person who should have been sent down there at all, but it was up to him to look after her until next morning, to see about her baggage, to see about her clothes if necessary.

They did not speak for a while as the launch took them toward the customs dock. She sat gazing at the wharves and blinking at the glare from the water. The way her eyebrows were puckered reminded him that he must get her a pair of colored glasses. Her baggage was in the center of the cockpit. The wardrobe trunk and all the suitcases, down to the smallest one which looked like a jewel case, were new and carefully matched. Certainly no girl who traveled with baggage like that would have to work for her living. No woman in her right mind would have brought such baggage to Santa Rosa.

"I'm afraid no one told you what this would be like," he said.

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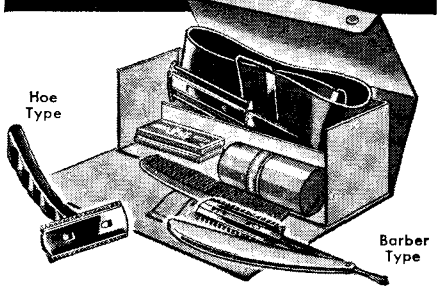

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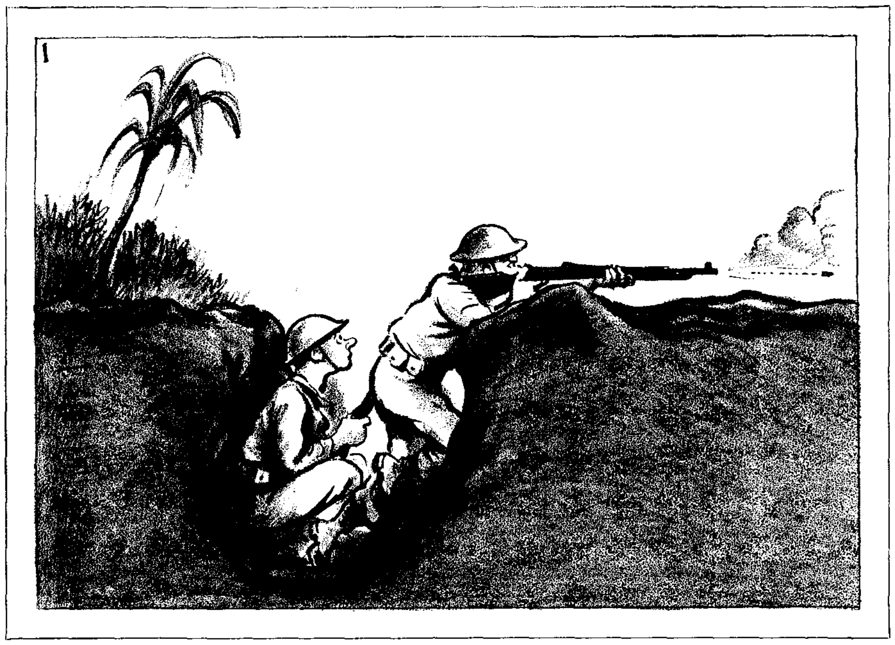


"I didn't ask," she answered, "but I've traveled a good deal."

She might have gone abroad on the Normandie before the war but she certainly had never been to a place like Boca Grande.

"Once you get outside the city it's pretty rough," he said. "I hope you have some plain clothes."

"I have sports clothes," she answered.

He asked her if she had riding breeches and she shook her head.

"We'll have to try to buy you some," he told her. "Some dungarees or something. And you'll need a raincoat. And, excuse me, have you any walking shoes? Something that can stand a little wear?"

She shook her head again. "I guess you think I'm an awful fool."

"Oh, no," Winslow said, "why, not at all."

"I don't blame you. It's awfully flat here, isn't it? I thought there would be mountains."

He told her they were on the coastal plain, too far away to see the mountains, but that Boca Grande was in the beginning of the mountains. He told her that Santa Rosa was hot and sticky, that yellow fever had been there once and that there was still cholera.

"It may not seem like much of a town to you," he added, "but you'll think it's a big city when you get back from Boca Grande." He laughed, and she did not answer.

The officials in the customs shed were meticulous and slow. He stood watching them groping through piles of lingerie and silk stockings and evening dresses and print frocks. He tried not to be curious because he felt that it was indelicate to know so much about her but it did not seem to him that any of her clothes were right.

"Well," she said, "you certainly know what I have on underneath."

Winslow turned brick red. He tried to think of what someone like Milton Bird would have said but he could think of nothing.

"Doesn't anyone speak English here?" she asked.

"No," he answered, "you'll have to learn Spanish if you don't know it."

"I speak German and French and Italian," she said. "I went to a convent school in France and we used to spend our summers in Germany."

THEY sat together in the back seat of a grimy automobile on the way to the hotel. As the car skidded around a corner she was thrown heavily against him.

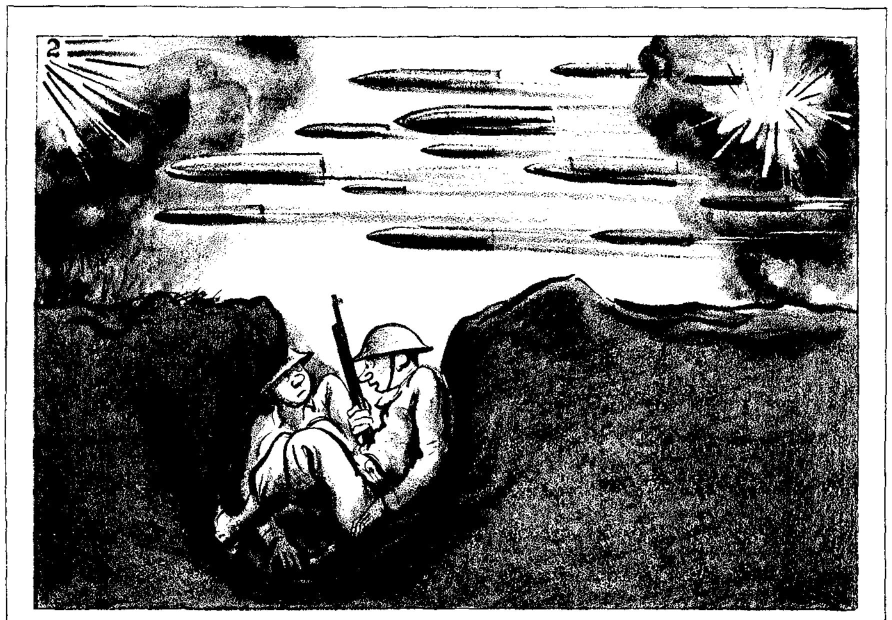
"I'm awfully sorry," he said.

"It isn't your fault," she answered. "Everything looks like papier mâché, doesn't it? Aren't there any old buildings?"

He told her that there weren't. He told her they kept having fires in Santa Rosa. He pointed out the post office and the prison, whose inmates clung to the barred windows staring at the street.

"It's not an interesting town but the people who live here think it's the center of civilization. They like elaborate French architecture—a lot of icing on the cake. Well, here's the hotel."

"Oh," she said. "I didn't think it would be like this at all." She was staring at the chairs that looked like dentists'



"Touchy, aren't they?"

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chairs. They went slowly upward on an elevator amid smells of open drains and cooking.

"I didn't think," she said again, "it would be like this at all."

"Maybe nothing is what you think it's going to be," Winslow said, but his answer did not cheer her up. She looked discouraged, and Winslow felt somewhat discouraged himself. He would have to run errands for her all that day and make all the arrangements about that preposterous baggage and about how she would get down to the company's boat the first thing in the morning.

The room boy opened her door and pushed back the shutters, and she stood helplessly in the center of the room while the wardrobe trunk came in and then the bags. The room was high and clean. There was a large bed with a mosquito net, a bureau, two chairs and a pier glass. There was also a bathroom.

"I'm across the hall in four hundred and seven," Winslow said. "If you want anything, just knock on my door. I suppose you'd like to—wash—and rest for a while."

"I'm perfectly clean," she said, "and I've been resting all the way from New York."

Winslow tried to think of something else to say. It occurred to him that he had never been alone in a bedroom with a girl in his life. It certainly was not delicate for him to remain there.

"You have a nice view of the river," he said. "That's the river you'll be going up tomorrow. If the plumbing doesn't work let me know. The plumbing isn't very good here. I'm right across the hall, room four hundred and seven, if there's anything."

She had been standing motionless looking straight ahead of her but she spoke very quickly.

"Don't," she said, "please don't go away!"

A change in her voice made him stare at her and then, before he even guessed what was about to happen, she burst into tears. Her shoulders shook with a sharp sob and she groped blindly at the catch of the little suède bag and pulled out a handkerchief and dabbed at her eyes. Winslow had never been so embarrassed in his life and he could think of nothing to say or do.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I'll be all right in a minute. It's only that it's all so—I didn't think it would be like this at all."

THEN he knew what was the matter. She was homesick. He had felt that way himself when he had first come there years before.

"Let me get you a glass of water," Winslow said. It was the only thing he could think of but she only made a choking sound.

"Oh, please," she said, "I don't want water. Just don't leave me alone here—just for a little while—please. I'm all right now. Don't give me water. Give me a cigarette."

She sat down and wiped her eyes with the back of her hand, and Winslow handed her a cigarette. He broke three matches before he could light it for her. The matches were a government monopoly and very bad. He wanted to think of something to say. At least she had stopped crying.

"I'm not this way usually," she said. "It was the smell of the cooking. It was just everything all at once."

"It's the heat," Winslow said hopefully. "It's a very hot day—but then it's always hot here."

"No," she answered, "it isn't the heat. Oh, never mind!"

They were silent again. Winslow walked over to the window and looked out at the river but she did not speak. It would have been better to leave her there but she had asked him not to go away. He glanced at her to see what she was doing. She was doing nothing, simply sitting staring at the handkerchief between her fingers.

"Miss Simpson," he said, but she did not answer. If she was this way at Santa Rosa he wondered what would become of her at Boca Grande. He thought of the American wives there, most of them practical and competent, and of Miss Jenkins, the trained nurse with whom she would live.

"Miss Simpson," he said, "it's none of my business but of course you don't like it here. This is a pretty plain place, Miss Simpson, and it takes quite a while to get used to it. Why don't you get back on the boat and go home? No one would blame you. I know I wouldn't."

"No." She looked up at him and the color rose in her cheeks. "No, I won't do that. I came down here to get away. I came down here so I wouldn't be married."

Winslow had a distinct feeling that she should not have made that last remark, that she did not know him well enough. He wanted very much to change the subject but she did not give him time.

"I don't suppose you understand anything like that," she said.

"No," Winslow said, and he took off his glasses and put them on again. "No, I guess I don't."

"You've never been caught up in anything, have you—and been all mixed up emotionally, I mean? You've never thought you loved someone and then found you didn't and just couldn't go on with it?"

"No," Winslow said slowly, "no, I guess I haven't. No one's ever been interested enough in me for that."

He wished she had not told him. In a way it was like seeing her lingerie at the customs.

"Well," she said, "that's why I'm here."

Winslow Greene became shyer and more tongue-tied than he had been before. He was very sure that she would be sorry for this some time later.

"You're awfully nice," she said.

"What?" Winslow asked.

"You're awfully nice. I wouldn't have acted this way if you weren't. You're so impersonal."

"I guess that's so," Winslow admitted. "I guess I am pretty impersonal. They laugh at me sometimes about it up at the mine. All I think about is rocks; that's all I'm good at. I don't know about people, only about rocks."

"Rocks?" She looked blank.

"I'm the mine geologist," he told her. "Ever since I was a kid I liked stones—I liked getting away by myself and looking at them. I still like it, I guess, and I like animals and Indians."

He stopped and blushed when he saw her watching him. It was more than he had ever said to any girl and it sounded like something from a primary-school reader.

"Tell me where the mine is," she said. "Tell me where we're going."

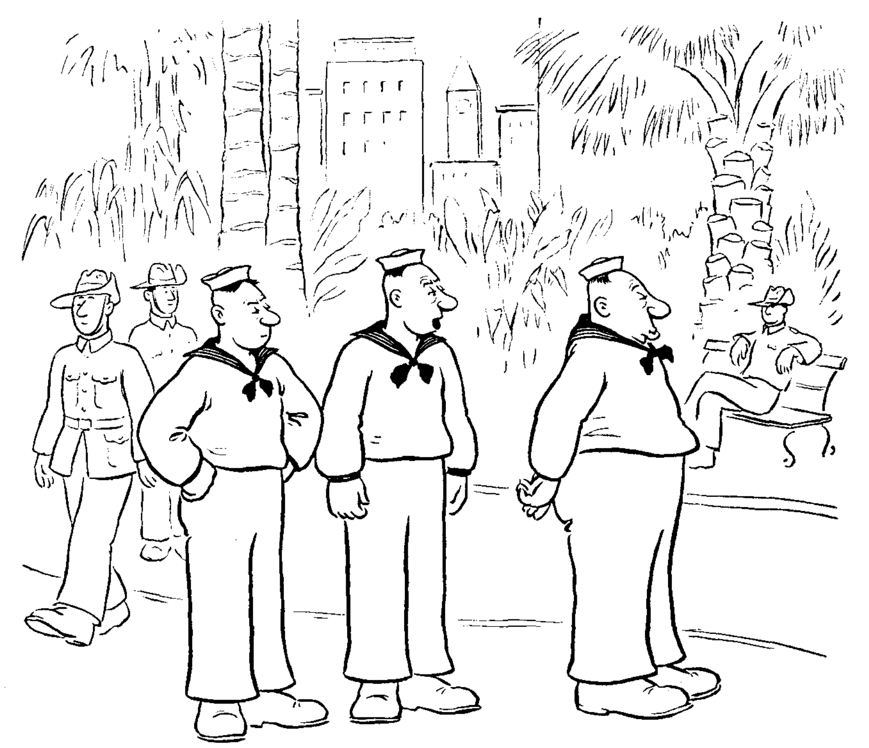
WINSLOW drew a deep breath, took a notebook and a pencil from his pocket, and opened the book to a clean page. He was glad to change the subject, and making sketches gave him something definite to do.

"Well, here's the way it is." He pulled his chair closer to hers and she leaned toward him and looked at the notebook on his knee. "Here's the Pacific Ocean and here's where the Santa Rosa River flows into it. And here we are at Santa Rosa, just about here. The river rises up here in the mountains, and everything for the Boca Grande mine goes up it on light-draft river boats. You'll go up that way tomorrow. The river gets mighty shallow and maybe you'll see a crocodile but you can get up as far as here. It's a little town and the company has a landing and warehouses. Then there's a trail. You go up the trail on mules. It takes about twelve hours winding up into the mountains. And there's Boca Grande, in the foothills of the Andes."

She looked intently at the sketch he had drawn. He could see her profile and she was undoubtedly very pretty but he was not self-conscious any more.

"I see," she said, "isn't there any other way of getting there?"

"If you're in a hurry," he told her, "you can take a plane from Santa Rosa to a mountain town called Pinas, up there, away up in the high Andes at twelve thousand feet. Then you can ride down to Boca Grande on a mountain trail. Plane travel is changing everything but all the heavy stuff for the mine



"Oh, Topeka, Topeka, Topeka! Everything you've seen in Australia, Alfred, there is something twice as good in Topeka!"

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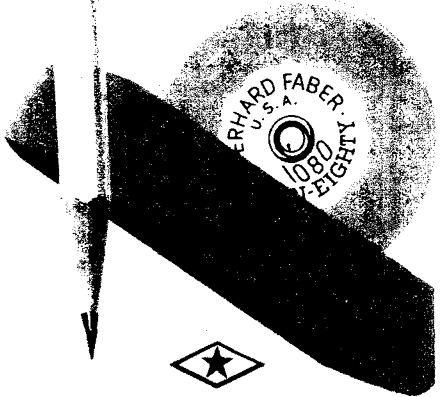

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must go up the river, of course. It's nice up in the Andes. It's like a different world. You get to like this country if you live here long enough."

"Tell me about Boca Grande," she said.

"Well," he said, "it's this way," and he closed his notebook. "Boca Grande is a pretty big mining operation. The mill there handles four hundred tons of ore a day. The mill and the main shaft are right on the side of a stream. If you want to, you can travel about ten miles underground but I wouldn't want to." He smiled at her. "The miners and their families live in most of the town. They have their recreation center and their houses, and then there's a company of soldiers stationed there. The Americans, the engineers and their families, live in bungalows on the side of the hill. There's a club and a swimming pool and we have dances on Saturday nights. Jim Walters is the boss—it's quite a job running that whole community, the store and the hospital and the machine shop. We all get on one another's nerves sometimes but everybody's all right on the whole. You'll be in the office typing reports and handling the files." He paused and frowned. "Do you know anything about doing things like that?"

She nodded and she looked happier. "The family were funny that way," she said. "They have an idea that girls ought to be able to earn their own living. Yes, I went to a business school one year. You mustn't get a wrong idea about me. I'm not as bad as I look."

"You don't look bad," Winslow said, and then he blushed. "I mean I've been sort of out of the way most of my life, so I don't know how anyone ought to look, really." He cleared his throat and went on hastily, "It isn't bad up there. It's sort of one big family. You get to know everyone pretty well after the rainy season."

"Do you think I'll like it?" she asked.

Winslow cleared his throat again. "Well, I don't know," he said. "Maybe you'll find it sort of different."

"Do you like it there?" she asked.

"Well," Winslow said slowly, "well, no, but then that doesn't mean anything. I never was good mixing with people. You don't want to take me as a measure for anything. I'm more at home in the bush. I seem to get on better there."

"Well, I'm going to like it," she said, and in some way Winslow felt that they had become friends. "You'll be surprised. But you're right. I'll have to get some other clothes." She stood up. "Let's go out and get them now."

"All right," Winslow said.

"You don't mind looking after me?"

"No," Winslow said. "Why, not at all."

As a matter of fact, he often thought how much he had enjoyed that morning. He felt useful taking her to the shops and arguing with the tradespeople. She had to depend on him so completely and he liked it. He liked it when she asked his advice. He liked it when she asked if something were becoming.

"Why don't you call me Henrietta?" she asked, by the middle of the morning. "It's easier."

"Why," Winslow said, "why, thank you very much."

"I'm glad you're taking me up there. It won't seem so strange."

Then he told her he wasn't taking her up there. "You see, I'm taking the plane at four o'clock tomorrow morning. I'm going to the east slope."

"Oh," she said. "When are you coming back?"

And he told her not for quite a while, not for a couple of months, perhaps.

"Oh," she said, "I'm sorry."

"You know," he said, "I'm a little sorry, too."

Then she did something which surprised him very much. They were walking along beneath one of those arcades, and he never forgot the place. It was just by a newsstand and a greasy little food shop. A row of donkeys were plodding slowly up the street. A boy was shouting a number for the lottery. When he told her he was sorry too, she turned and rested her hand on his arm for a minute.

"I'm glad I came," she told him.

"That's fine," he said. "I'm glad you're here too." He found himself blushing but what he had said did not seem out of place.

There were a number of things which he had planned to do that day but as time went on they did not seem important. He began to feel that there was something rare about that day, something which he could not afford to miss, and he began thinking how soon it would be over. He had always found Santa Rosa insupportably dull but for once it seemed to be a lively place. He had never realized that there were so many things he could tell anyone. He showed her the cocoa beans drying in the street. He showed her the warehouses on the waterfront. He showed her the river boat which would start with her the next morning, and he explained to her about sugar cane and balsa wood. They had lunch in the hotel dining room, and after lunch he told her she should rest for an hour or two because it was customary in the tropics. He was afraid that they had done too much that morning. He did not want her to be overtired.

"I'll knock on your door at five o'clock," he said, "and we'll go out to dinner. There's one quite nice restaurant in Santa Rosa where everybody goes."

HE LEFT her at the hotel elevator but as far as he was concerned he had no desire to rest. He crossed the lobby and opened the ground glass door to the barroom, the latest addition to the Hotel Continental—a modern American bar with small round tables and soft lights. Four citizens of Santa Rosa sat about one table, dignified, almost austere, drinking French vermouth. At another table the local head of the air lines and the manager of an agricultural-machinery agency were shaking dice.

"We've got your place on the plane tomorrow," the air-line man said, and then he added, "Have you heard the news?"

Winslow shook his head and they asked him to sit down.

"It's this way," the manager said, "I was down at the British consulate this morning, and Bill, the vice consul—you know old Bill—"

With the exception of the Germans, every foreigner knew every other foreigner in Santa Rosa.

"Well, right when I was there a code message came in. It was from their destroyer, you know, the Artemis. She was in here only the day before yesterday. When she left she ran down the coast to Lima. About dawn she sighted one of those coast steamers, about three thousand tons, heading right due west. It looked a little queer—a coast boat on that course. When they went after her she tried to run for it. She was full of oil. They got aboard her before the crew could scuttle her. Half of them were Germans."

He paused, glanced across the room and lowered his voice, as one did lately when one spoke of Germans.

"There wasn't any doubt about it. She was running out to that raider. You know—the one that's been off the Canal. The Germans are off there somewhere. Bill said they could spot that raider now if they only had some planes. She can't be far offshore and she's running short of oil."

(To be continued next week)

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Our Fighting Men

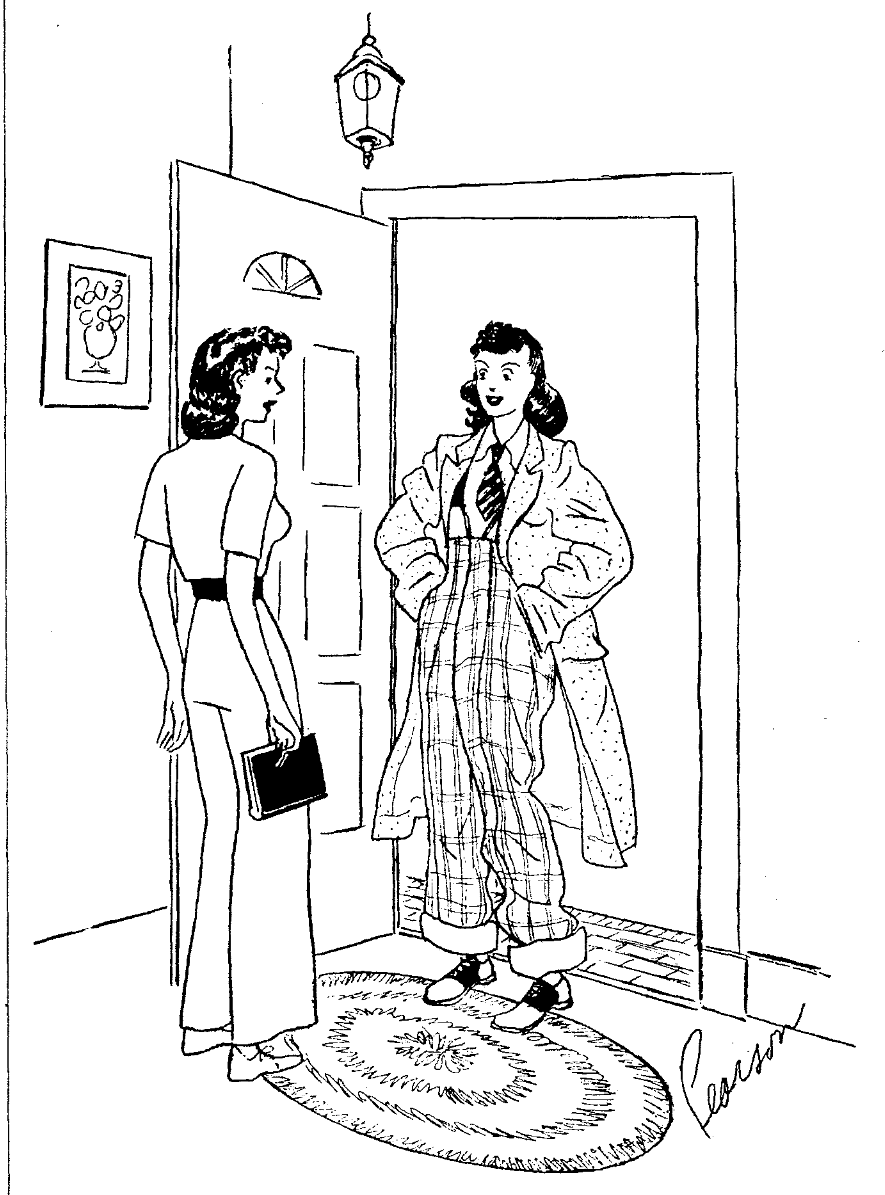
Continued from page 64

deep and vast silence—the deepest and vastest silence ever experienced by a company anywhere assembled—settled over the street. Jim began to blow. . . . To this day no two men in that outfit have been able to agree as to what came out of that horn. But Jim himself knew it was the messiest Mess Call of all time, and right in the middle of it he took drastic steps to set things right. Abruptly dropping the bugle to the platform, he wiped the sweat from his collar and reached for his mess kit. Grabbing the canteen cup in one hand and the meat can in the other he raised his arms above his head and began to bang the utensils together with all the strength at his command, at the same time bellowing: "Last — call — for — chow!" It was Jim's first and last call and represented probably the briefest and most spectacular bugling career in the U. S. Army.

FORT CUSTER, Mich. Barbers at the Reception Center whetted their razors in glee the other day when the first two members of the House of David to be inducted showed up with full beards and braided hair, but Maj. Eldon M. Stenjem said George Anderson and Francis Buck, both from Benton Harbor, could cheat the tonsorial artists if they wanted to. The boys said they'd druther. Army brass hats have frowned upon beards in this mechanized war, on the grounds that hair in the gears is a monkey wrench in the works. They're undoubtedly right, but a full beard and braided hair offer camouflage possibilities that should not be lightly considered.

FORT LEONARD WOOD, Mo. The boys here have to dig hard for an excuse when the people back home want to know why they haven't written lately. Besides free postage (compliments of Uncle Sam) they get free stationery and free typing service at the USO Center in Rolla. If somebody could contribute some self-sealing envelopes, even the most dilatory correspondent at the Engineer Replacement Training Center wouldn't have a leg to stand on. . . . Speaking of excuses, a soldier on furlough from Wood sent a telegram to his C. O. "My grandmother," read the message, "had a storke and I would to get a few more days."

FORT DEVENS, Ayer, Mass. A new division from the Southwest had a hot time getting here. Orders were to leave all pets behind, but Sgt. Bill Ryan wrapped Missy, his outfit's pet water spaniel, in an overcoat and stowed her in a compartment with the company packs. When trainmen investigated, Missy went to work on them and it cost Bill eight bucks for damages—mostly for pants . . . Other trainmen profited from the trip without suffering physical indignities. At one stop Corp. Walter



"Well, my brother finally got into the Army"

PVT. CHARLES PEARSON

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Smoking, eating or drinking to excess may bring on headaches, heartburn, and the heavy, stuffy feeling of acid indigestion. When that happens, just remember—a dash of sparkling, tangy-tasting Eno in a glass of water helps alkalize by relieving excess stomach acid. A larger quantity taken before breakfast acts as a refreshing laxative. Buy world-known Eno . . . and use anytime you feel out-of-sorts.

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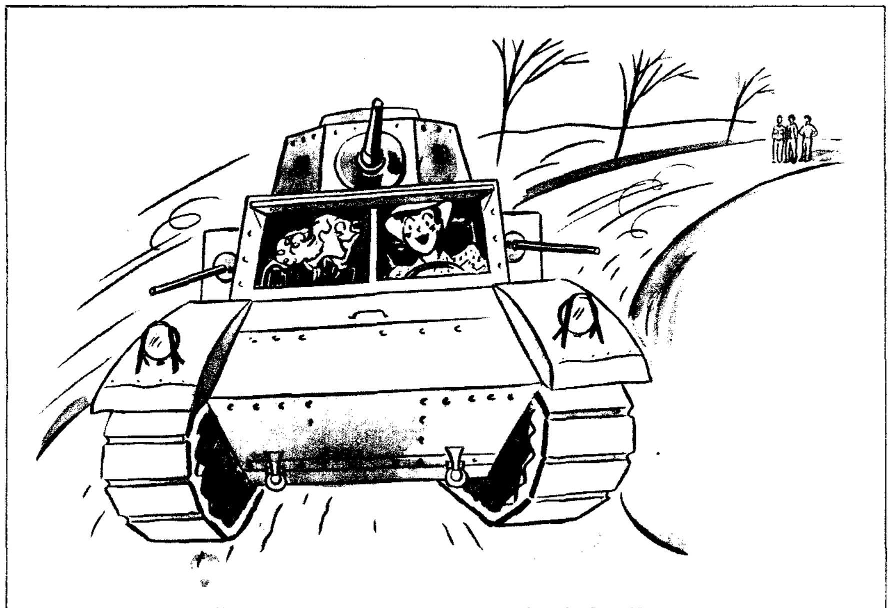


"I gotta hand it to you, Mabel. You can talk those soldiers out of anything"

BARNEY TOBEY

R. Norwood and Pvt. Vernon Crouse left the train to buy candy and cigarettes. The train pulled away without them and the next time the boys saw it they were pacing it in a taxi, looking for a good spot to transfer from cab to caboose. Eventually they found the place, and as the slow-moving train went by, the boys tossed their purchases aboard flatcars and just made the caboose themselves. At the next stop, four hours later, Norwood and Crouse went up to collect the stuff, but trainmen had beaten them to it. The candy, rich in dextrose, had given the crew quick energy, and the cigarettes had gone with the wind. The boys didn't have as much to cry about, though, as Corp. John P. Hansen, who utilized a stop-off to load up with bottles of beer. He contrived to catch up with the train by diligent exercise of his legs, but the bottles bounced out of his arms one by one at various stages of the race and left the corporal beerless and unconsolable for the rest of the journey.

Once they got there the new arrivals took to New England. Sgt. M. K. Walden liked it so much he decided to make it his home after the war and so bought a small apple farm near Pepperell, Mass. . . . But Pfc. William Walking Stick, who may be a big shot among the Osages for all we know, leaned a fishy eye on what he considers eccentric Yankee customs. Seems he dashed into the Post Exchange the other night before he had shed his rifle and stuff in the barracks. "Gimme a tube of toothpaste," he demanded. "Sorry," the canteen worker said. "No empty tube, no full tube." Chief Bill tried sign language, gesturing with his bayonet. He got the toothpaste. "I chucked in an empty of my own," the P-X man nervously explained. "I prefer powder anyhow."

26TH DIV.

CAMP EDWARDS, Falmouth, Mass. "Singing K" is the title bestowed upon the 104th Infantry's Co. K by the Yankee Division. During the past year the voices of K's personnel have rung through the towns and sandy wastes of Cape Cod, the woodlands of central Massachusetts and the maneuverland of the Carolinas. They sing all kinds of songs—fighting, marching, religious and otherwise—and they make up their own words for the latest pop tunes. "Before we were in the Army," says Sgt. Amen Attella, "we used to sing on the street corners back home in North Adams where most of our old-timers hail from, and we carried our singing right into the service with us. Makes us a closely knit outfit. A year ago we got 105 new selectees from all parts of the state. Most of them hadn't ever heard of North Adams before, but ten days after they joined us we were all confined by a two-weeks measles quarantine; so when the new fellows weren't joining us in song for self-protection they were hearing about North Adams. I'll bet a foxhole that if an Australian blonde gets a chance to ask any of them the names of important U. S. cities the boys will tell her New York, Chicago, Boston and North Adams." Maybe an Australian blonde will get a chance to hear Co. K's song about coffee, too:

The coffee that they give you
They say is mighty fine;
It's good for cuts and bruises
The same as iodine.

ADD Yankee Division phrases: "Oh, my back!" means the soldier is surprised, astonished, or has received unpleasant or unbelievable news. When he "sweats it out" he's impatient and on pins and needles. "Like waiting for the wife to have a baby," one of the men explained.

GENERAL

BIG morale booster of troops at the front are the new refrigerator trucks being put into operation by the Quartermaster Corps. They'll go right up to the battle line with U. S. No. 1 frozen meats and vegetables as a welcome substitute for the canned foods some of the combat troops have been getting.

"I WONDER," writes a soldier from Fort Benning, "if you could give a guy a break and insert a few lines on my behalf as a sort of build-up to my old girl friends. You see, I was a pretty popular fellow with the opposite sex back home and I do all right here, too—but since I've been in the Army my girl friends keep riding me about how it feels to be without the company of the lovely ladies. I've been trying to impress upon them that I get along OK and am sort of a Glamor Boy in my outfit, but they won't believe me; so I thought you could print something to that effect without mentioning I asked you to."

FORT BENNING, Ga. There's a soldier here who's such a killer-diller with the ladies that the gals back home don't mean beans to him. "Our Glamor Boy," is the way his buddies describe him. Don't say we told you, but his initials are O. M.

OKAY, Bud?

G. W.

UNCLE SAM
NEEDS YOU

"WHO—ME?"

Not right now, sonny. But you just wait! This whole great country is going to be needing you. Say about 15 years from now, when you've acquired a little algebra, and a best girl, and 100-odd more pounds of bone and muscle.

"What'll it need ME for then?"

For lots of things. For jobs a great deal different and better than today's. You like airplanes, don't you?

"Airplanes? You bet!"

Well, we'll need you to fly them. Better planes than any we have now, flying higher and faster. They'll be safer, and the whole world will be safer, too, when you take to the air. We're determined on that, and we're doing everything in our power to make sure of it. What else do you like to do?

"Well, we're buildin' a clubhouse..."

Building! Just the thing! We're going to want your help with a lot of building. Houses, and the things that go into houses. Things like air conditioning, and better heating and lighting, and refrigerators. I tell you, you're going to be busy!

"Bu—but I like to PLAY!"

And you'll have some wonderful things to play with! Radio such as nobody knows today, and television, and the results of new research in electricity and plastics and electronics—things that aren't even imagined yet. Things that you'll have a hand in imagining, and then making real. And you'll find there's no play in all the world that's as much fun as helping to build the world of the future.

Yes, sonny, we're all going to need you. And we're all of us—fathers and mothers, soldiers, men and women of American industry—working and fighting right now to make sure that this world of the future will be a better world. A world in which a young man like you can find the fullest opportunities to work and build and play. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

★ ★ ★

The volume of General Electric war production is so high and the degree of secrecy required is so great that we cannot tell you about it now. When it can be told we believe that the story of industry's developments during the war years will make one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of industrial progress.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

952-317N5-211

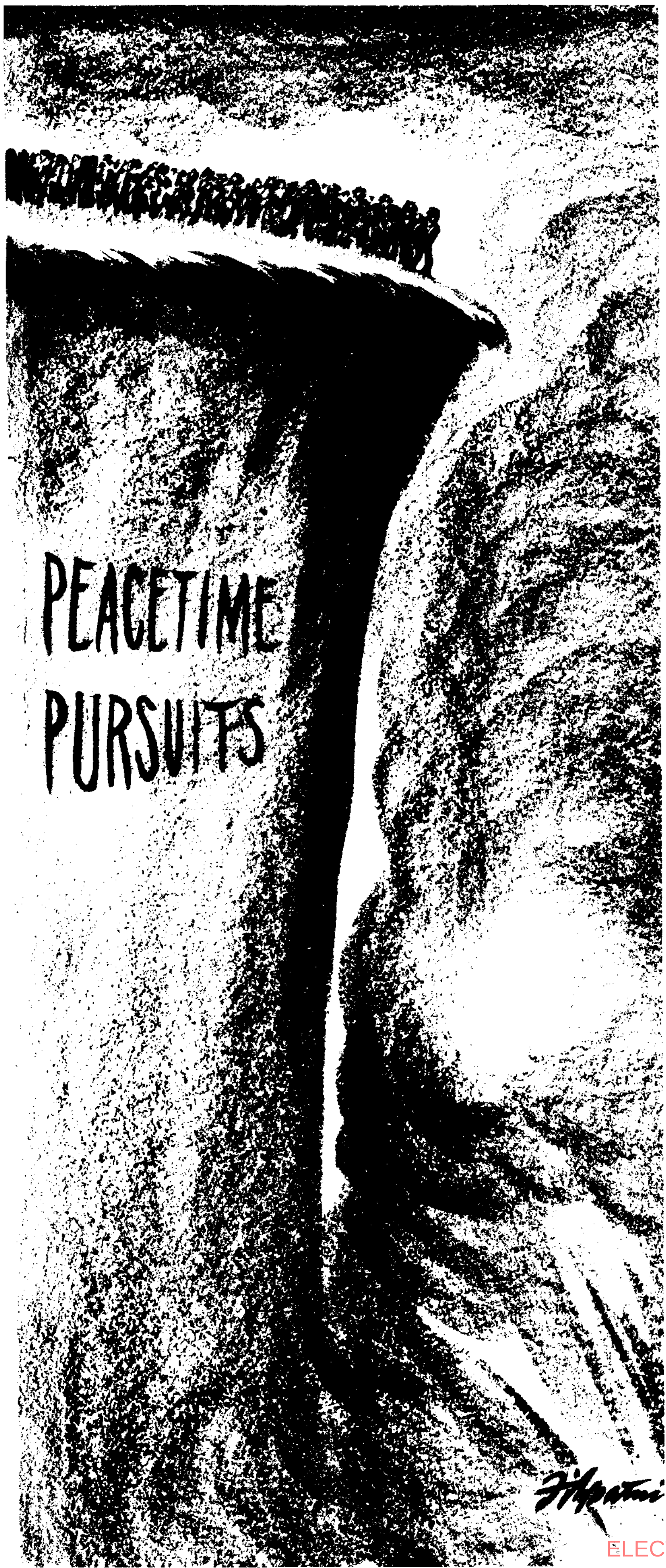
USE LAVORIS The Aristocrat of Mouth Washes

Mouth care is a habit—mouth health the result

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

Where Do They Go from Here?



STEEL man, 27 years' commercial experience U. S. A., Far East, Cuba, Europe; fine educational background, linguist, 42; owing priorities available on short notice as purchasing agent or similar job requiring initiative and ability. . . .

Management executive—Successful record in general management, both production and sales. 36 years old, college education. Now assistant to president large national manufacturer but available soon due to war dislocation. Broad experience in sales, marketing, accounting, merchandising, costs, credits, collections, advertising, office and production management. Competent administrator, balanced judgment, resourceful, capacity for vast volume of detail. . . .

Businessman, forced by priorities to liquidate; unusual abilities developed by valuable experience in manufacturing, executive, administrative fields; any location, moderate salary. . . .

These three "Executive Positions Wanted—Male" ads, picked almost at random from a metropolitan newspaper's classified section, are pebbles ground up out of an earthquake which has hit our economic system because of the war. They are also danger signals.

The earthquake has hit what is called, for lack of a better name, our middle class, or bourgeoisie—small businessmen, their managers and executives, jobbers, middlemen, contact men, salesmen. Their trouble is that the war is taking more and more of the raw materials and finished goods which these men used to process or sell in a peacetime consumers' market, and that not all these men can be fitted into our war machine. The WPB the other day at one clip forbade use of iron or steel in a batch of 400 types of articles manufactured in profusion before Pearl Harbor.

Especially hard hit are the salesmen, male and female—a group comprising more than 3,000,000 men and women. The specimen probably best known to you is your filling station man, if he is still in business.

Where do these people go from here?

The radical theory is that these people are useless parasites, who should be allowed to die or be absorbed in great, streamlined distribution cartels operated by the politicians without thought of profit—though with plenty of thought, we take it, of graft and favoritism. A lot of people who think that way are in powerful positions in Washington, working to bring about this change as a by-product of war.

Yet these middle-class people, by and large, have been our most valuable citizens. They had the courage and initiative to strike out for themselves, to refuse to become cogs in some industrial machine. Thus they sharpened their brains and developed their talents. To let them sink would be a huge waste of human resources, looked at from the coldest, most materialistic point of view.

It is, further, a little too much to expect these people simply to lie down and die quietly. The middle class was going to do that in Italy and in Germany between the two wars, according to the radicals' "inexorable economic law," or the middle class was going to be killed off. It didn't turn out that way.

"This is a wicked beast," said Voltaire, ironically. "When it is attacked, it defends itself" . . . and the Italian and German bourgeoisie rallied behind Mussolini and Hitler, and the two countries got Fascism. Very wicked, perhaps, but it happened. The cure latterly looks worse than the disease; nevertheless, the cure was tried.

The same thing can happen here, if our middle class is forced to the wall and sees itself threatened with destruction. Political fakers can rise up, promising these people relief from their woes, and they can find followers. Already a lot of would-be Hitlers and Mussolinis are doing business in dark corners of our political and economic map.

Can't we short-circuit this economic waste and possible violence?

How about some scheme along the lines of workmen's compensation or unemployment insurance—some sort of pool, on which in every proper case a middle-class victim of the war pinch can draw, to keep himself and family alive and paying the grocer, the mortgagee, the tax collector?

It seems a cheap price to pay for alleviating this problem, in contrast to the huge cost in wealth if not in blood of just leaving our middle class to sink or swim. We suggest that here is a chance for some statesmanship of the highest order.

$32,000,000 for the USO

THE United Service Organizations (USO) is in with its second yearly appeal for funds—$32,000,000 this time, as against the $14,000,000 collected last year.

We think the USO deserves every dime Americans feel like giving it. From all we hear, it is now functioning about as smoothly as anyone could hope, and is doing a multitude of good works which no other type of outfit could do as well.

The latest USO activity that we've heard of, for example, is the setting up in New York, by an enterprising young lady attached to the USO, of a clearing-house for lonely soldiers' requests for letters from girls—a job which magazines and newspapers have been unable to handle effectively for lack of space.

Give the USO what you can is our earnest advice, and we feel safe in promising that you won't regret it.

Wholesome Neglect

WE WAITED for years for the annually designated Typical American Mother to say something really Grade A. Our patience was finally rewarded by the 1942 model. This lady is Mrs. William N. Berry, of Greensboro, N. C. Mrs. Berry has had 13 children, and this is what she says she did about it:

"I just raised my children. I always gave them a lot of love and wholesome neglect."

What Mrs. Berry means, of course, is that she let her children be themselves, develop naturally, build up their own capacities and inclinations, with a minimum of supervision and advice. Her grown children are all making eminently good in various lines; the younger ones show much promise.

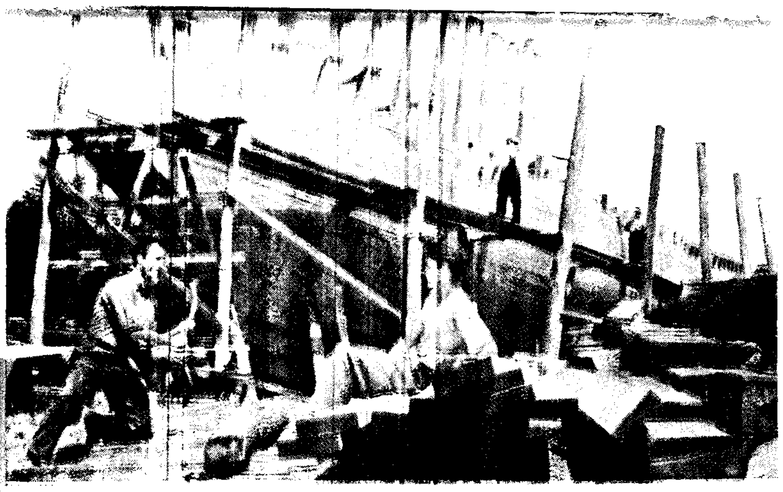
Had Mrs. Berry smothered her children with solicitude and tried to do their thinking and live their lives for them, she would more than likely have drug up a flock of timid souls, neurotics, semipsychopaths, hypochondriacs. Her succinct explanation of how she succeeded as a mother is as shrewd and illuminating a pair of sentences as we've seen in a month of Sundays.

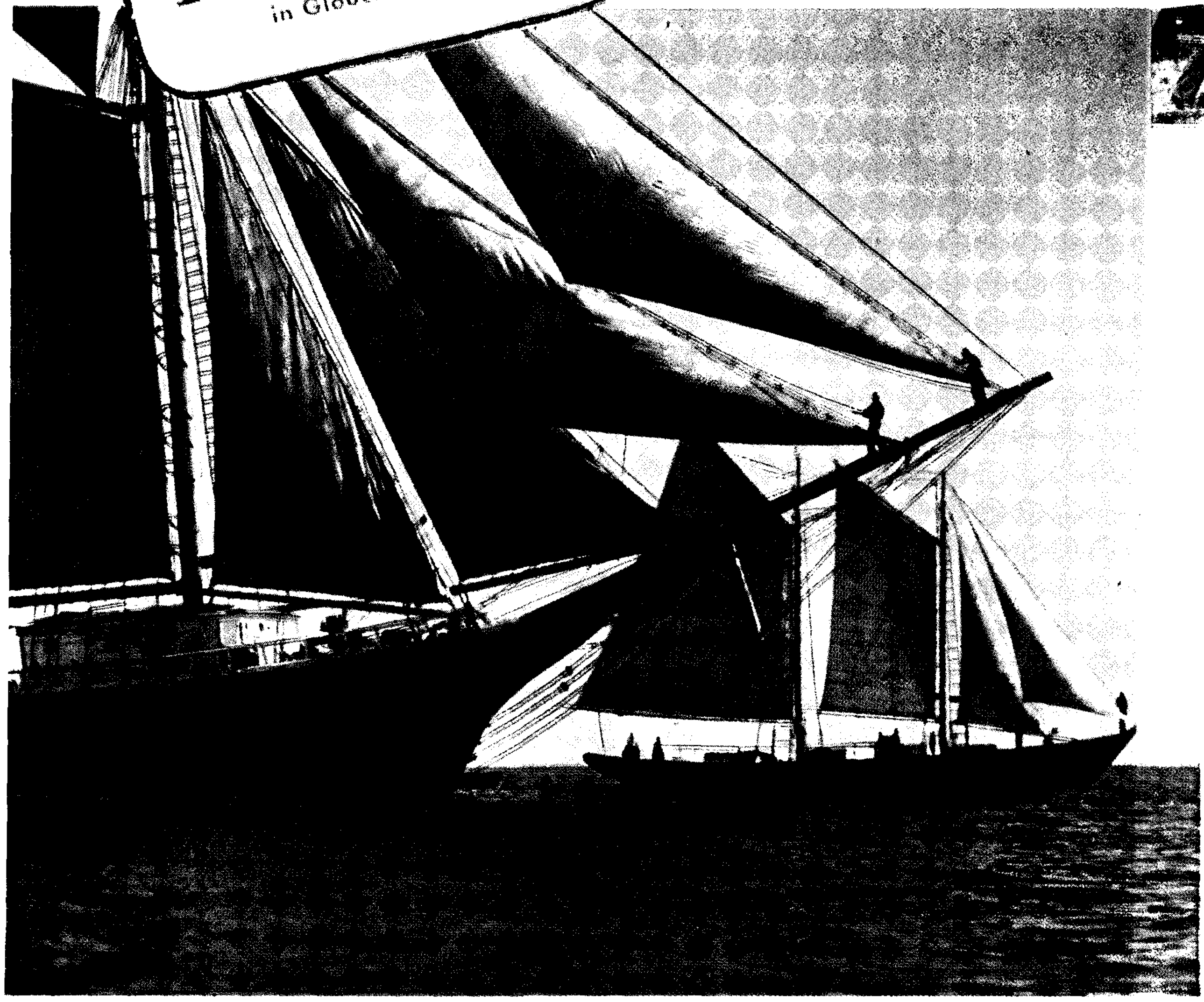
AZORES MANHUNT

in Gloucester, Mass.

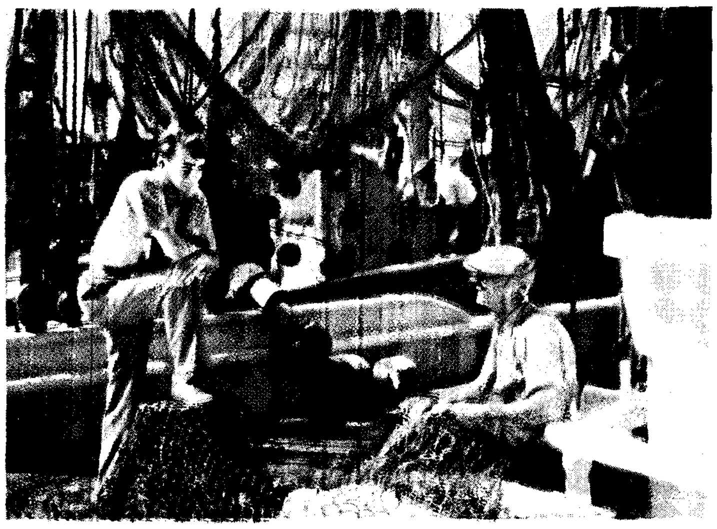
1. "*Take a big inheritance,* a missing heir, a clue from a speck in the Atlantic," writes a lawyer friend of Canadian Club, "and you've got the start of a first-class detective yarn.

"*Only in my case,* not a yarn but a real experience. The heir was a marine artist, last heard of from the Azores. I went there and found him—gone. 'To Gloucester in the United States, Senhor!' I finally learned. And so to Gloucester.

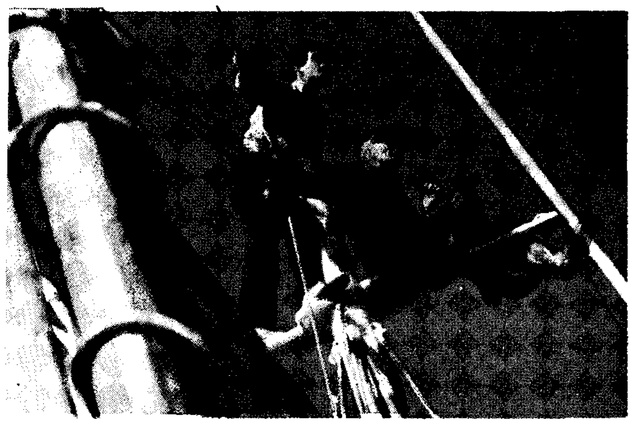




2. "*A straight tip,* all right—but was my quarry elusive! Not at the boatyard where I was assured I'd find him. (I did see wooden ships there, though, being built by the same hand-hewn methods that gave America's first Navy some of its proudest frigates!)



3. "I *drew a blank* at the wharves, too—except for the excitement of combing those pungent jungles of nets and rigging. I'd all but given up when—'Artist put out in a lugger this morning,' a fisherman informed me. 'Come along with us this afternoon—we'll probably raise his craft offshore!'



4. " '*Sail ho!*'—only never the right sail. But what thrills! Try riding the swaying crosstrees of a Gloucester schooner some time . . . and hope for electrifying glimpses of broadbills, daring your harpoons!

5. "*Days of this*—then I transferred to a shore-bound fisherman weighed down with an almost-record catch. Some of that boat's luck must have communicated itself to me. Nosing into the wharf . . .

6. "*We found* my artist, sketching an old net-mender. When I'd told him about his inheritance, 'Come over to my boat,' he said. 'This calls for a special toast!'

7. "*He wasn't fooling*—the whisky he broke out was Canadian Club. 'Glad I *didn't* find you in the Azores,' I said. 'We wouldn't have had this grand whisky to celebrate with!' 'Nonsense,' he snorted, 'I've enjoyed its unique flavor in ports all over the seven seas!' "

Why have so many Americans switched to Canadian Club lately? Because of its unique, delightful flavor.

No other whisky in all the world tastes like Canadian Club. It's *light* as Scotch—*rich* as rye—*satisfying* as bourbon; and you can stick with it all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States (and in Scotland, too!).

Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
Distilled and Blended by
Hiram Walker & Sons
Limited
Walkerville Ontario Canada
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club"

Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois
Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof. Copr. 1942

J R HENDERSON
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IOLA
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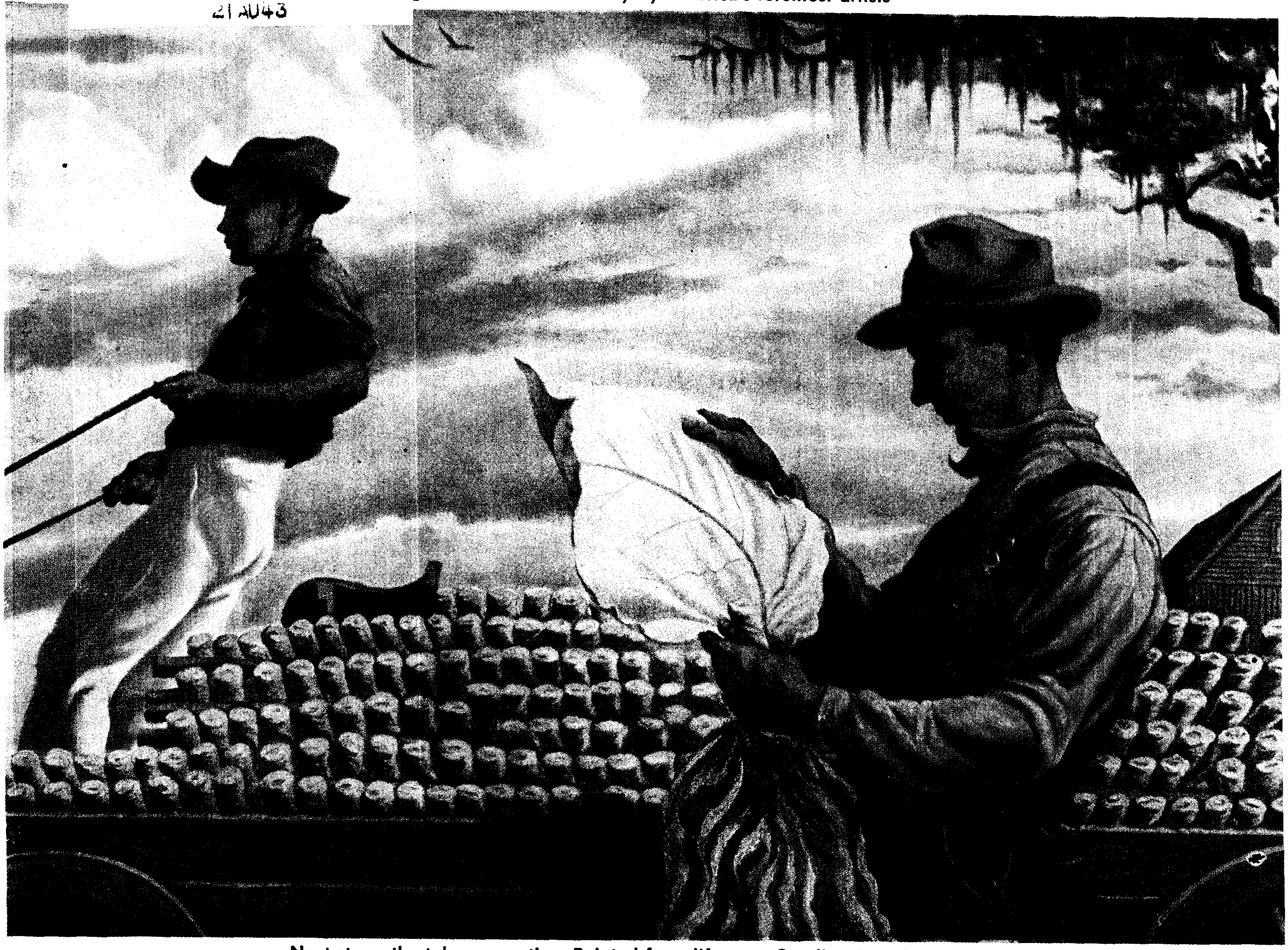
MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

gs of the tobacco country by America's foremost artists



Next stop—the tobacco auction. Painted from life on a Carolina farm by Ernest Fiene

Why we paid 24%* more in Kinston, N. C., for fine, mild tobacco like this

IT'S AS SIMPLE AS THIS: Tobacco is sold at auction, and if you want the finer, milder leaf you've got to pay the price to get it.

Year in and year out, at auction after auction, the makers of Luckies *pay* the price.

For example: In Kinston, N. C., at auctions of the 1939 crop, we paid 24% more—yes, 24% above the average market price, to get the kind of leaf that just naturally makes a finer cigarette.

This was in no way unusual. We paid well above the average market price in 108 tobacco markets that season. And that 1939 crop, properly aged, mellowed, and blended with other fine crops, is in the Luckies you buy across your retail counter today.

To independent tobacco experts, Lucky Strike *means* fine tobacco. With these experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—with these men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1.

They know that in a cigarette, it's the tobacco that counts...and the finer, milder leaf is in Luckies.

Why not remember that, and *act on it*, next time you buy cigarettes?

CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

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*24% more than the average market price reported by U. S. Department of Agriculture.

With men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1